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Bequest  
Wm. W. J.













THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
**William Shakspeare.**

WITH  
SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,  
BY JOHN THOMPSON;  
FROM  
DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD, CORBOULD, HARVEY, ETC.

---

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

KING RICHARD II.      KING HENRY IV. PART I.  
KING HENRY IV. PART II.      KING HENRY V.

**CHISWICK :**  
**PRINTED BY C. AND C. WHITTINGHAM.**

**THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS**

**OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.**

**WITH  
NOTES,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,  
BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F. S. A.**

**AND  
A LIFE OF THE POET,  
BY CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.**

---

**VOL. V.**

*King Henry IV. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

**CHISWICK:  
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE,  
1826.**

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1826

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## KING RICHARD II.

*K. Richard.* Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your  
knee be low.

Act III. Sc. 2.



---

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1820.



# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF **King Richard the Second.**

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**I**N the construction of this play Shakspeare has followed Holinshed, his usual historical authority, some passages of the Chronicle he has transplanted into the drama with very little alteration.

It has been suspected that there was an old play on the subject of King Richard II. which the poet might have seen. Sir Gillie Merrick, who was concerned in the, harebrained business of the Earl of Essex, is accused of having procured to be played before the conspirators ' the play of the deposing of Richard the Second ; when it was told him by one of the players that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was!' It seems probable, from a passage in the State Trials, quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, that this old play bore the title of King Henry IV, and not King Richard II, and it could not be Shakspeare's King Henry IV, as that commences a year after the death of King Richard. 'It may seem strange (says Malone) that this old play should have been represented after Shakspeare's drama on the same subject had been printed : the reason undoubtedly was, that in the old play the deposing of King Richard II. made a part of the exhibition : but in the first edition of Shakspeare's play, one hundred and fifty-four lines, describing a kind of trial of the king, and his actual deposition in parliament, were omitted : nor was it probably represented on the stage. Merrick, Cuffe, and the rest

of Essex's train, naturally preferred the play in which his *deposition* was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen. It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament scene, as it is called, which was first printed in the 4to of 1608, was an addition made by Shakspeare to this play after its first representation : but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest, and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth ; against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year, exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her. In 1599 Hayward published his History of the first year of King Henry IV. which is in fact nothing more than an history of the deposing King Richard II. The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play, which was published in 1602 \*. Hayward was heavily censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison. In 1608, when James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne, and the fear of internal commotion, or foreign invasion, no longer subsisted, neither the author, the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller, could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign ; the rejected scene was therefore restored without scruple, and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press †.

Malone places the date of its composition in 1593 ; Mr. Chalmers in 1596. The play was first entered on the stationers' books by Andrew Wise, August 29, 1597 ; and there were four quarto editions published during the life of Shakspeare, viz. in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615.

This play may be considered the first link in the chain of Shakspeare's historical dramas, which Schlegel thinks the poet designed to form one great whole, ' as it were an historical heroic poem, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies.'

\* This is a mistake of Mr. Malone's, there is no quarto copy of the date of 1602, he probably meant the edition of 1598.

† Malone's Chronology of Shakspeare's plays.

‘ In King Richard the Second the poet exhibits to us a noble kingly nature, at first obscured by levity and the errors of unbridled youth, and afterwards purified by misfortune, and rendered more highly splendid and illustrious. When he has lost the love and reverence of his subjects, and is on the point of losing also his throne, he then feels with painful inspiration the elevated vocation of the kingly dignity, and its prerogatives over personal merit and changeable institutions. When the earthly crown has fallen from off his head, he first appears as a king whose innate nobility no humiliation can annihilate. This is felt by a poor groom: he is shocked that his master’s favourite horse should have carried the proud Bolingbroke at his coronation; he visits the captive king in his prison, and shames the desertion of the great. The political history of the deposition is represented with extraordinary knowledge of the world;—the ebb of fortune on the one hand, and the swelling tide on the other, which carries every thing along with it, while Bolingbroke acts as a king, and his adherents behave towards him as if he really were so, he still continues to give out that he comes with an armed band, merely for the sake of demanding his birthright and the removal of abuses. The usurpation has been long completed before the word is pronounced, and the thing publicly avowed. John of Gaunt is a model of chivalrous truth: he stands there like a pillar of the olden time which he had outlived\*.’

This drama abounds in passages of eminent poetical beauty; among which every reader will recollect the pathetic description of Richard’s entrance into London with Bolingbroke, of which Dryden said that ‘ he knew nothing comparable to it in any other language,’ John of Gaunt’s praise of England,

‘ Dear for her reputation through the world,’

and Mowbray’s complaint at being banished for life.

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\* Schlegel’s Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii, p. 224.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**KING RICHARD THE SECOND.**

**EDMUND** of Langley, Duke of York, } *Uncles to the King.*  
**JOHN** of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, }

**HENRY**, surnamed **BOLINGBROKE**, Duke of Hereford, Son  
to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

**MOWBRAY**, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.

**BUSHY**, } *Creatures to King Richard.*  
**BAGOT**, }  
**GREEN**, }

Earl of Northumberland.

**HENRY PERCY**, his Son.

Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

**SIR PIERCE** of Exton. **SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**.

*Captain of a Band of Welshmen.*

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

*Lady attending on the Queen.*

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners,  
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

**SCENE**, *dispersedly in England and Wales.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF  
KING RICHARD II.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *attended*: JOHN of GAUNT,  
*and other Nobles, with him.*

*King Richard.*

OLD<sup>1</sup> John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band<sup>2</sup>,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford<sup>3</sup> thy bold son;  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,

<sup>1</sup> 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.' Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as *old* whom we should now esteem as *middle aged*. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, at the period when the commencement of this play is laid (1398), was only fifty-eight years old: he died in 1399, aged fifty-nine. This may have arisen from its being customary in former times to enter life at an earlier period than we do now. Those who married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years.

<sup>2</sup> When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. *Band* and *bond* were formerly synonymous.

<sup>3</sup> In the old play, and in Harding's Chronicle, Bolingbroke's title is written *Herford* and *Harford*. This was the pronunciation of our poet's time, and he therefore uses this word as a dissyllable.

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or worthily as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence, face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE<sup>4</sup> and NORFOLK.*

*Boling.* May many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come<sup>5</sup>:

<sup>4</sup> Drayton asserts that Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. He is called earl of Hereford by the old historians, and was surnamed Bolingbroke from having been born at the town of that name in Lincolnshire, about 1366.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. 'by the cause you come on.' The suppression of the preposition has been shown to have been frequent with Shakespeare.

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First, (heaven be the record of my speech!)  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appelland to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live:  
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword<sup>6</sup>  
may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.<sup>4</sup>  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,

<sup>6</sup> My *right-drawn* sword is my sword drawn in a right or just cause.

I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain :  
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;  
 And meet him, where I tied to run a-foot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable<sup>7</sup>  
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
 gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :  
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;  
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up ; and, by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial ;  
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit<sup>8</sup> us  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak my life shall prove  
 it true ;—

<sup>7</sup> i. e. uninhabitable.

<sup>8</sup> To inherit, in the language of Shakspeare, is to possess :—

‘ ——— Such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night

*Inherit* at my house.’—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 2.

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd<sup>9</sup> employments,  
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.  
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
Further I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death<sup>10</sup>;  
Suggest<sup>11</sup> his soon-believing adversaries;  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;  
And by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood<sup>12</sup>,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and  
ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir

<sup>9</sup> *Lewd* formerly signified *knaveish, ungracious, naughty, idle*, beside its now general acceptation. Vide note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 206.

<sup>10</sup> Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. who was murdered at Calais in 1397. See Froissart, chap. ccxxvi.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *prompt* them, set them on by injurious hints.

<sup>12</sup> Reproach to his ancestry.

(As he is but my father's brother's son),  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul ;  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers :  
The other part reserv'd I by consent ;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen<sup>13</sup> :  
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's  
death,——

I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it : and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd<sup>14</sup>,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,

<sup>13</sup> The duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward earl of Rutland (the Aumerle of this play) to go to France in the year 1395, to demand in marriage Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI. then between seven and eight years of age. Richard was married to his young consort in November 1396, at Calais ; his first wife, Anne, daughter of Charles IV. emperor of Germany, died at Shene on Whit Sunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella was merely political, it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England for thirty years.

<sup>14</sup> Charged.

A recreant and most degenerate traitor:  
Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening<sup>15</sup> traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me:  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no physician<sup>16</sup>;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision:  
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;  
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age:  
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry? when<sup>17</sup>?  
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there  
is no boot<sup>18</sup>.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name  
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave<sup>19</sup>,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

<sup>15</sup> Arrogant.

<sup>16</sup> Pope thought that some of the rhyming verses in this play were not from the hand of Shakspeare.

<sup>17</sup> This abrupt elliptical exclamation of impatience is again used in the *Taming of a Shrew*:—'Why *when*, I say! Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.' It appears to be equivalent to 'when will such a thing be done?'

<sup>18</sup> 'There is no *boot*,' or it *booteth* not, is as much as to say 'there is no *help*,' resistance would be vain, or *profitless*.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. my name that lives on my grave in despite of death.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled<sup>20</sup> here ;  
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;  
 The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
 Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :  
 Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards<sup>21</sup> tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change their<sup>22</sup> spots : take but  
 my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
 Is—spotless reputation ; that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
 A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest  
 Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done :  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you  
 begin.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !  
 Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
 Before this outdar'd dastard ! Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear ;  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.  
 [*Exit* GAUNT.]

<sup>20</sup> *Baffled* in this place signifies ' abused, reviled, reproached in base terms ;' which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to deceive or circumvent. Vide Cotgrave in v. *Baf-fouer*. See also a note on King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>21</sup> There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was a *golden leopard*.

<sup>22</sup> The old copies have ' his spots.' The alteration was made by Pope.

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
Since we cannot atone<sup>23</sup> you, we shall see  
Justice design<sup>24</sup> the victor's chivalry.—  
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of Gloster*<sup>1</sup>.

*Gaunt.* Alas! the part<sup>2</sup> I had in Gloster's blood  
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who when he sees<sup>3</sup> the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. make them friends, 'to make agreement or atonement, to reconcile them to each other. Ad concordiam adducere. Lat. Mettre d'accord. Fr.' Baret.

<sup>24</sup> To *design* is to *mark out*, to *show* by a token. It is the sense of the Latin *designo*. I may here take occasion to remark that Shakspeare's learning appears to me to have been underrated; it is almost always evident in his choice of expressive terms derived from the Latin, and used in their original sense. The propriety of this expression here will be obvious, when we recollect that *designator* was 'a marshal, a master of the play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory.'

<sup>1</sup> The duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. my relationship of consanguinity to Gloster.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy erroneously reads 'who when *they* see.'

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—  
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,  
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent<sup>4</sup>  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's  
substitute,  
His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

i. e. assent; *consent* is often used by the poet for *accord*, *agreement*.

*Duch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself<sup>5</sup>?

*Gaunt.* To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,  
With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth  
where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so:  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—  
With all good speed at Plashy<sup>6</sup> visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter; but it is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase, *me complaindre*; and is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

<sup>6</sup> Her house in Essex.

<sup>7</sup> In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenterhooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. (See the Preface to *The Northumberland Household Book*, by Dr. Percy.) The *offices* of our old English mansions were the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions, bread,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
 And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?  
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:  
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.  
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry. *Lists set out, and  
 a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE<sup>1</sup>.*

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points: and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and  
 stay  
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

wine, ale, &c. and for culinary purposes. They were always situate within the house, on the ground-floor (for there were no subterraneous rooms till about the middle of the reign of Charles I.), and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open, and unlimited licence given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. The duchess therefore laments that, in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; 'the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, and the offices unpeopled. All is solitude and silence; her groans are the only cheer that her guests can expect.'

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey (Thomas Holland) officiated. Shakspeare has made a slight mistake by introducing that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal in the present drama. Edward duke of Aumerle (so created by his cousin-german Richard II. in 1397, was the eldest son of Edward duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415.

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his Throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms :  
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say who  
thou art,  
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms :  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath ;  
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of  
Norfolk<sup>2</sup> ;  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which heaven defend, a knight should violate!)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
To God, my king, and my<sup>3</sup> succeeding issue,  
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*[He takes his seat.*

<sup>2</sup> The duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians.

<sup>3</sup> 'His succeeding issue' is the reading of the first folio: the quartos all read *my*.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war;  
And formally according to our law  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st  
thou hither,  
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou; and what's thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;  
Except the marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty:  
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your high-  
ness,  
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in our arms.  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear ;  
As confident, as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——  
My loving lord [*To Lord Marshal*], I take my leave  
of you ;—

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;—  
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :  
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To GAUNT.*

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,—  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee  
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency, and Saint George to  
thrive !

[*He takes his seat.*

*Nor.* [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast  
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :

Never did captive with a freer heart  
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.—  
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest<sup>4</sup>,  
 Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy  
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—  
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

*Boling.* [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I  
 cry—amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance [*To an Officer*] to Tho-  
 mas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke  
 of Norfolk,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 Both to defend himself, and to approve  
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

<sup>4</sup> To *jest*, in old language, sometimes signified to *play a part in a masque*. Thus in Hieronymo:—

‘He promised us, in honour of our guest,  
 To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.’

And accordingly a masque is performed.

Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A Charge sounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder<sup>5</sup> down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:

Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,

While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near,

[*To the Combatants.*

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil<sup>6</sup> wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set you on

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep<sup>7</sup> ;]

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

<sup>5</sup> A *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff carried by persons who presided at these single combats; the throwing down of which seems to have been a solemn act of prohibition to stay proceedings. A different movement of the warder had an opposite effect. In Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*, Erpingham is represented throwing it up as a signal for a charge.

<sup>6</sup> Capel's copy of the quarto edition of this play reads 'Of *cruel* wounds,' &c. Malone's copy of the same edition, and all the other editions read 'Of *civil* wounds,' &c.

<sup>7</sup> The five lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

Therefore, we banish you our territories:—  
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,  
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: This must my comfort be,——

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;  
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
 The fly-slow<sup>8</sup> hours shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—  
 The hopeless word<sup>9</sup> of—never to return  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:  
 A dearer merit<sup>10</sup>; not so deep a maim

<sup>8</sup> The old copies read '*sly-slow* hours.' Pope reads '*fly-slow* hours,' which has been admitted into the text, and conveys an image highly beautiful and just. It is however remarkable that Pope, in the fourth book of his *Essay on Man*, v. 226, has employed the epithet which, in the present instance, he has rejected:—

'All *sly-slow* things with circumspective eyes.'

<sup>9</sup> *Word*, for *sentence*; any short phrase was called a *word*. Thus Ascham, in a Letter to Queen Elizabeth, 'Savage that one unpleasaunte *word* in that Patent, called "*Duringe pleasure*," turned me after to great displeasure.'—*Conway Papers*.

<sup>10</sup> As Shakspeare used *merit*, in this place, in the sense of *reward*, he frequently uses the word *meed*, which properly signifies *reward*, to express *merit*. Thus in *Timon of Athens*:—

'—— no *meed* but he repays  
 Sevenfold above itself.'

And in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*:—

'We are the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
 Each one already blazing by our *meeds*.'

Again, in the same play, *King Henry* says:—

'That's not my fear, my *meed* hath got me fame.'

As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native English, now I must forego:  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,  
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp:  
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
 Or, being open, put into his hands  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
 Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;  
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now;  
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate<sup>11</sup>;  
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven  
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves),  
 To keep the oath that we administer:—  
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)

<sup>11</sup> *Compassionate* is apparently here used in the sense of *complaining*, *plaintive*; but no other instance of the word in this sense has occurred to the commentators. May it not be an error of the press, for '*so passionate?*' which would give the required meaning to the passage; *passionate* being frequently used for *to express passion* or *grief*, *to complain*. 'Now leave we this amorous hermit *to passionate* and *playne* his misfortune.'—*Palace of Pleasure*, vol. ii. ll. 5.

'And cannot *passionate* our tenfold griefs.'

*Tit. Andron.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
 Nor never look upon each other's face;  
 Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;  
 Nor never by advised<sup>12</sup> purpose meet,  
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy<sup>13</sup>;—  
 By this time, had the king permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!  
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—  
 Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit*<sup>14</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
 Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,  
 Return [*To BOLING.*] with welcome home from  
 banishment.

<sup>12</sup> Premeditated, deliberated.

<sup>13</sup> The first folio reads 'So fare.' This line seems to be addressed by way of caution to Mowbray, lest he should think that Bolingbroke was about to conciliate him.

<sup>14</sup> The duke of Norfolk went to Venice, 'where for thought and melancholy he deceased.'—*Holinshed*.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word !  
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,  
He shortens four years of my son's exile :  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;  
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,  
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow<sup>15</sup> :  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;  
Thy word is current with him for my death ;  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice<sup>16</sup>,  
Whereto thy tongue a party<sup>17</sup> verdict gave ;  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion  
sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,  
You would have bid me argue like a father ;—  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild<sup>18</sup> :  
A partial slander<sup>19</sup> sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

<sup>15</sup> It is a matter of very melancholy consideration that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good.

<sup>16</sup> Consideration.

<sup>17</sup> Had a part or share in it.

<sup>18</sup> This couplet is wanting in the folio.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. the reproach of partiality.

Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,  
I was too strict, to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so;  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K. RICH. and Train.*]

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell; what presence must not  
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I: for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy  
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour  
ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make<sup>20</sup>  
Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.  
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages; and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

<sup>20</sup> This speech and that which follows are not in the folio.

**Gaunt.** All places that the eye of heaven <sup>21</sup> visits,  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not the king did banish thee ;  
 But thou the king <sup>22</sup> : Woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :  
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence  
                   strew'd <sup>23</sup> ;

<sup>21</sup> So Nonnus :—‘ αἰθέρος ὄμμα ; i. e. the sun. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece :—

‘ The eye of heaven is out.’

And in Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. i. c. iii. st. 4 :—

‘ ——— Her angel face

As the great eye of heaven shyned bright.’

<sup>22</sup> Shakspeare probably remembered Euphues' exhortation to Botonio to take his exile patiently. ‘ Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian ; but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before ; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze ; where the same sunne and same moone shined : whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him from Pontus ; Yea, said he, I them of Diogenes.’

<sup>23</sup> We have other allusions to the practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the presence chamber in Shakspeare. So in Cymbeline :—

‘ ——— Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.’

See Hentzner's account of the presence chamber in the palace at Greenwich, 1598.—*Itiner.* p. 135.

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand<sup>24</sup>,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good,  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on  
thy way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet  
soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,——

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman<sup>25</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Room in the King's Castle.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN;  
AUMERLE following.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe<sup>1</sup>.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

<sup>24</sup> There is a passage resembling this in the fifth book of Cicero's *Tusculan Questions*, which were translated and published by John Dolman, in 1561. There is also something which might serve for a hint in Euphues.

<sup>25</sup> Dr. Johnson thought that the first act should end here.

<sup>1</sup> The king here addressed Green and Bagot, who, we may suppose had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's 'courtship to the common people,' at the time of his departure. 'Yes,' says Richard, 'we did observe it.'

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears  
were shed?

*Aum.* 'Faith, none by<sup>2</sup> me: except the north-east  
wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted  
with him?

*Aum.* Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself, and Bushy<sup>3</sup>, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

<sup>2</sup> The first folio and the quarto of 1597 read "'Faith, none for me.' The emendation was made in the folio, 1632.

<sup>3</sup> The earlier quarto copies read 'Ourself and Bushy,' and no more. The folio:—

'Ourself, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene.'

In the quarto the stage direction says, 'Enter the King, with Bushie,' &c.; but in the folio, 'Enter the King, Aumerle,' &c. because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterward. On this account we have adopted a transposition made in the quarto of 1634.

Wooring poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,  
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee<sup>4</sup>,  
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;  
 As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope<sup>5</sup>.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland:—  
 Expedient<sup>6</sup> manage must be made, my liege;  
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,  
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war.  
 And, for<sup>7</sup> our coffers—with too great a court,  
 And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,  
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand: If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants;  
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;

<sup>4</sup> To illustrate this, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men.

<sup>5</sup> 'Spes altera Romæ.'—*Virg.*

<sup>6</sup> Shakspeare often uses *expedient* for *expeditious*; but here its ordinary signification of *fit, proper*, will suit the context equally well.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. cause.

Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's  
mind,

To help him to his grave immediately !

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :

'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a Couch*; the DUKE OF YORK<sup>1</sup>, and  
*others standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the king come ? that I may breathe  
my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth.

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say, the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in  
vain.

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in  
pain.

<sup>1</sup> Edmond duke of York was the fifth son of Edward III. and was born, in 1441, at Langley, near St. Albans, Herts ; from whence he had his surname. 'He was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business ; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion.'—*Lowth's William of Wykeham*, p. 205.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more  
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
 glose<sup>2</sup>;  
 More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before :  
 The setting sun, and musick at the close<sup>3</sup>,  
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;  
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past :  
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
 As, praises of his state : then, there are found  
 Lascivious metres ; to whose venom sound  
 The open ear of youth doth always listen :  
 Report of fashions in proud Italy<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
 Limp after, in base imitation,  
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity  
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile),  
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard<sup>5</sup>.  
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose ;  
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

<sup>2</sup> To insinuate, to lie, to flatter.

<sup>3</sup> 'This I suppose to be a musical term,' says Steevens. So in *Lingua*, 1607 :—

'I dare engage my ears the *close* will jar.'

Surely this is a supererogatory conclusion. Shakspeare evidently means no more than that music is sweetest in its close ; or when the last sweet sounds rest on the delighted ear. But Steevens's soul, like that of his great coadjutor, does not seem to have been attuned to harmony. The context might however have shown him how superfluous his supposition was ; and I have to apologize for diverting the attention of the reader from this beautiful passage for a moment.

<sup>4</sup> The poet has charged the times of King Richard II. with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in his own time, and much lamented by the wisest of our ancestors.

<sup>5</sup> Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding.

**Gaunt.** Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;  
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :  
 His rash<sup>6</sup> fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves :  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;  
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;  
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection<sup>7</sup>, and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed<sup>8</sup>, and famous by their birth,

<sup>6</sup> i. e. hasty, violent.

<sup>7</sup> Johnson raised a doubt whether we should not read *invasion* here. Farmer and Malone, upon the authority of a misprint in Allot's *England's Parnassus*, where this passage is quoted, '*Against intestion*,' &c. propose to read *infestation*, a word of their own coinage. Malone's long note proves nothing: he thinks that we could receive no other *infection* from abroad than the *plague*; but it is evident that the poet may allude to the *infection* of vicious manners and customs. It is true that *infestation* was in use for 'a troubling, molesting, or disturbing:' but as all the old copies read *infection*, there seems to be no sufficient reason for disturbing the text.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. by *reason* of their breed. The quarto of 1598 reads thus:—

'Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.'

In Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1598, we have a passage resembling this:—'My lordes of Buda, *feared for your valour, and famous for your victories*, let not the private will of one be the ruin of a mighty kingdom.'

Renowned for their deeds as far from home  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry),  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it),  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting<sup>9</sup> farm :  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :  
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *and* Queen<sup>10</sup> ; AUMERLE,  
 BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS<sup>11</sup>, *and* WIL-  
 LOUGHBY<sup>12</sup>.

*York.* The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd<sup>13</sup>, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

<sup>9</sup> 'In this 22d yeare of King Richard, the common fame ranne that the king had *letten to farme* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Greene, Knightes.'—*Fabian*.

*Pelting* is paltry, pitiful, petty.

<sup>10</sup> Shakspeare has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman ; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the period at which the commencement of the play is laid ; and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. William Lord Ross, of Hamlake, afterwards lord treasurer to Henry IV.

<sup>12</sup> William Lord Willoughby, of Eresby.

<sup>13</sup> Ritson proposes to read :—

'—— being *rein'd*, do rage the more.'

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition!  
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt<sup>14</sup> in being old:  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:  
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,  
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;  
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

<sup>14</sup> Meagre, thin.

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land;  
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;  
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art possess'd<sup>15</sup> now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease:  
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so!  
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:  
Thy state of law is bondsman to the law<sup>16</sup>;  
And thou——

*K. Rich.* ——a lunatick lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,  
With fury, from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:  
My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:  
Join with the present sickness that I have,

<sup>15</sup> Mad.

<sup>16</sup> 'Thy legal state, that rank in the state and these large desmesnes, which the constitution allotted thee, are now bondsman to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease.'

And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be—  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they<sup>17</sup> to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullens  
have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickliness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's  
love, so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to  
your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he?

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be<sup>18</sup>:  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns<sup>19</sup>;

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *let them love to live, &c.*

<sup>18</sup> That is, 'our pilgrimage is yet to come.'

<sup>19</sup> *Kernes* were Irish peasantry, serving as light armed foot soldiers. Shakspeare makes York say, in the second part of King Henry V. that Cade, when in Ireland, used to disguise himself as a *shag-haired crafty kerne*. 'The kerne is an ordinary

Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
 But only they, hath privilege to live<sup>20</sup>.  
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us  
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long  
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
 Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
 About his marriage<sup>21</sup>, nor my own disgrace,  
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;  
 In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman:  
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours<sup>22</sup>;  
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
 And not against his friends: his noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,

foot soldier, according to Stanhihurst; kerne (*kigheyren*) signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than rake hells, or the devil's black-garde.'—*Description of Ireland*, ch. 8, fol. 28.

<sup>20</sup> Alluding to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.

<sup>21</sup> When the duke of Hereford went into France, after his banishment, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. when he was of thy age.

But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.* O, my liege,  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?  
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well deserving son?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
His charters, and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patents that he hath  
By his attornies-general to sue  
His livery<sup>23</sup>, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into our  
hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

<sup>23</sup> On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, i. e. *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. To '*deny his offer'd homage*' was to refuse to admit the homage by which he was to hold his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire  
straight;  
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,  
To see this business: To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—  
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish:*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE,  
GREEN, and BAGOT.

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with  
silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal<sup>24</sup> tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er  
speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

*Willo.* Tends that thou would'st speak, to the duke  
of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs  
are borne,

<sup>24</sup> Free.

In him a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd <sup>25</sup> with grievous  
taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts,

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As blanks <sup>26</sup>, benevolences, and I wot not what:  
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he  
hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken  
man.

*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over  
him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman; most degenerate king!  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing <sup>27</sup>,

<sup>25</sup> Pillaged.

<sup>26</sup> Stow records that Richard II. 'compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seales to *blankes*, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once: some of the commons paid him 1000 marks, some 1000 pounds,' &c.

<sup>27</sup> So in the *Tempest*:—

' — another storm brewing; I hear it sing in the wind.'

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :  
 We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
 And yet we strike not, but securely perish <sup>28</sup>.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;  
 And unavowed is the danger now,  
 For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of  
 death,  
 I spy life peering ; but I dare not say  
 How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou  
 dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
 We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,  
 Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc,  
 a bay  
 In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,  
 That Harry Hereford, Reignold Lord Cobham,  
 [The son of Richard earl of Arundel] <sup>29</sup>,

<sup>28</sup> ' And yet we strike not *our sails*, but perish by *too great confidence in our security* : ' this is another Latinism. *Securely* is used in the sense of *securus*.

<sup>29</sup> The line in brackets, which was necessary to complete the sense, has been supplied upon the authority of Holinshed. Something of a similar import must have been omitted by accident in the old copies. The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus :—' About the same time the earle of Arundel's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot,' &c. ' Duke Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late archbishop of Canterburie (who, as you have before heard, had been removed from his see, and banished the realme by King Richard's means), got him down to Britaine : and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said archbishophe of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, son and heyre to the late earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Regenalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham,' &c.—*Holinshed*, p. 1105, ed. 1577.

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,  
 His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,——

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
 With eight tall<sup>30</sup> ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience<sup>31</sup>,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:  
 Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay  
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp<sup>32</sup> out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt<sup>33</sup>,  
 And make high majesty look like itself,  
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them  
 that fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad:  
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

<sup>30</sup> Stout.

<sup>31</sup> Expedition.

<sup>32</sup> When the wing feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called 'to imp a hawk.' It is often used metaphorically, as in this instance. The word is said to come from the Saxon *impan*, to graft, or inoculate. Milton has it in one of his sonnets:—

'—— to imp their serpent wings.'

And Dryden:—

'His navy's molten wings he imp'd once more.'

<sup>33</sup> Gilding.

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects;  
Like perspectives<sup>1</sup>, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,  
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,

<sup>1</sup> It has been shown in a former note that *perspective* meant optical glasses, to assist the sight in any way. Mr. Henley says that 'the perspectives here mentioned were round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth; which if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.' But it may have reference to that kind of optical delusion called *anamorphosis*; which is a *perspective* projection of a picture, so that at one point of view it shall appear a confused mass, or different to what it really is, in another, an exact and regular representation. Sometimes it is made to appear confused to the naked eye, and regular when viewed in a *glass or mirror* of a certain form. 'A picture of a chancellor of France, presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraiture of the chancellor.'—*Humane Industry*, 1651. This is again alluded to in *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1:—

'A natural *perspective*, that is, and is not.'

Thus also in *Henry V*:—'My lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid.' See vol. i. p. 388, note 13.

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's  
not seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think<sup>2</sup>,—  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit<sup>3</sup>, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your majesty!—and well met,  
gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;  
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his  
power<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> The old copies have 'on thinking,' which is an evident error: we should read, 'As though in thinking;' i. e. 'though musing, I have no idea of calamity.' The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometimes felt, is here very forcibly described.

<sup>3</sup> Fanciful conception.

<sup>4</sup> *Retir'd*, i. e. drawn it back; a French sense.

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
 At Ravenspurg.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—  
 The Lord Northumberland, his young son Henry  
 Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-  
 berland,

And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors<sup>5</sup>?

*Green.* We have: whereon the earl of Worcester  
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
 And all the household servants fled with him  
 To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
 And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir<sup>6</sup>:  
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;  
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?  
 I will despair, and be at enmity

<sup>5</sup> The first quarto, 1597, reads:—

‘And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?’  
 The folio, and the quarto of 1598 and 1608:—

‘And the rest of *the revolting* faction, traitors?’

<sup>6</sup> The queen had said before, that ‘some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming toward her.’ She talks afterward of her unknown griefs ‘being begotten;’ she calls Green ‘the midwife of her woe;’ and then means to say in the same metaphorical style, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her ‘sorrow's dismal heir,’ and explains more fully in the following line:—

‘Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy.’

With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck ;  
O, full of careful business are his looks ! ——  
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :  
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.  
Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :  
Here am I left to underprop his land ;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :——  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came,

*York.* He was ?——Why, so !——go all which way  
it will !——

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——  
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :——  
Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :  
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave ?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !

I know not what to do:—I would to God  
(So my untruth<sup>7</sup> had not provok'd him to it),  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's<sup>8</sup>.—  
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
Come, sister<sup>9</sup>,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon  
me.—

Go, fellow [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide  
some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—  
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; the other again,  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go, muster up your  
men,

And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit:—All is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power,  
Proportionable to the enemy,  
Is all impossible.

<sup>7</sup> Disloyalty, treachery.

<sup>8</sup> Not one of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was smothered between two beds at Calais.

<sup>9</sup> This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

*Green.* Besides our nearness to the king in love,  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons: for  
their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
Castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you: for little office  
Will the hateful commons perform for us;  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—  
Will you go along with us?

*Bagot.* No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*Bushy.* Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

*Green.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,  
with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.  
But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company:  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess:  
And hope to joy<sup>1</sup>, is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done  
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company,  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—  
Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his  
health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; he hath forsook the  
court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason?  
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed  
traitor.

<sup>1</sup> To joy is here used as a verb: it is equivalent with to rejoice.  
'To joy, to clap hands, to rejoyce.' *Baret.* Shakspeare very  
frequently uses it in this sense.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,  
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,  
I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-  
mour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.*

*North.* Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-  
loughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords: I wot your love  
pursues  
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble  
lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the  
poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster<sup>2</sup>;  
And I am come to seek that name in England:  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,  
To raze one title of your honour out<sup>3</sup>:—  
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will),  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time<sup>4</sup>,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you;  
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!  
[*Kneels.*

<sup>2</sup> 'Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My answer is, It is not to him, it is to the *Duke of Lancaster*.'

<sup>3</sup> 'How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memory was damned, I could show at large.'—*Camden's Remaines*, 1605, p. 136.

<sup>4</sup> Time of the king's absence.

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle !—

*York.* Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle<sup>5</sup> :  
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
But then more why ;——Why have they dar'd to  
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,  
And ostentation of despised<sup>6</sup> arms ?  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault !

<sup>5</sup> In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the same kind of phraseology :—

‘ Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.’

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps Shakspeare here uses *despised* for *hated* or *hateful* arms ? Sir Thomas Hanmer changed it to *despiteful*, but the old copies all agree in reading *despised*. Shakspeare uses the word again in a singular sense in *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 1, where Brabantio exclaims upon the loss of his daughter :—

‘ —— what's to come of my *despised* time  
Is nought but bitterness.’

It has been suggested that ‘ *despised* is used to denote the general contempt in which the British held the French forces. The duke of Bretagne furnished Bolingbroke with three thousand French soldiers.’

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;  
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster,  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent<sup>7</sup> eye :  
You are my father, for, methinks, in you  
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;  
Had you first died, and he had been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs<sup>8</sup>, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery<sup>9</sup> here,  
And yet my letters patent give me leave :  
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;  
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

<sup>7</sup> *Indifferent* is *impartial*. The instances of this use of the word among the poet's contemporaries are very numerous. So, in King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4, Queen Katharine says :—

‘ Born out of your dominions, having here  
No judge *indifferent*.’

See Baret's *Alvearie*, in letter I, 108, where he translates ‘ *Aequus judex*, a just and *indifferent* judge ; nothing partial.’

<sup>8</sup> *Wrongs* is probably here used for *wrongers*.

<sup>9</sup> See the former scene, p. 32, note 5.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law : Attornies are denied me ;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon <sup>10</sup> to do him right.

*Willo.* 'Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this,—  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right :  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;  
And you, that do abet him in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is  
But for his own : and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :  
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop

<sup>10</sup> Steevens explains the phrase, '*It stands your grace upon,*' to mean, 'it is your interest ; it is matter of consequence to you.' But hear Baret, 'The heyre is bound ; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend ; *it standeth him upon* ; or is in his charge. *Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi.*' The phrase is therefore equivalent to *it is incumbent upon your grace*. Shakspeare uses it again in King Richard III :—

' ——— *It stands me much upon*

To stop all hopes whose growth may danger me.'

Sir N. Throckmorton, writing to Queen Elizabeth, says, 'Howsoever things do fall out, *it standeth* your majestie so *uppon*, for your own suretie and reputation to be well ware,' &c.—*Conway Papers*. Vide *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2.

Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—  
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
 And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
 But we must win your grace, to go with us  
 To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held  
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be, I will go with you:—but yet  
 I'll pause;  
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
 Things past redress, are now with me past care<sup>11</sup>.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV<sup>1</sup>. *A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY<sup>2</sup>, and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,  
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
 The king repositeth all his confidence  
 In thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay.  
 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>11</sup> '—— Things without remedy  
 Should be without regard.'

*Macbeth.*

<sup>1</sup> Johnson thought this scene had been by some accident transposed, and that it should stand as the *second* scene in the *third* act.

<sup>2</sup> John Montacute, earl of Salisbury.

<sup>3</sup> This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. The poet received the hint from Holinshed:

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war:  
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
 Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*]

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,  
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!  
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:  
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes:  
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I. Bolingbroke's *Camp at Bristol.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—  
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls  
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies),  
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,

‘ In this yeare, in a manner throughout all the realme of Englande, old *baie trees* withered,’ &c. This, as it appears from T. Lupton's *Syxt Booke of Notable Things*, bl. 4to. was esteemed a bad omen. ‘ Neyther falling sickness, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a *bay tree* is. The Romaines call it the plant of the good angel,’ &c. See also Evelyn's *Sylva*, 4to. 1776, p. 396.

For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood  
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean<sup>1</sup>.  
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;  
 Broke the possession of a royal bed<sup>2</sup>,  
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,  
 Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,  
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :  
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
 Dispark'd<sup>3</sup> my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;  
 From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 Raz'd out my impress<sup>4</sup>, leaving me no sign,—  
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—

<sup>1</sup> i. e. quite, completely. Thus in Shakspeare's seventy-fifth Sonnet:—

‘ And by and by *clean* starved for a look.’

‘ Quite and *cleane* to take awaye an opinion from one. *Excudere opinionem radicitus.*’—*Baret*.

<sup>2</sup> There seems to be no authority for this. Isabel, Richard's second queen, was but nine years old at this period ; his first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and he was very fond of her.

<sup>3</sup> To *dispark* signifies to divest a park of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of the chase therein ; laying it open.

<sup>4</sup> The *impress* was a device, or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1588, observes that ‘ the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed wheresoever they are fixed or set.’ For the punishment of a base knight see Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, b. v. c. iii. st. 37.

To show the world I am a gentleman,  
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death :—See them deliver'd over  
 To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is,—that heaven will take our  
 souls,  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them  
 despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and Others, with  
*Prisoners.*

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house ;  
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :  
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd  
 With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away :  
 To fight with Glendower and his complices ;  
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt*<sup>6</sup>.

## SCENE II.

*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

*Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter* KING  
 RICHARD, *Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and*  
*Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly Castle call you<sup>1</sup> this at hand ?

*Aum.* Yea, my lord : How brooks your grace the air,  
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,

<sup>5</sup> Commendations.

<sup>6</sup> Johnson says ' here may be properly inserted the last scene  
 of the second act.'

<sup>1</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads *they*.

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :  
As a long parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting ;  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

*Bishop.* Fear not, my lord ; that Power, that made  
you king,  
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and <sup>2</sup> lights the lower world,

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read ' that lights,' &c. The alteration was made by Johnson.

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines<sup>3</sup>,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day.  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord<sup>4</sup> :  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power<sup>5</sup> ?

*Sal.* Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,

<sup>3</sup> ' It is not easy (says Steevens) to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this in any poet, ancient or modern.'

<sup>4</sup> Here is the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, expressed in the strongest terms. Johnson observes that it has been the fashion to impute the original of every tenet which we have been taught to think false or foolish to the reign of King James I. But this doctrine was never carried further in any country, than in this island, while the house of Tudor sat on the throne.

<sup>5</sup> Force.

Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace  
so pale ?

*K. Rich.* But now, the blood of twenty thousand  
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;  
And, till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?  
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege : remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?  
Awake, thou sluggard<sup>6</sup> majesty ! thou sleep'st.  
Is not the king's name forty thousand names<sup>7</sup> ?  
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,  
Ye favourites of a king ; Are we not high ?  
High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
Comes here ?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege,  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

<sup>6</sup> The first quarto reads 'coward majesty.'

<sup>7</sup> So in King Richard III. :—

'Besides the king's name is a tower of strength.'

See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. ii.  
4to. p. 199, Gr.

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd<sup>8</sup> :  
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care?  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God, as well as us :  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay :  
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land .  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :  
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew<sup>9</sup> against thy state ;

<sup>8</sup> 'It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive ; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious.'—*Johnson*.

<sup>9</sup> *Yew* is called *double-fatal*, because of the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood being used for instruments of death. From some ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It has been supposed that *yews* were anciently planted in churchyards not only to defend the church from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows* ; while their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to the cattle in that sacred enclosure.

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill :  
Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot <sup>10</sup> ?  
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed,  
my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !  
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate ;—  
Again uncure their souls ; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you  
curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd <sup>11</sup> in the hollow ground.

<sup>10</sup> The mention of Bagot here is a lapse of the poet or the king ; but perhaps it may have been intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the king's mind by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might show him the impropriety of the question.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *buried*. The verb is not peculiar to Shakspeare. We have it in Gower, and in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid* :—

'Cinders, think'st thou, mind this, or *graved* ghosts ?'  
Shakspeare uses it again in *Timon of Athens* :—

'—— ditches *grave* you all.'

George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, makes the Duke of Suffolk say :—

'And my hedles body, vouchsafe to se it *graved*.'

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model<sup>12</sup> of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court: and there the antick sits<sup>13</sup>,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,

<sup>12</sup> A *small model*, or *module*, for they were the same in Shakspeare's time, seems to mean in this place a *small portion* or *quantity*. It is a Latinism from '*modulus*, the *measure* or *quantity* of a thing.'

<sup>13</sup> It is not impossible that Shakspeare borrowed this idea from that most exquisite emblematic book of engravings on wood the *Dance of Death*, or *Imagines Mortis*, attributed to Holbein. See the seventh print.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king !  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,  
Tradition<sup>14</sup>, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while :  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends :—Subjécted thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present  
woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail,  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :  
And fight and die, is death destroying death<sup>15</sup> ;  
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power, inquire of him ;  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Boling-  
broke, I come  
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;  
An easy task it is, to win our own.——

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day :  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
I play the torturer, by small and small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—

<sup>14</sup> *Tradition* here seems to mean *traditional practices*, i. e. *established or customary homage*.

<sup>15</sup> That is, to *die fighting* is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers.

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
[*To AUMERLE.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more<sup>16</sup>.  
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
To ear<sup>17</sup> the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none:—Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers, let them hence:—Away,  
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.  
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury

<sup>16</sup> This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts, which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

<sup>17</sup> To ear the land is to till it, to plough it, from the Saxon *earian*. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'He that ears my land, spares my team.'

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord;  
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland,  
To say—King Richard:—Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

*North.* Your grace mistakes me<sup>1</sup>; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you  
should,  
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not  
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Well<sup>2</sup>, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally!  
Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

*North.* Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

<sup>1</sup> The word *me*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Hanmer.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads '*Welcome, Harry:*' the emendation is Hanmer's.

*Boling.* Noble lord<sup>3</sup>, [To NORTH.  
 Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;  
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
 Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:  
 Harry Bolingbroke  
 On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand;  
 And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
 To his most royal person: hither come  
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;  
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:  
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
 Go, signify as much; while here we march  
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the  
 Castle, with a Trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,  
 That from the castle's totter'd<sup>4</sup> battlements  
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
 Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet  
 With no less terror than the elements  
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

<sup>3</sup> Shakspeare frequently, in his addresses to persons, begins with an hemistich; and sometimes blends short prosaic sentences with his metrical dialogues.

<sup>4</sup> *Totter'd*, the reading of the two first quartos, is here probably used for *tottering*, according to a frequent usage of our poet. The other copies read *tatter'd*.

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

*York.* See, see, King Richard doth himself appear<sup>5</sup>,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east;  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.  
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have we  
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our seeptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think, that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—  
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,

<sup>5</sup> The six first lines of this speech are erroneously given to Bolingbroke in the old copies.

Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is),  
 That every stride he makes upon my land,  
 Is dangerous treason; He is come to ope  
 The purple testament<sup>6</sup> of bleeding war;  
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face<sup>7</sup>;  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king  
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;  
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;

<sup>6</sup> Shakspeare uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

‘Now while your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke.’

<sup>7</sup> i. e. England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's soil. The same mode of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2:—‘Opening the cherry of her lips,’ i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, ed. 1633:—‘The sweet and beautiful *flower of her face*.’ And Drayton, in *Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabel*:—

‘And in the field advance our plummy crest,  
 And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breast*.’

There is a similar image in the first part of King Henry IV. Sc. 1:—

‘No more the thirsty entrance of the soil  
 Shall daub *her lips* with her own children's blood.’

And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
His coming hither hath no further scope,  
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend<sup>8</sup> to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say,—thus the king  
returns;

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—  
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[*To AUMERLE.*

To look so poorly, and to speak to fair?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

*Aum.* No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle  
words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God! O God! that e'er this tongue  
of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth<sup>9</sup>! O, that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!

<sup>8</sup> *Commend* for *commit*. Vide *Macbeth*, vol. iv. p. 234, note 3.

<sup>9</sup> *Sooth* is *sweet*, as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*. Thus to *sooth* still means to calm and sweeten the mind.

Or that I could forget what I have been !  
Or not remember what I must be now !  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to  
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
The king shall be contented: Must he lose  
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:  
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;  
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;  
My gay apparel<sup>10</sup>, for an alms-man's gown;  
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood:  
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;  
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade<sup>11</sup>, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:  
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;  
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—  
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—  
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

<sup>10</sup> Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary. 'He had one coate which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 3000 marks.'—*Holinshed*.

<sup>11</sup> 'Some way of common trade' is some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, 'a road of much traffic,' i. e. frequent resort.

As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*  
*Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?*  
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg<sup>12</sup>, and Bolingbroke says—ay<sup>13</sup>.

*North.* My lord, in the base<sup>14</sup> court he doth attend  
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glistening  
 Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court? Base court<sup>15</sup>, where kings grow  
 base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down,  
 king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should  
 sing. [Exeunt, from above.]

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Makes him speak fondly<sup>16</sup>, like a frantick man:  
 Yet he is come.

<sup>12</sup> A bow.

<sup>13</sup> It should be remembered that the affirmative particle *ay* was formerly written and sounded *I*, which rhymed well with *die*.

<sup>14</sup> Lower.

<sup>15</sup> That is the *lower court* of the castle; *basse cour*, Fr. Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*:—'My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, even at hand, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the *base court*.'—Edition 1825, p. 211.

<sup>16</sup> Foolishly.

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *and his Attendants, below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although  
your knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours,  
and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—They well deserve  
to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—  
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
For do we must, what force will have us do.—  
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say, no<sup>17</sup>.  
[Flourish. *Exeunt.*

<sup>17</sup> 'The duke, with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucester's sonne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death), who led him straight to the castle.'—STOWE (p. 521, edit. 1605), from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

## SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think,  
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune  
Runs 'gainst the bias<sup>1</sup>.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy<sup>2</sup>?

*1 Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat:  
And what I want, it boots<sup>3</sup> not to complain<sup>4</sup>.

*1 Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou  
weep.

<sup>1</sup> *The bias* was a weight inserted in one side of a bowl, which gave it a particular inclination in bowling.

<sup>2</sup> All the old copies read 'of sorrow or of grief.' Pope made the necessary alteration.

<sup>3</sup> Profits.

<sup>4</sup> See note on Act i. Sc. 2, p. 11.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen*. And I could weep<sup>5</sup>, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so  
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe<sup>6</sup>.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—  
Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.—  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

<sup>5</sup> The old copies read 'and I could sing. The emendation is Pope's.

<sup>6</sup> The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

Her knots<sup>7</sup> disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.*

Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did  
shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.*

They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,  
As we this garden! We<sup>8</sup> at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees;  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What think you then, the king shall be  
depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,  
'Tis doubt<sup>9</sup>, he will be: Letters came last night

<sup>7</sup> *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersected each other in the old fashion of gardening. So Milton:—

'Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art  
In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boen  
Pour'd forth.'

<sup>8</sup> *We* is not in the old copy. It was added by Malone.

<sup>9</sup> This uncommon phraseology has already occurred in the present play:—

'He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis *doubt*  
When time shall call him home,' &c.

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death,  
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's  
likeness, [*Coming from her concealment.*  
Set to dress this garden, how dares  
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,  
To breathe this news; yet, what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.—  
What, was I born to this! that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*Gard.* Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
 Here did she drop<sup>10</sup> a tear ; here, in this place,  
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :  
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall<sup>1</sup>.

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne ; the Lords temporal on the left ; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY<sup>2</sup>, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot :—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;  
 What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;  
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
 The bloody office of his timeless<sup>3</sup> end.

<sup>10</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads *fall*. The quarto of 1598 and the folio read *drop*.

<sup>1</sup> The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Holland, earl of Kent, brother to John Holland, earl of Exeter, was created duke of Surrey in 1597. He was half brother to the king, by his mother Joan, who married Edward the Black Prince after the death of her second husband Thomas Lord Holland.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. untimely. Vide note on King Henry VI. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*

Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,  
In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars<sup>4</sup>,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base,  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

<sup>4</sup> The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by *stars*; therefore the poet, with his allowed licence, takes *stars* for birth. We learn from Pliny's Nat. Hist. that the vulgar error assigned the brightest and fairest stars to the rich and great:—'Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus,' &c. lib. i. c. viii.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies<sup>5</sup>,  
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
 By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,  
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
 If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;  
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,  
 In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:  
 And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
 Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
 And never brandish more revengeful steel  
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;  
 And spur thee on with full as many lies  
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
 From sun to sun<sup>6</sup>: there is my honour's pawn;  
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

<sup>5</sup> This is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars, explained in the preceding note. Fitzwater throws down his gage as a pledge of battle, and tells Aumerle that if he stands upon sympathies, that is upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature; and hence the poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. from sunrise to sunset. So in *Cymbeline*:—

'*Imo.* How many score of miles may we well ride  
 'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pisa.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.'

The old quartos read 'Twixt *sin* and *sin*.' The emendation is Steevens's. This speech is not in the folio. 'I task the earth'

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw  
at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast<sup>7</sup>,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;  
And you can witness with me, this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness<sup>8</sup>,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction,—  
As I intend to thrive in this new world<sup>9</sup>,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

probably means 'I lay the *burthen* of my pledge upon the earth  
to the like purpose,' accompanying the words by throwing his  
mailed glove to the ground. Some of the quartos read *take*.

<sup>7</sup> 'A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.'

*King Richard III.*

<sup>8</sup> I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against  
him. So in *Macbeth*:—

'————— or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword.'

Thus also in *The Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what

Contempt I hear it! *in a wilderness*

I durst encounter it.'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor.  
Surrey has just called him *boy*.

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this<sup>10</sup>,  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth<sup>11</sup>,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car.* As sure as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to  
the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields

<sup>10</sup> Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.

<sup>11</sup> This is not historically true. The duke of Norfolk's death did not take place till after Richard's murder.

To the possession of thy royal hand :  
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
 And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne<sup>12</sup>.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,  
 Yet best beseeeming me to speak the truth.  
 Would God, that any in this noble presence  
 Were enough noble to be upright judge  
 Of noble Richard ; then true nobless<sup>13</sup> would  
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
 What subject can give sentence on his king ?  
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject ?  
 Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,  
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them :  
 And shall the figure of God's majesty<sup>14</sup>,  
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
 And he himself not present ? O, forbid<sup>15</sup> it, God,  
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd

<sup>12</sup> Hume gives the words that Henry actually spoke on this occasion, which he copied from Knyghton, and accompanies them by a very ingenious commentary.—*Hist. of Eng.* 4to ed. vol. ix. p. 50.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *nobleness* ; a word now obsolete, but common in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>14</sup> This speech, which contains in the most express terms the doctrine of passive obedience, is founded upon Holinshed's account. The sentiments would not in the reign of Elizabeth or James have been regarded as novel or unconstitutional. It is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of *divine right* as lawful sovereigns ; to dwell upon the sacredness of their persons, and the sanctity of their character. Even that 'cutpurse of the empire,' Claudius, in Hamlet, affects to believe that—

' — such divinity doth hedge a king.'

<sup>15</sup> The quarto reads *forfend*.

Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
 Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.  
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :  
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groan for this foul act ;  
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound :  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.  
 O, if you rear<sup>16</sup> this house against this house,  
 It will the wofullest division prove,  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth :  
 Prevent, resist, it, let it not be so,  
 Lest child's child's children<sup>17</sup> cry against you—woe !

*North.* Well have you argu'd, sir ; and, for your  
 pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here :—  
 My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—  
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit<sup>18</sup>.

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
 He may surrender ; so we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion.

<sup>16</sup> The quarto reads *raise*.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. grandchildren. Pope altered it to 'children's children,' and was followed by others. The old copies read, 'Lest child, child's children.'

<sup>18</sup> What follows, almost to the end of the act, is not found in the first two quartos. The addition was made in the quarto of 1608. In the quarto, 1597, after the words 'his day of trial,' the scene thus closes :—

'*Bol.* Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next  
 We solemnly proclaim our coronation.  
 Lords, be ready all.'

*York.* I will be his conduct<sup>19</sup>. [*Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that are here under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—  
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CAR.*  
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers  
bearing the Crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee<sup>20</sup>:—  
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favours<sup>21</sup> of these men: Were they not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,  
none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
God save the king! although I be not he:  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,  
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown;—Here, cousin,  
seize the crown;  
On this side, my hand; and on that side, yours.  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
That owes<sup>22</sup> two buckets filling one another;

<sup>19</sup> i. e. conductor. So in King Henry VI. Part II.:—

'Although thou hast been *conduct* of my shame.'

<sup>20</sup> The quarto reads *limbs*.

<sup>21</sup> Countenances, features.

<sup>22</sup> Owns.

The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:  
 That bucket down, and full of tears am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought, you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs  
 are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,  
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your  
 crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my  
 cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done<sup>23</sup>;  
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:  
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;  
 They tend<sup>24</sup> the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;  
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
 Now mark me how I will undo myself:—  
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm<sup>25</sup>,  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths<sup>26</sup>:  
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;  
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:

<sup>23</sup> Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here that 'his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;'—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of care to which he had been accustomed.'

<sup>24</sup> Attend.

<sup>25</sup> Oil of consecration.

<sup>26</sup> The first quarto reads *duty's rites*.

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !  
God keep all vows unbroke, are made<sup>27</sup> to thee !  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !  
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days !—  
What more remains ?

*North.*

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a Paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the state and profit of this land ;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so ? and must I ravel out  
My weav'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st<sup>28</sup>,  
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—  
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,

<sup>27</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto reads *that swear*.

<sup>28</sup> That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds.

But they can see a sort<sup>29</sup> of traitors here.  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest:  
 For I have given here my soul's consent,  
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
 Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;  
 Proud majesty, a subject; and, a peasant.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught<sup>30</sup>, insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—  
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—  
 But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,  
 That I have worn so many winters out,  
 And know not now what name to call myself!  
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—  
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good),  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his<sup>31</sup> majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

<sup>29</sup> A sort is a set or company. So in King Richard III.:—

'A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways.'

<sup>30</sup> i. e. *haughty*. Thus in King Richard III.:—

'And the queen's sons and brothers *haught* and proud.'

<sup>31</sup> *His* for *its*. It was common in the poet's time to use the personal for the neutral pronoun.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

*Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men<sup>32</sup>? Was this the face,  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink<sup>33</sup>:  
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,  
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
As brittle as the glory is the face;

*[Dashes the Glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.*

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within<sup>34</sup>;  
And these external manners of lament  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

<sup>32</sup> 'To his household came every day to meate ten thousand men.'—*Chronicle History.*

<sup>33</sup> The quarto omits this line and the four preceding words.

<sup>34</sup> 'But I have that within which passeth show,  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.'—*Hamlet.*

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:  
For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects: being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your  
sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers<sup>35</sup> are  
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall<sup>36</sup>.

[*Exeunt K. RICH. some Lords, and a Guard.*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle,  
and AUMERLE.*

*Abbot.* A woful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come: the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

<sup>35</sup> To *convey* was formerly often used in an ill sense. Pistol says of stealing 'convey the wise it call;' and 'to convey' is the word for slight of hand or juggling. Richard means that it is a term of contempt, 'jugglers are you all.'

<sup>36</sup> This is the last of the additional lines first printed in the quarto of 1608. In the first editions there is no personal appearance of King Richard.

*Aun.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter Queen, and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower<sup>1</sup>,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke:  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter KING RICHARD, and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;  
Thou map<sup>2</sup> of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,

<sup>1</sup> By *ill erected* is probably meant *erected for evil purposes*.

<sup>2</sup> *Model* anciently signified, according to the dictionaries, 'the platform or form of any thing.' And *map* is used for *picture* resemblance. In *The Rape of Lucrece* Shakspeare calls sleep 'the map of death.'

And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn<sup>3</sup>,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this; I am sworn brother<sup>4</sup>, sweet,  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed: if aught but  
beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:  
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woful ages, long ago betid<sup>5</sup>:

<sup>3</sup> *Inn* does not probably here mean a house of public entertainment, but a *dwelling* or *lodging* generally. In which sense the word was anciently used.

<sup>4</sup> *Sworn brother* alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the age of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together. Vide note on King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Passed.

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit<sup>6</sup> their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall<sup>7</sup> of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is  
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you<sup>8</sup>:

With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder where-  
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all;  
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate

<sup>6</sup> To *requite* their mournful stories.

<sup>7</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads *tale*.

<sup>8</sup> Thus in *Othello*:—

‘Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.’

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;  
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—  
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made<sup>9</sup>.—  
 Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;  
 My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hallowmas<sup>10</sup>, or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  
 from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.* <sup>11</sup> That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go?

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
 Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'<sup>12</sup>.  
 Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest  
 moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way  
 being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:  
 Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

<sup>9</sup> A *kiss* appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient marriage ceremonies. So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613, the duke, on parting with his wife, says to her:—

'The *kiss* thou gav'st me in the church here take.'

<sup>10</sup> All Hallows, i. e. All Saints, Nov. 1.

<sup>11</sup> The quartos give this speech to the king.

<sup>12</sup> Never the nigher, i. e. 'it is better to be at a great distance than being near each other, to find that we are yet not likely to be peaceably and happily united.'

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,  
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart<sup>13</sup>.

[*Kiss again.*

So now I have mine own again, begone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:  
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK, and his Duchess*<sup>1</sup>.

*Duch.* My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,

<sup>13</sup> So in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'—— the king hath *kill'd* his heart.'

<sup>1</sup> The first wife of Edward duke of York was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her the poet has departed widely from history; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men<sup>2</sup>,  
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events;  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

<sup>2</sup> 'The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language.'—*Dryden*; *Pref. to Troilus and Cressida*.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was ;  
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend ;  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland<sup>3</sup> now :  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Duch.* Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now,  
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring<sup>4</sup> ?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;  
God knows, I had as lief be none as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of  
time,  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and tri-  
umphs ?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent it not ; I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy  
bosom<sup>5</sup> ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it ;  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

<sup>3</sup> ' The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon.'—*Holinshed*.

<sup>4</sup> So in Milton's *Song on May Morning* :—

' — who from her *green lap* throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.'

<sup>5</sup> The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment appendant to them.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.  
I fear, I fear,——

*Duch.* What should you fear?  
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not  
show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

*[Snatches it, and reads.]*

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who is within there? *[Enter a Servant.]* Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my  
horse:—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villain. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Duch.* What's the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman.

*Duch.* I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

*Aum.* Good mother, be content; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer?

*Re-enter Servant, with Boots.*

*York.* Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou  
art amaz'd:

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

*[To the Servant.]*

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

*York.* Away,  
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,  
I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*

*Duch.* After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;  
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;  
Begone.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY,  
and other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?  
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:  
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions;  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew<sup>1</sup>.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the  
prince;  
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the stews;  
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through  
both  
I see some sparkles<sup>2</sup> of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

<sup>1</sup> This is a very proper introduction to the future character of King Henry V. to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood, as the poet has described them. But it has been ably contended by Mr. Luders that the whole story of his dissipation was a fiction. At this period (i. e. 1400) he was but twelve years old, being born in 1388.

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads *sparks*.

*Enter AUMERLE, hastily.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?

*Boling.* What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum.* God save your grace. I do beseech your  
majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here  
alone.— [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*  
What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

*Boling.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If but<sup>3</sup> the first, how heinous ere it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire. [*AUM. locks the door.*

*York.* [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there,

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand;  
Thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-  
hardy king:  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies read 'If on,' &c. Pope made the alteration.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :  
I do repent me ; read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king :  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—  
O loyal father of a treacherous son !  
Thou sheer<sup>4</sup>, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages,  
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing<sup>5</sup> son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :  
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*Within.*] What ho, my liege ! for God's  
sake let me in.

<sup>4</sup> *Sheer* is *pellucid, transparent*. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,  
b. iii. c. 2 :—

'Who having viewed in a fountain *shere*  
Her face,' &c.

Again, b. iii. c. 11 :—

'That she at last came to a fountain *shere*.'

And in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587 :—

'The water was so pure and *sheere*,' &c.

<sup>5</sup> Thus in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

'*Digressing* from the valour of a man.'

To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular.

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;  
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*<sup>6</sup>.—  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;  
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound,  
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter Duchess.*

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;  
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

*York.* Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make<sup>7</sup>  
here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle  
liege. [*Kneels.*

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:  
For ever will I kneel<sup>8</sup> upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.  
[*Kneels.*

<sup>6</sup> It is probable that the old ballad of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' is here alluded to. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. There may have been a popular Interlude on the subject, for the story is alluded to by other cotemporaries of the poet.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. 'what dost thou do here?' Thus in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

'What *make* you here?'

<sup>8</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto copies read *walk*.

*York.* Against them both, my true joints bended  
be. [*Kneels.*

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace<sup>9</sup>!

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;  
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;  
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;  
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.  
I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez  
moy*<sup>10</sup>.

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?  
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—  
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land:  
The chopping<sup>11</sup> French we do not understand.

<sup>9</sup> This line is not in the folio.

<sup>10</sup> The French *moy* being made to rhyme with *destroy*, would seem to imply that the poet was not well acquainted with the true pronunciation of that language, perhaps it was imperfectly understood in his time by those who had not visited France.

<sup>11</sup> The *chopping* French, i. e. the *changing* or *changeable* French. Thus '*chopping churches*' is *changing* one church for another; and *chopping* logic is *discoursing* or *interchanging* logic with another. To *chop* and *change* is still a common idiom.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there;  
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;  
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;  
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,  
But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart  
I pardon him<sup>12</sup>.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law<sup>13</sup>,—and  
the abbot<sup>14</sup>,  
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels<sup>15</sup>.—  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too<sup>16</sup>, adieu:  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.  
*Duch.* Come, my old son;—I pray God make  
thee new. [Exeunt.

<sup>12</sup> The old copies read 'I pardon him with all my heart.' The transposition was made by Pope.

<sup>13</sup> The brother-in-law meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to Edward II.), who had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. the abbot of Westminster.

<sup>15</sup> 'Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.'

*King Richard III.*

<sup>16</sup> Too, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* EXTON, *and a* Servant.

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words  
he spake?

*Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?*  
Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* *Have I no friend?* quoth he; he spake it  
twice,  
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;  
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;  
I am the king's friend, and will rid<sup>1</sup> his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD.

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison, where I live, unto the world:  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;  
My soul, the father: and these two beget

<sup>1</sup> To *rid* and to *dispatch* were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old Dictionaries, 'To *ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any man.'—'To *dispatche* or *ridde* one quickly.' Vide Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576, in *Ridde* and *Dispatche*. So in *King Henry VI. Part II.*—

'As deathsmen you have *rid* this sweet young prince.'

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
 And these same thoughts people this little world<sup>1</sup>;  
 In humours, like the people of this world,  
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—  
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
 With scruples, and do set the word itself  
 Against the word<sup>2</sup>:  
 As thus,—*Come, little ones*; and then again,—  
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel*  
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*  
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—  
 That many have, and others must sit there:  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like:  
 Thus play I, in one person, many people<sup>3</sup>,  
 And none contented: Sometimes am I king:  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am: Then crushing penury

<sup>1</sup> i. e. his own body. So in King Lear:—

'Strives in this *little world* of man outscorn  
 The to and fro conflicting wind and rain.'

<sup>2</sup> By the *word* is meant the Holy Scriptures. The folio reads the *faith* itself against the *faith*.

<sup>3</sup> This is the reading of the quarto, 1597; alluding, perhaps, to the custom of our early theatres. The title pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. The folio, and other copies, read 'in *one prison*.'

Persuades me, I was better when a king;  
 Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*  
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,  
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
 So is it in the musick of men's lives.  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check<sup>4</sup> time broke in a disorder'd string;  
 But for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear, my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.  
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:  
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar<sup>5</sup>  
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch<sup>6</sup>,  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> The folio reads 'to hear.'

<sup>5</sup> Tick.

<sup>6</sup> It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* or ticking of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or *outward watch*, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears (or minute drops, to use an expression of Milton), his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point*: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. Part II. *tears* are used in a similar manner:—

'But Harry lives that shall convert those *tears*  
 By number into *hours* of happiness.'

<sup>7</sup> Should we not read:—

'Now, sir, the *sounds* that tell what hour it is  
 Are clamorous groans?' &c.

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,  
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock<sup>8</sup>.  
This musick mads me, let it sound no more;  
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits<sup>9</sup>,  
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad,  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch<sup>10</sup> in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.*

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog  
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes<sup>11</sup> royal master's face.  
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets, that coronation day,

<sup>8</sup> That is, *I strike for him*. One of these automats is alluded to in King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 3:—

'Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke  
Between thy begging and my meditation.'

Again, in an old comedy, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:—

'——— so would I,

And we their *Jacks o'the clockhouse*.'

<sup>9</sup> See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part ii. sect. 2.

<sup>10</sup> *Brooch*, an ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in general, here figuratively used for *jewel*.

<sup>11</sup> *Sometimes* was used for *former*, as well as *sometime*. *Aliquando*.

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !  
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;  
 That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,  
 How went he under him ?

*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground<sup>12</sup>.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
 Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down  
 (Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck  
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?  
 Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,  
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
 Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;  
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing<sup>13</sup> Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a Dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.  
 [To the Groom.

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not ; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

<sup>12</sup> Froissart relates a yet more silly tale of a greyhound of King Richard's, 'who was wont to leape upon the king, but left the king and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same frendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the king.'—*Froissart, by Berners*, v. 11. fo. CCCXXX.

<sup>13</sup> *Jancing* is *hard riding*, from the old French word *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains 'To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withall ; or (as our) to jaunt.'

**K. Rich.** The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*[Beats the Keeper.*

*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter* EXTON, and Servants, armed.

**K. Rich.** How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

*[Snatching a weapon and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

*[He kills another, and then* EXTON *strikes him down*<sup>14</sup>.

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*[Dies*<sup>15</sup>.

<sup>14</sup> These stage directions are not in the old copies.

<sup>15</sup> The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed (who copied from Fabian, with whom the story of Exton is thought to have its origin). But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterburne, the Monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the History of Croyland, and The Godstow Chronicle. His body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, was brought to London, and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, 'his heade on a black cushion, and his visage open,' when it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's Cathedral. Stowe seems to have had before him a manuscript history of the latter part of King Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales. He says 'he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England.'

*Exton.* As full of valour, as of royal blood:  
Both have I spilt! O, 'would the deed were good!  
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,  
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish.* Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK,  
with Lords and Attendants.

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Glocestershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent<sup>1</sup>:  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter* FITZWATER.

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

<sup>1</sup> So the folio. The quarto reads of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent.* The folio is right according to the histories.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster<sup>2</sup>,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:  
But here is Carlisle living to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom<sup>3</sup>:—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast  
wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

<sup>2</sup> This abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years; and though called 'the grand conspirator,' it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him.

<sup>3</sup> The bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium*; and the only perferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.—  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:  
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent<sup>4</sup>:  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—  
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> Immediately.

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THIS play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can it be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

# KING HENRY IV.

## PART I.

*Hotspur.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth.

*Act v. Sc. 4.*

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FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



# FIRST PART OF **King Henry the Fourth.**

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

‘SHAKSPEARE has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories, from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry, in the last act of King Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters to be exhibited.’—JOHNSON.

The historical dramas of Shakspeare have indeed become the popular history. Vain attempts have been made by Walpole to vindicate the character of King Richard III., and in later times by Mr. Luders, to prove that the youthful dissipation ascribed to King Henry V. is without foundation. The arguments are probable, and ingeniously urged, but we still cling to our early notions of ‘that mad cap—that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales.’ No plays were ever more read, nor does the inimitable, all-powerful genius of the poet ever shine out more than in the two parts of King Henry IV. which may be considered as one long drama divided.

It has been said that ‘Falstaff is the summit of Shakspeare’s comic invention,’ and we may consequently add the most inimitable comic character ever delineated; for who could invent like Shakspeare? Falstaff is now to us hardly a creature of the imagination, he is so definitely and distinctly drawn, that the mere reader of these dramas has the complete impression of a personal acquaintance. He is surrounded by a group of comic personages, from time to time, each of which would have been sufficient to throw any ordinary creation into the shade, but they only serve to make the supereminent humour of the knight doubly conspicuous. What can come nigher to truth and real individual nature than those admirable delineations Shallow and Silence? How irresistibly comic are all the scenes in which Falstaff is made to humour the fatuity and vanity of this precious pair!

The historic characters are delineated with a felicity and individuality not inferior in any respect. Harry Percy is a creation of the first order; and our favourite harebrained Prince of Wales, in whom mirthful pleasantry and midnight dissipation are mixed up with heroic dignity and generous feeling, is a rival worthy of him. Owen Glendower is another personification, managed with the most consummate skill; and the graver cha-

racters are sustained and opposed to each other in a manner peculiar to our great poet alone.

The transactions contained in the First Part of King Henry IV. are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald Earl of Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown Hill), which battle was fought on Holy-rood day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the battle of Shrewsbury, on Saturday the 21st of July, 1403.

Malone places the date of the composition of this play in 1597; Dr. Drake in 1596. It was first entered at Stationers' Hall February 25, 1597. There are no less than five quarto editions published during the author's life, viz. in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613. For the piece which is supposed to have been its original the reader is referred to the Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. published by Steevens and Nichols.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**KING HENRY THE FOURTH.**

**HENRY**, Prince of Wales, } *Sons to the King.*  
**Prince JOHN** of Lancaster, }

**Earl of Westmoreland**, } *Friends to the King.*  
**SIR WALTER BLUNT**, }

**THOMAS PERCY**, Earl of Worcester.

**HENRY PERCY**, Earl of Northumberland.

**HENRY PERCY**, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.

**EDWARD MORTIMER**, Earl of March.

**SCROOP**, Archbishop of York.

**ARCHIBALD**, Earl of Douglas.

**OWEN GLENDOWER**.

**SIR RICHARD VERNON**.

**SIR JOHN FALSTAFF**.

**POINS. GADSHILL**.

**PETO. BARDOLPH**.

**LADY PERCY**, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.

**LADY MORTIMER**, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

**MRS. QUICKLY**, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

**Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,**  
**two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.**

**SCENE**, England.

FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR  
WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

*King Henry.*

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds<sup>1</sup> afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil<sup>2</sup>  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,

<sup>1</sup> Strands, banks of the sea.

<sup>2</sup> Upon this passage the reader is favoured with three pages of notes in the *Variorum Shakspeare*. Steevens adopted Monk Mason's bold conjectural emendation, and reads—

'No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil.'

Which, in my opinion, does not make the passage clearer, to say nothing of the improbability of such a corruption as *entrance* for *Erinnys*. Mr. Douce proposed to read *entrails* instead of *entrance*; and Steevens once thought that we should read *entrants*. I am satisfied with the following explanation of the text, modified from that of Malone:—'No more shall this soil *have* the lips of her thirsty entrance (i. e. surface) daubed with the blood of her own chil-

Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,——  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery,  
 Shall now, in mutual, well beseeming ranks,  
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd  
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:  
 The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ  
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight),  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy<sup>3</sup>,  
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,  
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd  
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,

dren.' The soil is personified, and called the *mother* of those who live upon her surface; as in the following passage of King Richard II.:—

' ——— sweet *soil*, adieu,

My *mother* and my nurse, that bears me yet.'

The *thirsty earth* was a common epithet in the poet's age. Thus, in his own King Henry VI. Part III.:—

' Thy brother's blood the *thirsty earth* hath drunk.'

And in the old play of King John:—

' Is all the blood y-spilt on either part,

Closing the *crannies of the thirsty earth*,

Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feast?'

It is true, as Malone remarks, that Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors; and why therefore should we suspect this passage to be corrupt, because it offers a trifling difficulty of that kind?

<sup>3</sup> To levy a power to a place has been shown by Mr. Gifford to be neither unexampled nor corrupt; but good authorized English. ' Scipio, before he *levied* his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city on a cake to be devoured.'—*Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1587, E. 4.

And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go ;  
Therefore we meet not now :—Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree,  
In forwarding this dear expedience<sup>4</sup>.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits<sup>5</sup> of the charge set down  
But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;  
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered :  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen<sup>6</sup> done, as may not be,  
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems then, that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious  
lord ;  
For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did import.  
On Holy-rood day<sup>7</sup>, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy<sup>8</sup>, and brave Archibald<sup>9</sup>,  
That ever valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,

<sup>4</sup> Expedition.

<sup>5</sup> *Limits* here seem to mean *appointments* or *determinations*.

<sup>6</sup> See Thomas of Walsingham, p. 557, or Holingshed, p. 528.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. September 14th.

<sup>8</sup> This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad.—*Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 240.

<sup>9</sup> *Archibald Douglas*, Earl Douglas.

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
 Stain'd <sup>10</sup> with the variation of each soil  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
 Balk'd <sup>11</sup> in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
 Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas <sup>12</sup>, and the earls of Athol,  
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith <sup>13</sup>.  
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?  
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

<sup>10</sup> No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, ' to stand *stained with travel*,' &c.

<sup>11</sup> *Balk'd* in their own blood is *heaped*, or *laid on heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows ; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks. It was sometimes used in the sense of *monceau*, Fr. for a heap or hill. Pope has a similar thought in the *Iliad* —

' On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,  
 And thickening round them rise the *hills* of dead.'

<sup>12</sup> Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the son of Earl Douglas, through a mistake, into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners.

<sup>13</sup> This is a mistake of Holinshed in his English History, for in that of Scotland, pp. 259. 262. 419, he speaks of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same person.

*West.* In faith,  
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
mak'st me sin  
In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so blest a son :  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz',  
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners <sup>14</sup>,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* That is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects <sup>15</sup> ;  
Which makes him prune <sup>16</sup> himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

<sup>14</sup> Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king ; for being a prince of the royal blood (son to the duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.), Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

<sup>15</sup> An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.

<sup>16</sup> The metaphor is borrowed from falconry. A hawk is said to *prune* herself when she picks off the loose feathers and smooths

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer this :  
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem,  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords :  
But come yourself with speed to us again ;  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered <sup>17</sup>.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What the devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata ; I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal : for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven

the rest : it is applied to other birds, and is perhaps so familiar as hardly to require a note. It is thus found in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1613 :—

‘Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so.’

Milton uses to *plume* in the same sense :—

‘She *plumes* her feathers, and lets grow her wings.’

<sup>17</sup> That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say : more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine.

stars ; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*<sup>1</sup>. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none),——

*P. Hen.* What, none ?

*Fal.* No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty<sup>2</sup> ; let us be—Diana's foresters<sup>3</sup>, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : And let men say, we be men of good government : being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well ; and it holds well too ; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night,

<sup>1</sup> Falstaff, with great propriety, according to vulgar astronomy, calls the sun a *wandering knight*, and by this expression evidently alludes to some knight of romance ; perhaps 'The Knight of the Sun ;' el Cavallero del Febo, a popular book in his time. The words may be part of some forgotten ballad.

<sup>2</sup> 'Let not us who are body squires to the night (i. e. adorn the night) be called a disgrace to the day.' To take away the beauty of the day may probably mean to disgrace it. A 'squire of the body' originally signified the attendant of a knight. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*. Falstaff puns on the words *knight* and *beauty*, quasi *booty*.

<sup>3</sup> 'Exile and slander are justly me awarded,  
My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right ;  
And me their lord made dame *Diana's knight*.'

This is the lament of Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*. Hall, in his *Chronicles*, says that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*.

and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by<sup>4</sup>; and spent with crying—bring in<sup>5</sup>: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle<sup>6</sup>. And is not a buff jerkin, a most sweet robe of durance<sup>7</sup>?

<sup>4</sup> To *lay by* is to *be still*. It occurs again in King Henry VIII.:—

‘ Even the billows of the sea  
Hung their heads, and then *lay by*.’

Steevens says that it is a term adopted from navigation.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. ‘ bring in more wine.’

<sup>6</sup> Old lad of the castle. This passage has been supposed to have a reference to the name of Sir John *Oldcastle*. Rowe says that there was a tradition that the part of Falstaff was originally written by Shakspeare under that name. Fuller, in his Church History, book iv. p. 168, mentions this change in the following manner:—‘ Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place.’ In confirmation of this, it may be remarked

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<sup>7</sup> The *buff*, or leather jerkin, was the common habit of a serjeant, or sheriff's officer, and is called a robe of *durance* on that account, as well as for its durability: an equivoke is intended. In the Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 2, it is called an *everlasting garment*. *Durance* might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as is at present called *everlasting*. Thus, in Westward Hoe, 1607, ‘ Where did'st thou buy this buff? Let me live but I will give thee a good suit of duranee. Wilt thou take my bond, &c.’ Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607, ‘ Varlet of velvet, my moccado villain, old heart of *durance*, my strip'd canvas shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander.’ And in The Three Ladies of London, 1584, ‘ As the taylor that out of seven yards stole one and a half of *durance*.’ Sir T. Cornwalleys, in his Essays, says, ‘ I refuse to weare *buffe* for the lasting; and shall I be content to apparell my braine in *durance*.’

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin

that one of Falstaff's speeches in the first edition has *Old.* instead of *Falst.* prefixed to it: and in the epilogue to the Second Part of King Henry IV. the poet makes a kind of retraction for having made too free with Sir John Oldcastle's name—'Where, for any thing I know, *Falstaff* shall die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and *this is not the man.*' Add to this, that Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, 1618, alludes to *Falstaff's* definition of honour in the following words, which he attributes to *Oldcastle*:—

' ——— Did you never see  
The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,  
Did tell you truly what this honour was.'

Field, who was a player, was hardly likely to have been mistaken, or to have confounded characters. It is true that in the old play of King Henry V. which had been exhibited before 1589, Sir John Oldcastle is a character, and fills the place of Falstaff as companion to the prince in his revels and his robberies. But as Shakspeare took the hint from the old play, why might he not take the name also? and change it when he found that he was injuring a worthy person; or at the instance of the queen (as it has been said) out of respect to the memory of Lord Cobham. Weaver describes *Oldcastle*, as Shakspeare does Falstaff, to have been the page of Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk: and *Oldcastle* is alluded to as the *fat knight* in other old books. Against the weight of all this evidence Steevens and Malone have contended; but, as Reed justly observes, 'they have opposed conjecture and inference alone—conjecture very ingeniously suggested, and inference very subtilly extracted; but weighing nothing against what is equivalent to positive evidence.' The reader will find the whole voluminous controversy at the end of the First Part of King Henry IV. in Boswell's edition.

would stretch ; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father-antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Hen.* Thou judgest false already ; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Hen.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits : whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib<sup>8</sup> cat, or a lugged bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> A *gib* cat is a *male* cat, from Gilbert, the northern name for a he cat. *Tom* cat is now the usual term. Chaucer has '*gibbe* our cat' in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, as a translation of '*Thibert le chas*.' From Thibert, *Tib* was also a common name for a cat. Ray has this proverbial phrase, 'as melancholy as a gib'd cat.' In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* we have '*a gibbe (or old male cat) Macou*.' It was certainly a name not bestowed upon a cat early in life, as we may be assured by the melancholy character ascribed to it. It did not mean, as some have imagined, a castrated cat.

<sup>9</sup> '*Lincolnshire bagpipes*' is a proverbial saying, the allusion is as yet unexplained. Perhaps it was a favourite instrument in that county, as well as in the north.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou to a hare<sup>10</sup>, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch<sup>11</sup>?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes: and art, indeed, the most comparative<sup>12</sup>, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it<sup>13</sup>.

*Fal.* O thou hast damnable iteration<sup>14</sup>; and art,

<sup>10</sup> The *hare* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. So in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:—

‘ — like your *melancholy hare*,  
Feed after midnight.’

And in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song II:—

‘ The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briars.’  
Pierius, in his Hieroglyphics, lib. xii. says that the Egyptians expressed melancholy by a *hare* sitting in her form.

<sup>11</sup> *Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass, and was consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's Pennylesse Pilgrimage, 1618:—‘ my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*.’

<sup>12</sup> *Comparative*, this epithet, which is used here for *one who is fond of making comparisons*, occurs again in Act iii. Sc. 2, of this play:—

‘ — stand the push  
Of every beardless vain *comparative*.’

In Love's Labour's Lost, Rosalind tells Biron that he is a man ‘ full of comparisons and wounding flouts.’

<sup>13</sup> This is a scriptural expression. See Proverbs, i. 20 and 24.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. thou hast a *wicked trick of repetition*, and (*by thy misapplication of holy texts*) art indeed able to corrupt a saint.

indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle<sup>15</sup> me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying, to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS, at a distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match<sup>16</sup>. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true<sup>17</sup> man.

*P. Hen.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says

<sup>15</sup> *To baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to unknight. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*. Hall, in his Chronicle, p. 40, mentions it as still practised in Scotland. Something of the same kind is implied in a subsequent scene, where Falstaff says: '*hang me up by the heels* for a rabbit sucker, or a poulterer's hare.' See King Richard II. Act i. Sc. i. p. 8.

<sup>16</sup> *To set a match* is to make an appointment. So in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 'Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves dropping, now they are *setting their match*. The folio reads *set a watch*; *match* is the reading of the quarto.

<sup>17</sup> Honest.

monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar<sup>18</sup>? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Hen.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Hen.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are

<sup>18</sup> After all the discussion about Falstaff's favourite beverage, here 'mentioned for the first time, it appears to have been the Spanish wine which we now call *sherry*. Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*, that is *sack* from *Xeres*. '*Sherry sack*, so called from *Xeres*, a sea town of Corduba, in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made.'—*Blount's Glossographia*. It derives its name of *sack* probably from being a *dry* wine, *vin sec*. And it was anciently written *seck*. 'Your best *sacke*,' says Gervase Markham, 'are of *Seres* in Spaine.'—*Engl. Housewife*. The difficulty about it has arisen from the later importation of sweet wines from Malaga, the Canaries, &c. which were at first called Malaga, or Canary *sacks*; sack being by that time considered as a name applicable to all white wines. 'I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought in to this reign but Malmseyes,' says Howell, in his *Londinopolis*, p. 103. And soon after, 'Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than for drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used. One of the sweet wines still retaining the name of *sack* has thrown an obscurity over the original *dry sack*; but if further proof were wanting, the following passage affords it abundantly: 'But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherrie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste.'—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam longam*, 1637. He afterwards carefully distinguishes Canarie wine of some termed a *sacke*, with this adjunct *sweete*; from the genuine sack. The reader will find a satisfactory article upon sack in the Glossary of Archdeacon Nares, to which I am much indebted on this as on other occasions.

pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors<sup>19</sup> for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; If you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one!

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings<sup>20</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

<sup>19</sup> Masks.

<sup>20</sup> Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*.

*P. Hen.* Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell  
All-hallown summer<sup>21</sup>! [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill<sup>22</sup>, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P. Hen.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Hen.* Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce<sup>23</sup>, to immask our noted outward garments.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. late summer. *All hallown* tide meaning All-saints, which festival is the first of November. The French have a proverbial phrase of the same import for a late summer. '*Esté de St. Martin*,' Martlemas summer.

<sup>22</sup> The old copy reads Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. Theobald thinks that Harvey and Rossil might be the names of the actors who played the parts of *Bardolph* and *Peto*.

<sup>23</sup> For the *nonce* signified for the *purpose*, for the *occasion*, for the *once*. Junius and Tooke, in their *Etymology of Anon*, led the way; and Mr. Gifford has since clearly explained its meaning. The editor of the new edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry* (vol. ii. p. 496), has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of the A. S. 'for then anes'—'for then anis'—'for then ones, or once.' Similar inattention to this form of the prepositive article has produced the phrases 'at the nale,' 'at the nend;' which have been transformed from 'at than ale,' 'at than end.'

*P. Hen.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof<sup>24</sup> of this, lies the jest.

*P. Hen.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night<sup>25</sup> in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [*Exit POINS.*]

*P. Hen.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds<sup>26</sup>  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle<sup>27</sup> him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,

<sup>24</sup> *Reproof* is *confutation*. To refute, to refell, to disallow, were ancient synonymes of *to reprove*. Thus in Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, '*Testes refutare*' is rendered to '*reproove witnesses*.'

<sup>25</sup> We should read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed, according to Poins, 'to-morrow morning by four o'clock.' Shakspeare had forgotten what he had written at the beginning of this scene.'

<sup>26</sup> 'Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,—  
Anon permit the *basest clouds* to ride  
With *ugly rack* on his celestial face.'

*Shakspeare's 33d Sonnet.*

<sup>27</sup> Thus in *Macbeth*:—

'And yet dark night *strangles* the travelling lamp.'

To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes<sup>28</sup>;  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen<sup>29</sup> ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and *Others.*

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>28</sup> *Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, no uncommon use of the word even at the present day.

<sup>29</sup> So in *King Richard II.*:—

'The *sullen* passage of thy weary steps  
 Esteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to set  
 The precious jewel of thy home return.'

<sup>1</sup> *Condition* is used for *nature, disposition*, as well as *estate* or *fortune*. It is so interpreted by Philips, in his *World of Words*. And we find it most frequently used in this sense by Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Hen.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier<sup>2</sup> of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*

You were about to speak.

[*To NORTH.*

*North.* Yea, my good lord.  
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

<sup>2</sup> *Frontier* is said, anciently to have meant *forehead*, to prove which the following quotation has been adduced from *Stubbe's Anatomy of Abuses*: 'Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth ousted round their *frontiers*, and hangeth over their brow.' Mr. Nares has justly observed, that 'this does not seem to explain the above passage, "The moody *forehead* of a servant brow" is not sense. Surely it may be better interpreted 'the moody or threatening *outwork*;' in which sense *frontier* is used in Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'Of palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets.'  
See note on that passage, p. 160.

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home<sup>3</sup>;  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner:  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box<sup>4</sup>, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;—  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff<sup>5</sup>:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;  
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me; among the rest demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pestered with a popinjay<sup>6</sup>,  
 Out of my grief<sup>7</sup> and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

<sup>3</sup> To completely understand this simile the reader should bear in mind that the courtiers' beard, according to the fashion in the poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble land new reap'd.

<sup>4</sup> A box perforated with small holes, for carrying perfumes; quasi *pounced-box*.

<sup>5</sup> *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*, but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it*, in familiar modern speech; to be angry, to take offence; '*To take in snuffe*, *Pigliar ombra*, *Pigliar in mala parte*.'—*Torriano*.

<sup>6</sup> A *popinjay* or *poppingay* is a *parrot*. *Papegay*, *Fr.* *Papagallo*, *Ital.* The Spaniards have a proverbial phrase, '*Hablar como papagayo*,' to designate a chattering ignorant person.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *pain*, *dolor ventris* is rendered *belly-grief* in the old dictionaries.

Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !)  
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise<sup>8</sup> ;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
And, I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;  
But with proviso, and exception,—  
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer<sup>9</sup> ;

<sup>8</sup> So in Sir T. Overburie's Characters, 1616 [An Ordinarie Fencer], 'his wounds are seldom skin-deepe ; for an inward-bruise lambstones and sweetebreads are his only *spermaceti*.

<sup>9</sup> Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows ; it appears from Dugdale and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund* ; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to *Lady Percy*, and the

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?  
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent<sup>10</sup> with fears,  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war ;—To prove that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound<sup>11</sup> the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower :  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they  
 drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

proper Mortimer of this play ; the other Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the former, and *brother* to *Lady Percy*. The poet has confounded the two persons.

<sup>10</sup> To *indent with fears* is to enter into compact with cowards. ' To make a covenant or to indent with one. *Paciſcor.*' *Baret*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the soothsayer says to Antony :—

' Near Cæsar's angel thy own becomes a fear.'

The king affects to speak of Mortimer (though in the plural number) as the *fear* or timid object which had *lost* or *forfeited itself*.

<sup>11</sup> Shakspeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or losing time in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 6 :—

' How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour.'

And hid his crisp<sup>12</sup> head in the hollow bank,  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did bare<sup>13</sup> and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost  
 belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower;  
 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,  
 We licence your departure with your son:—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them;—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

<sup>12</sup> *Crisp* is *curled*. Thus in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:—

'O beauteous Tyber, with thine easy streams  
 That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,  
 Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver *curls*,  
 Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us.'

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same image in *The Loyal Subject*:—

'———— the Volga trembled at his terror,  
 And hid his seven *curled heads*.'

And Ben Jonson, in one of his *Masques*:—

The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,  
 Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke.'

<sup>13</sup> Some of the quarto copies read *base*.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;  
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?  
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew  
mad. *[To WORCESTER.]*

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood<sup>14</sup>?

<sup>14</sup> Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385: but he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed heir apparent by Richard II. previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old: he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower, and the subsequent historians copied him. Sandford says that he married Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund earl of Stafford. Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakspeare into the error. This Edmund, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in 1392, and consequently, at the time when this play is supposed to commence, was little more than ten years old. The prince of Wales was not fifteen.

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was, when the unhappy king  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he, intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's  
wide mouth  
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; Did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man;  
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo;  
Being the agents, or base second means  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—  
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To show the line, and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—  
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power,  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker<sup>15</sup>, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,

<sup>15</sup> The *canker-rose* is the dog-rose, the *flower of the Cynosbaton*.  
So in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—'I had rather be a *canker* in  
a hedge, than a *rose* in his grace.'

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd<sup>16</sup> contempt,  
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim;  
Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,  
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep<sup>17</sup>,

<sup>16</sup> i. e. disdainful.

<sup>17</sup> Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles:—‘I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.’ Johnson says, ‘Though I am far from condemning this speech, with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory, which Warburton endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
Without corrival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship<sup>18</sup>!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures<sup>19</sup> here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.—  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
That are your prisoners,——

*Hot.* I'll keep them all;  
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:—  
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!  
Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

able to do much, and eager to do more; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical; yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.'—In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Beaumont and Fletcher have put this rant into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to be fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*.

<sup>18</sup> *Half-faced*, which has puzzled the commentators, seems here meant to convey a contemptuous idea of something imperfect. As in Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennilesse*:—'With all other ends of your *half-faced* English.'

<sup>19</sup> Shapes created by his imagination.

*Wor.*

Hear you,.

Cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy<sup>20</sup>,  
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
 And that same sword-and-buckler<sup>21</sup> prince of  
 Wales,—

But that I think his father loves him not,  
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
 I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale<sup>22</sup>.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-tongue<sup>23</sup> and impatient  
 fool

<sup>20</sup> To *defy* was sometimes used in the sense of to *renounce*, *reject*, *refuse*, by Shakspeare and his cotemporaries. Thus Constance, in King John, says:—

‘No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress.’

<sup>21</sup> ‘*Sword and buckler prince*’ is here used as a term of contempt. The following extracts will help us to the precise meaning of the epithet:—‘This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians’ Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*.’—*Stowe’s Survey of London*. There was a poem, published in 1602, entitled ‘*Sword and Buckler, or Serving-man’s Defence*,’ by William Bas. And John Florio, in his *First Fruits*, 1578:—‘What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*.—What weapon is that *buckler*? A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman.’

<sup>22</sup> This is said in allusion to low pot-house company, with which the prince associated.

<sup>23</sup> The first quarto, 1598, reads *wasp-stung*, which Staevens thought the true reading. The quarto of 1599 reads *wasp-tongue*, which Malone strenuously contends for; and I think with Mr. Nares that he is right. ‘He who is stung by wasps has a real cause for impatience; but *waspish*, which is often used by Shakspeare, is petulant from temper; and *wasp-tongue* therefore very naturally means *petulant-tongue*, which was exactly the accusation meant to be urged.’ The folio altered it unnecessarily to *wasp-tongued*.

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd  
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—  
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept:  
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy<sup>24</sup> deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*  
And—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*  
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive  
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again;  
We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i'faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,  
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employed,—  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. 'what a deal of candy courtesy.'

*Hot.* Of York, is't not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation<sup>25</sup>,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st  
slip<sup>26</sup>.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—  
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* . . . . . And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head<sup>27</sup>;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt<sup>28</sup>;  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin<sup>29</sup>, farewell:—No further go in this,

<sup>25</sup> Conjecture.

<sup>26</sup> This phrase is taken from hunting. To let slip is to loose a greyhound. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

‘Lucentio slipped me, like his greyhound.’

<sup>27</sup> A body of forces.

<sup>28</sup> This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied. That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by King Richard in the former play.

<sup>29</sup> This was a common address in Shakspeare's time to nephews, nieces, and grand-children. See Holinshed, *passim*. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

Than I by letters shall direct your course. /  
 When time is ripe (which will be suddenly),  
 I'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer;  
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once  
 (As I will fashion it), shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother:—we shall thrive,  
 I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,  
 Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day,  
 I'll be hanged: Charles' wain<sup>1</sup> is over the new  
 chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What,  
 ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a  
 few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in  
 the withers out of all cess<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Charles' wain was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *great bear*. It is a corruption of *Chorles* or *Churl's* wain. *Chorl* is frequently used for a *countryman* in old books, from the Saxon *ceorl*.

<sup>2</sup> 'Out of all cess' is 'out of all measure.' Excessively, *præter modum*. To *cess*, or *assess*, was to number, muster, value, *measure*, or appraise.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank<sup>3</sup> here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots<sup>4</sup>: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench<sup>5</sup>.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach<sup>6</sup>.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes<sup>7</sup> of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

<sup>3</sup> *Dank* is moist, wet, and consequently *mouldy*.

<sup>4</sup> *Bots* are *worms*; a disease to which horses are very subject.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout*; probably alluding to the red spots with which the trout is covered, having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.

<sup>6</sup> It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. IX. c. xlvii. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas. 'Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice; among which the *chalcis*, a kind of turgot, is one.' Mason suggests that, 'breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches' may be the meaning of the passage; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

<sup>7</sup> The commentators have puzzled themselves and their readers about this word *razes*: Theobald asserts that a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale*. I have somewhere seen the word used for a *fraile*, or little rush basket, such as figs, raisins, &c. are usually

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved<sup>8</sup>.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL*<sup>9</sup>.

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse<sup>10</sup>.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the

packed in; but I cannot now recall the book to memory in which it occurred. Such a package was much more likely to be meant than a bale. The poet perhaps intended to mark the *petty importance* of the carrier's business.

<sup>8</sup> This is one of the poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

<sup>9</sup> Gadshill has his name from a place on the Kentish Road, where robberies were very frequent. A curious narrative of a gang, who appear to have infested that neighbourhood in 1590, is printed from a MS. paper of Sir Roger Manwood's in Boswell's Shakspeare, vol. xvi. p. 431.

<sup>10</sup> This is a proverbial phrase, frequently used in old plays.

chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how<sup>11</sup>.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin<sup>12</sup> in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks<sup>13</sup>, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll pone of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into,

<sup>11</sup> Thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey, 1605*:—  
'—— he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped.'

<sup>12</sup> A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity. See *Canterbury Tales*, v. 333, and Mr. Tyrwhitt's note upon it.

<sup>13</sup> In a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, is an account of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars; and as Nicholas or old Nick is a cant name for the devil, so thieves are equivocally called *Saint Nicholas' clerks*.

for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers<sup>14</sup>, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers<sup>15</sup>; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers<sup>16</sup>; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots<sup>17</sup>.

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her<sup>18</sup>. We steal as in a castle<sup>19</sup>, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

<sup>14</sup> Footpads.

<sup>15</sup> A *striker* was a *thief*. In Greene's Art of Coney Catching, '— the cutting a pocket, or picking a purse is called *striking*.' Again, '— who taking a *proper youth* to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting.'

<sup>16</sup> Some of the commentators have been at great pains to conjecture what class of persons were meant by *great oneyers*. One proposed to read *moneyers*; another *mynheers*; and Malone coins a word, *onyers*, which he says may mean a *public accountant*, from the term *o-ni*, used in the exchequer. The ludicrous nature of the appellations which Gadshill bestows upon his associates might have sufficiently shown them that such attempts must be futile; 'nobility and *tranquillity*, burgomasters and *great oneyers*.' Johnson has judiciously explained it. 'Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but with "burgomasters and great ones," or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, great *one-y-ers*, or great *one-éers*, as we say *privateer*, auctioneer, *circuiteer*.'

<sup>17</sup> A quibble upon *boots* and *booty*. *Boot* is *profit*, *advantage*.

<sup>18</sup> Alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In The Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff says:—'They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me.'

<sup>19</sup> *As in a castle* was a proverbial phrase for security. Steevens has adduced several examples of its use in cotemporary writers.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed<sup>20</sup>, for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase<sup>21</sup>, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet<sup>1</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Stand close.

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?

<sup>20</sup> *Fern-seed* was supposed to have the power of rendering persons invisible: the seed of fern is itself invisible; therefore to find it was a magic operation, and in the use it was supposed to communicate its own property. Thus in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, 1. 6:—

‘ ——— Because, indeed, I had  
No med'cine, sir, to go invisible,  
No *fern-seed* in my pocket.’

<sup>21</sup> *Purchase* was anciently understood in the sense of *gain, profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. The commentators are wrong in saying that it meant stolen goods.

<sup>1</sup> This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. Thus in *The Malecontent*, 1604:—‘I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret.*’ Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

*P. Hen.* He is walked up to the top of the hill ;  
I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.]

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire<sup>2</sup> further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines<sup>3</sup> to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines.—Poins !—Hal !—a plague upon you both !—Bardolph !—Peto !—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another ! [*They whistle.*] Whew !—A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt<sup>4</sup> me thus ?

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the *square* or measure. A carpenter's rule was called a *square* ; from *esquierre*, Fr.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powders*.

<sup>4</sup> To *colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive* ; perhaps from the wild tricks of a colt.

*P. Hen.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse: good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds! will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HEN. and POINS.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole<sup>5</sup>, say I; every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

*1 Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand.

*Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

*1 Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied<sup>6</sup> knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs<sup>7</sup>; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FAL. &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

<sup>5</sup> i. e. be his lot or portion, happiness. This proverbial phrase has been already explained in the notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Winter's Tale*.

<sup>6</sup> *Gorbellied* is *big-paunched*, corpulent.

<sup>7</sup> A term of reproach usually applied to avaricious old citizens. It is of uncertain derivation. Cotgrave interprets '*Un gros marroufle*, a big cat; also an ouglie luske or clusterfist; also a rich churl or fat chuffe.'

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the true<sup>8</sup> men :  
Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument<sup>9</sup> for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

*P. Hen.* Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

*Poins.* Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :  
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd ! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *True* for *honest* ; thus opposing the *true* men to the *thieves*.

<sup>9</sup> *Argument* is subject matter for conversation. Thus in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. Sc. 1 :—' Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*.

## SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter*<sup>1</sup>.

———*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;—*Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York<sup>2</sup> commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan<sup>3</sup>. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides,

<sup>1</sup> This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Scroop, archbishop of York.

<sup>3</sup> See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 3, p. 190.

the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

*Enter* LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate<sup>4</sup>? I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O my good lord; why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep<sup>5</sup>? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retires<sup>6</sup>; of trenches, tents,

<sup>4</sup> Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife (which was not *Katherine* but *Elizabeth*), or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

<sup>5</sup> In King Richard III. we have '*leaden slumber*.' In Virgil '*ferreus somnus*.' Homer terms sleep *bræzen*, or, more strictly, *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος.

<sup>6</sup> *Retires* are retreats. So in Holinshed, p. 960:—'— the Frenchmen's flight, for manie so termed their sudden *retire*.'

Of palisadoes, frontiers<sup>7</sup>, parapets;  
Of basilisks<sup>8</sup>, of cannon, culverin;  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the' currents<sup>9</sup> of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are  
these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the  
sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

<sup>7</sup> *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. Thus in Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, 1589:—'A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*.' Florio interprets '*frontiera*, a *frontire* or bounding place; also a *skonce*, a *bastion*, a *defence*, a *trench*, or *block-house* upon or about confines or borders.' Vide note on Act i. Sc. 3, p. 136. In *Notes from Blackfryers*, by H. Fitzgeoffrey, 1617:—

'He'll tell of *basilisks*, trenches, and retires,  
Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*.'

<sup>8</sup> *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance, probably so named from the imaginary serpent or dragon, with figures of which it was ordinary to ornament great guns.

<sup>9</sup> Occurrences.

Well, I will back him straight: O *espérance*<sup>10</sup>!—  
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit* Servant.]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen<sup>11</sup>,  
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,  
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.  
 I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir  
 About his title; and hath sent for you,  
 To line<sup>12</sup> his enterprise: But if you go——

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
 Directly to this question that I ask.  
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,  
 Away, you trifler!—Love? I love thee not,  
 I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,  
 To play with mamnets<sup>13</sup>, and to tilt with lips:

<sup>10</sup> The motto of the Percy family.

<sup>11</sup> So in *Cymbeline* we have:—

'As quarrellous as the weasel.'

<sup>12</sup> i. e. to *strengthen*. So in *Macbeth*:—

'——— did *line* the rebel

With hidden help and vantage.'

<sup>13</sup> *Mammets* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakspeare for a *female plaything*; a diminutive of *mam*. 'Quasi dicat parvam matrem, seu matronulam.'—'Icunculæ, *mammets* or *puppets* that goe by devises of wyer or strings, 'as though they had life and moving.' *Junius's Nomenclator*, by Fleming, 1585.—Mr. Gifford has thrown out a conjecture about the meaning of *mammets* from the Italian *mammetta*, which signified a *bosom* as well as a *young wench*. See Ben Jonson's Works, vol. v. p. 66. I have not found the word used in *English* in that sense; but *mammet*, for a puppet or dressed up living doll is common enough.

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—  
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have  
with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not indeed?  
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am o'horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:  
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,  
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe,  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate?  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady.*

It must, of force.

#### SCENE IV.

Eastcheap<sup>1</sup>. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat  
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

<sup>1</sup> *Eastcheap* is selected with propriety for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence; a mansion called Cold Harbour (near All Hallows Church, Upper

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian<sup>2</sup>, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off<sup>3</sup>.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in

Thames Street), was granted to Henry prince of Wales. 11 Henry IV. 1410. Rymer. vol. viii. p. 628. In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. *Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet:—‘*Hen. V.* You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine.’ Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar’s Head tavern was very near Blackfriars’ Playhouse.—*Stowe’s Survey*.

Sir John Falstaff was in his lifetime a considerable benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford; and though the College cannot give the particulars at large, the *Boar’s Head* in *Southwark*, and Caldecot Manor in Suffolk were part of the lands, &c. he bestowed.

<sup>2</sup> A *Corinthian* was a *wencher*, a *debauchee*. The fame of *Corinth*, as a place of resort for loose women, was not yet extinct. Thus Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*:—‘And raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelatess with all her young *Corinthian* laity.’

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Gifford has shown that there is no ground for the filthy interpretation of this passage which Steevens chose to give. ‘*To breathe in your watering*’ is ‘to stop and take breath when you are drinking.’ Thus in the old MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, cited by Steevens:—

‘———— we also do enact

That all hold up their heads and laugh aloud,

*Drink much at one draught; breathe not in their drink,*

That none go out to ———.’

So in Rowland’s *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*,

one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar<sup>4</sup>, clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker<sup>5</sup>; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Hen.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

1600, a passage first pointed out by Sir W. Scott in his edition of those rare satires:—

'Will is a right good fellow by this drinke,

\* \* \* \* \*

Shall look into your *water* well enough,

And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe;

A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,

*Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stayes;

Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?

No faithful drunkard but he should detest it.'

Thus also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, p. 194:—'If he dranke off his cups cleanly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize,' &c.

<sup>4</sup> It appears from two passages cited by Steevens that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack.

<sup>5</sup> An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is *drink, liquor*; from *scenc*, drink, Saxon.

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

*P. Hen.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir!

*P. Hen.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

*P. Hen.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Hen.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin<sup>6</sup>, crystal-button, nott-pated<sup>7</sup>, agate-ring, puke-stockings<sup>8</sup>, caddis-garter<sup>9</sup>, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*P. Hen.* Why then, your brown bastard<sup>10</sup> is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*P. Hen.* Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

<sup>6</sup> The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by these contemptuous distinctions.

<sup>7</sup> *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped*; having the hair cut close. Chaucer's *Yeman* is thus described:—

'A nott-head had he, with a brown visage.'

'*Tonsus homo*,' a man rounded, polled, or *notted*.—*Cooper's Dict.* The word is derived from the Saxon *knot*, which means the same.

<sup>8</sup> *Puke-stockings* are *dark-coloured stockings*. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black; *pullus*, Lat. according to the dictionaries. By the receipt for dyeing it, it appears to have been a *dark gray* or *slate colour*.

<sup>9</sup> *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France. In Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable* we are told of 'footmen in *caddis*.' *Garters* being formerly worn in sight were often of rich materials; to wear a coarse cheap sort was therefore reproachful.

<sup>10</sup> A kind of sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two sorts, brown and white. Baret says that '*bastarde* is *muscadel*, *sweete wine*, *mulsum*.' *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olans Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack, and concludes by saying, '*Nullum vinum majoris pretii est, quam bastardum, ob dulcedinis nobilitatem*.'—*De Gent. Septent.* p. 521.

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in!

*P. Hen.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Hen.* I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of good man Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north: he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife,

*Rivo*<sup>11</sup>, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks<sup>12</sup>, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun<sup>13</sup>! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime<sup>14</sup> in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villain-

<sup>11</sup> Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.

<sup>12</sup> Stockings.

<sup>13</sup> 'Didst thou ever see Titan kiss a dish of butter?' alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, *melting* with the motion, like butter with the heat of the sun. '*Pitiful hearted*' is used in the sense which Cotgrave gives to '*misericordieux*, merciful, *pitiful*, *compassionate*, *tender*.' Theobald reads '*pitiful hearted butter*,' which is countenanced by none of the old copies, but affords a clear sense. Malone and Steevens have each given a reading, founded upon the quarto of 1598, which has '— at the sweet tale of the *sonnes*:' but they differ in their explanations of the passage. Their arguments are too long for this place, and are the less necessary as I do not adopt the readings upon which they are founded. Bishop Earle, in his *Microcosmography*, giving the character of a pot poet, says, 'His frequentest works go out in single sheets, and are chaunted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench *melts like butter* to hear them.'

<sup>14</sup> Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says, 'The vintners of London put in lime; and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the goutes.'

ous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing<sup>15</sup>: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath<sup>16</sup>, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned •

<sup>15</sup> This is the reading of the first quarto, 1598. The folio reads 'I could sing all manner of songs.' The passage was probably altered to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. cxxi. Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in the Twelfth Night. The protestants who fled from the persecutions of the duke of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers: their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

<sup>16</sup> A *dagger of lath* is the weapon given to the Vice in the Old Moralities. In the second part of this play Falstaff calls Shallow a *Vice's dagger*. So in Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

'In a trice, like to the old Vice,  
Your need to sustain,  
Who with *dagger of lath*, &c.

ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through<sup>17</sup>; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

<sup>17</sup> It appears from the old comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon* (1599) that this method of defence and fight was then going out of fashion:—'I see by this dearth of good swords that *sword and buckler fight* begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then: then a tall man and a good sword-and-buckler-man will be spitted like a cat or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man,' &c.

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,——

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew<sup>18</sup>.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

*Poins.* 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

<sup>18</sup> So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—'Thou art an *Ebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a Christian.'

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,——

*Poins.* Down fell their hose<sup>19</sup>.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal<sup>20</sup> green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech<sup>21</sup>,——

<sup>19</sup> The same jest has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, Act i. Sc. 5. To understand it, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies a *tagged lace* used by our ancestors to fasten their garments, as well as *the sharp end of a weapon*. So in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a comedy, 1606:—‘Help me to truss my *points*.’—‘I had rather see your hose about your heels than I would help you to truss a point.’

<sup>20</sup> *Kendal Green* was the livery of Robert earl of Huntingdon and his followers, when in a state of outlawry, under the name of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture. *Green* still continues the colour of woodmen and gamekeepers.

<sup>21</sup> A *keech* is a round lump of fat, rolled up by the butcher in order to be carried to the chandler, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. The old editions read *catch*.

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado<sup>22</sup>, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin<sup>23</sup>, you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four; you

<sup>22</sup> The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were suddenly let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms but shook all the joints out of joint. He adds, which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo. *Academy of Arms and Blazon*. b. iii. p. 310.

<sup>23</sup> It has been proposed to read *eel-skin*, with great plausibility. Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince. Stowe, speaking of him, says, 'He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small,' &c.

bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—  
Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—  
Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word  
out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea,  
and can show it you here in the house:—and, Fal-  
staff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with  
as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still  
ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a  
slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done;  
and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what  
device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out  
to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come let's hear, Jack; What trick hast  
thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that  
made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for  
me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon  
the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant  
as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not  
touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter;  
I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better  
of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant  
lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord,  
lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess,  
clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.  
—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles  
of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we  
be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be,  
thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* My lord the prince,——

*P. Hen.* How now, my lady the hostess? what  
say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the

court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

*P. Hen.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man<sup>24</sup>, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Hen.* 'Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Hen.* Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner<sup>25</sup>, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore:

<sup>24</sup> This is a kind of joke upon *noble* and *royal*, two coins, one of the value of 6s. 8d. the other 10s. 'Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said:—'My *royal* queen,' and a little after, 'My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I *ten groats* worse than I was?'—*Hearne's Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford.*

<sup>25</sup> i. e. *taken in the fact.* See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, Sc. 1, p. 277.

Thou hast fire<sup>26</sup> and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hast thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P. Hen.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*P. Hen.* Hot livers and cold purses<sup>27</sup>.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*P. Hen.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast<sup>28</sup>? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee, when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring<sup>29</sup>: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad:

<sup>26</sup> The fire in Bardolph's face.

<sup>27</sup> i. e. drunkenness and poverty.

<sup>28</sup> i. e. 'my sweet stuffed creature.' Bombast is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton plant the *bombast* tree. It is here used for the stuffing of clothes. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2, p. 363. In an old phrase book, called *Hormanni Vulgaria*, is the following passage:—'The fleshe lyeth betwene the bone and skynne like a mattress of cotton.'

<sup>29</sup> Aristophanes has the same thought:—

‘Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν ἔν ἐμέ γ’ ἄν διελεύσαις.’

*Plutus*, v. 1037.

The custom of wearing a ring upon the thumb is very ancient. The rider of the brazen horse in Chaucer's *Squiers Tale*:—

‘—— upon his *thombe* he had a ring of gold.’

Grave personages, citizens, and aldermen wore a plain broad gold ring upon the thumb, which often had a motto engraved in the inside of it. An alderman's thumb-ring, and its motto, is mentioned in *The Antipodes*, by Brome. And in his *Northern Lass*:—A good man in the city, &c. wears nothing rich about him but the gout or a *thumb-ring*. Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640:—‘—— no more wit than the rest of the bench; what lies in his *thumb-ring*.’

here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Aimaimon<sup>30</sup> the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook<sup>31</sup>,—What, a plague, call you him?—

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o’horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol<sup>32</sup> kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

<sup>30</sup> A demon; who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

<sup>31</sup> The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert. ‘The Welsh glaive’ (which appears to be the same thing) Grose says ‘is a kind of bill sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes.’ Minshew thus describes it:—‘*Armorum genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo.*’ And Florio, in voce *Falcione*, ‘a bending forest bill or Welch hook.’ So in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle;—‘—— that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *Welch hooks* and forest bills.’ Its long handle is hinted at in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:—‘It will be as good as a *Welch hook* for you, to keep out the other at staves-end.’ In *The Insatiate Countess*, by Marston, they are called

‘The *ancient hooks* of great Cadwallader.’

And Drayton says:—

‘Skeridvaur at last

Caught up his country *hook*.’

I am surprised that Mr. Nares has called it a *sword*.

<sup>32</sup> Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakspeare’s time.

*P. Hen.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. Hen.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps<sup>33</sup> more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap a stinking mackarel.

*P. Hen.* Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Hen.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state<sup>34</sup>, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

<sup>33</sup> *Scotsmen*, on account of their blue bonnets.

<sup>34</sup> In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. the same strain of humour is discoverable:—'Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shalt sit in this chair; and I'll be the young prince, and hit thee a box of the ear,' &c. A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyeses'<sup>35</sup> vein.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg<sup>36</sup>.

*Fal.* And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* This is excellent sport, i'faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes<sup>37</sup>.

*Host.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accom-

<sup>35</sup> The banter is here upon the play called *A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia*, by Thomas Preston [1570]. There is a marginal direction in this play, 'At this tale tolde, let the queen weep,' which is probably alluded to, though the measure in the parody is not the same with that of the original.

<sup>36</sup> i. e. *my obeisance*.

<sup>37</sup> Thus in Cambyeses:—

'*Queen.* These words to hear makes stilling tears issue  
from chrystall eyes.'

Ritson thinks that the following passage in *Soliman and Perseda* is glanced at:—

'How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,  
When they are stopp'd with floods of flowing tears?'

panied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*<sup>38</sup>, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then,

<sup>38</sup> A *micher* here signifies a *truant*. So in an old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1509:—'He is a *mychar*; *vagus est non discolus*.' To *mich* was to skulk, to hide; and hence the word sometimes also signified a *skulking thief*, and sometimes a *miser*. In Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594, we have:—'How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty.'

peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker<sup>39</sup>, or a poulter's hare.

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry? whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

*P. Hen.* Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch<sup>40</sup> of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard<sup>41</sup> of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree<sup>42</sup> ox with the pudding in his

<sup>39</sup> A young rabbit.

<sup>40</sup> The machine which separates flour from bran.

<sup>41</sup> A *bombard* was a very large leathern vessel to hold drink, perhaps so called from its similarity to a sort of cannon of the same name. That it was not a barrel, as some have supposed, is evident from the following passage:—

‘His boots as wide as the black jacks,  
Or *bombards* toss'd by the king's guards.’

*Shirley's Martyr'd Soldier.*

<sup>42</sup> Manningtree, in Essex, formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage plays yearly. It

belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would, your grace would take me with you<sup>43</sup>; Whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know, thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and there-

appears from other intimations that there were great festivities there, and much good eating at Whitsun ales, &c. We may therefore conclude that roasting an ox whole was not uncommon on those occasions. The pudding sometimes accompanied the ox; as we find in a ballad written in 1658:—

‘ Just so the people stare  
At an ox in the fair  
Roasted whole with a pudding in's belly.’

*Nicholl's Collection of Poems*, vol. iii. p. 202.

Manningtree oxen were doubtless famous for their size; the pastures of that neighbourhood are remarkable for their excellence.

<sup>43</sup> i. e. go no faster than I can follow.

fore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. *[A knocking heard.]*

*[Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord! my lord!—

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras<sup>44</sup>;—the

<sup>44</sup> When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding place upon all occasions.

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.—

[*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master Sheriff; what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*P. Hen.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Hen.* I think it is good morrow: Is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

*P. Hen.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's<sup>45</sup>. Go call him forth.

*Poins.* Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath:

<sup>45</sup> St. Paul's Cathedral.

Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

*Poins.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Poins.* Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.<sup>46</sup>

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score<sup>47</sup>. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

*Poins.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>46</sup> In a very curious letter from Thomas Rainolds, vice chancellor of Oxford, in 1566, to Cardinal Pole, among the Conway Papers, he entreats the suppression of some of the wine taverns in Oxford, and states as one of his reasons that they sell Gascony wine at 16d. a gallon, *sacke* at 2s. 4d. per gallon, and Malvoisie at 2s. 6d. to the utter ruin of the poor students.' In Florio's *First Frutes*, 1578:—'Claret wine, red and white, is sold for fivepence the quarte, and *sacke* for sixpence; muscadel and malmsey for eight.' Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eightpence or eightpence halfpenny a quart, which would make the computation of five shillings and eightpence for two gallons correct. To the note on *sack*, at p. 131, we may add that *sack* is called *Vinum Hispanicum* by Coles, and *Vin d'Espagne* by Sherwood. In Florio's *Second Frutes* it is *Vino de Spagna*.

<sup>47</sup> A *score*, in the language of Toxopholites, was *twenty yards*. A mark of *twelve score* meant a mark at the distance of *two hundred and forty yards*.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and  
GLENDOWER.

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction<sup>1</sup> full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!  
I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with  
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes<sup>2</sup>,  
Of burning cressets<sup>3</sup>; and, at my birth,

<sup>1</sup> *Induction* is used by Shakspeare for *commencement, beginning*. The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction*. Such is the prelude of the Tinker to the Taming of the Shrew. Sackville's *induction* to the Mirror for Magistrates is another instance.

<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare has amplified the hint of Holinshed, who says, 'Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night that he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.' The poet had probably also heard that, in 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower.

<sup>3</sup> *Cressets* were open lamps, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole or otherwise suspended. Cotgrave thus describes

The frame and huge foundation of the earth,  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat had  
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth  
did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens  
on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame<sup>4</sup> earth, and topples<sup>5</sup> down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

them under the word *falot*, 'a cres-  
set light (such as they use in play-  
houses), made of ropes wreathed,  
pitched, and put into small open  
cages of iron.' Their form will be  
best understood by this represen-  
tation, taken from Mr. Douce's Il-  
lustrations of Shakspeare, vol. i.  
p. 431.

<sup>4</sup> *Beldame*, and *belsire*, formerly signified grandmother and grandfather.

<sup>5</sup> To *topple*, in its active sense, is to throw down.

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show,  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,  
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think, there is no man speaks better  
Welsh:—

I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him  
mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the  
devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless<sup>6</sup> home, and weather-beaten back.

<sup>6</sup> Shakspeare has already, in Act ii. Sc. 1, quibbled upon  
*boots* and *boot*, profit.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: Shall we divide  
our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto<sup>7</sup>,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute),  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:---  
Within that space [*To GLEND.*] you may have  
drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety<sup>8</sup>, north from Burton  
here,

<sup>7</sup> i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map).

<sup>8</sup> A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts. Thus Heywood, in his *History of Women*, 1624:—'I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes.'

In quantity equals not one of yours :  
 See, how this river comes me cranking<sup>9</sup> in,  
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
 A huge half moon, and monstrous cantle<sup>10</sup> out.  
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

*Mort.* Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side ;  
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
 And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.*

Will not you ?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.*

Who shall say me nay ?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.*

Let me not understand you then,  
 Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;  
 For I was train'd up in the English court<sup>11</sup> ;

<sup>9</sup> To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out. *Crankling* is used by Drayton in the same sense : speaking of a river, he says that Meander

' Hath not so many turns and *crankling* nooks as she.'

Shakspeare, in his *Venus and Adonis*, says of a hare :—

' He *cranks* and crosses with a thousand doubles.'

<sup>10</sup> A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *part*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing. The French had *chanteau* and *chantel*, and the Italians *canto* and *cantone* in the same sense.

<sup>11</sup> Owen Glendower's real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan. He took the name of Glendower from the lordship of which he was

Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament<sup>12</sup>;  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;  
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:  
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick<sup>13</sup> turn'd;  
 Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well deserving friend;  
 But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by  
 night:

the owner. He hated the Mortimers because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales (as well as to the crown of England), being lineally descended from Gladys, the daughter of Llewelyn, and sister of David prince of Wales. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales. He was esquire of the body to King Richard II. upon whom he was in attendance when that king was taken prisoner at Flint Castle by Bolingbroke. Owen Glendower was crowned prince of Wales in 1402, and for near twelve years was a formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415.

<sup>12</sup> This disputed passage seems to me to mean that he gave to the language the helpful ornament of *verse*. Hotspur's answer shows that he took it in that sense.

<sup>13</sup> A very common contraction of *candlestick*. The noise to which Hotspur alludes is mentioned in *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636:—

'As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,  
 Where they turn brazen candlesticks.'

I'll in and haste the writer<sup>14</sup>, and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

*Mort.* Fye, cousin Percy! how you cross my  
father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,  
With telling me of the moldwarp<sup>15</sup> and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names,  
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,  
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house;—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited

<sup>14</sup> i. e. the writer of the articles. The old copy reads 'I'll haste the writer, &c. The two necessary words (*in and*) were suggested by Steevens.

<sup>15</sup> The *moldwarp* is the *mole*; A.S. *molde* and *weorpan*; because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks. Holinshed is here Shakspeare's authority:—'This was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though King Henry was the *molde warpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which should divide this realm between them.'

In strange concealments<sup>16</sup>; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable: and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame<sup>17</sup>;  
And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage;  
blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you),  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion<sup>18</sup>, and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd; good manners be your  
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter* GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

<sup>16</sup> Skilled in wonderful secrets.

<sup>17</sup> Shakspeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has the power of an adverb. In King Richard III. we meet with *childish*-foolish, *senseless*-obstinate, and *mortal*-staring.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. self-opinion or conceit.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps; she will not part  
with you,  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her,—that she, and my  
aunt Percy,  
Shall follow in your conduct<sup>19</sup> speedily.

[*GLEND. speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and  
she answers him in the same.*

*Glend.* She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry<sup>20</sup>,  
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*LADY M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling hea-  
vens<sup>21</sup>,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*LADY M. speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute<sup>22</sup>.

<sup>19</sup> Guard, escorte.

<sup>20</sup> Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, reproaches his daughter in the same words:—

'A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.'

<sup>21</sup> It seems extraordinary that Steevens could for a moment conceive that Mortimer meant his *lady's two prominent lips*! It is obvious, as Mr. Douce has remarked, that *her eyes swollen with tears* are meant, whose language he is too perfect in, and could answer with the like if it were not for shame.

<sup>22</sup> A compliment to Queen Elizabeth was perhaps here intended, who was a performer on the lute and virginals. See Melvil's *Memoirs*, folio, p. 50. *Divisions*, which were then uncommon in vocal music, are *variations of melody upon some given fundamental harmony*.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*LADY M. speaks again.*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this.

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay  
you down<sup>23</sup>,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep<sup>24</sup>,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:  
By that time will our book<sup>25</sup>, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in  
thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and  
then the Musick plays.*

<sup>23</sup> It has been already remarked that it was long the custom in this country to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

<sup>24</sup> So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*:—

' ——— who shall take his lute  
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep  
Upon my eyelid.'

The God of Sleep is not only to sit on Mortimer's eyelids, but to sit crowned, that is, with sovereign dominion.

<sup>25</sup> It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.—In a MS. letter from Sir Richard Sackville, in 1560, to Lady Throckmorton, announcing a grant of some land to her husband, Sir Nicholas, he says, 'It hath pleased the queen's majesty to sign Mr. Frogmorton's book.'—*Conway Papers.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh; And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach<sup>26</sup>, howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Would'st thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault<sup>27</sup>.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

[A Welsh SONG sung by LADY M.]

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth: and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury<sup>28</sup>.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards<sup>29</sup>, and Sunday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

<sup>26</sup> Hound.

<sup>27</sup> That this is spoken ironically is sufficiently obvious, as Mr. Pye has observed, but the strange attempts to *misunderstand* the passage made by some commentators, make the observation in some measure necessary.

<sup>28</sup> *Finsbury*, being then open walks and fields, was the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many old plays.

<sup>29</sup> *Velvet-guards*, or *trimmings of velvet*, being the city fashion

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher<sup>30</sup>. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow,  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then  
To horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, Prince of Wales, and  
Lords.

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave: the Prince of Wales  
and I  
Must have some private conference: But be near at  
hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you.  
[*Exeunt* Lords.]

in Shakspeare's time, the term was used metaphorically to designate such persons. So in *Histriomastix*, 1610:—

'Nay, I myself will wear the courtly grace;  
Out on these *velvet-guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,  
These simp'ring fashions simply followed!'

Again:—

'I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow——  
How?—you?—what, fellow it?—gip, *velvet guards*!'

Thus also Fynes Morrison:—'At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their wives a close gown of skarlet with *gardes* of black velvet.'—*Itinerary*, fol. 1617, p. 179.

<sup>30</sup> Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing, and this is a humorous turn which he gives to his argument, 'Come, sing.'—'I will not sing.'—'Tis the next (i. e. readiest, nearest) way to turn tailor, or red-breast teacher.' The meaning is 'to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds.'

I know not whether God will have it so,  
 For some displeasing service<sup>1</sup> I have done,  
 That in his secret doom, out of my blood  
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
 Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd  
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate, and low desires,  
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts<sup>2</sup>,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg<sup>3</sup>,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
 By smiling pick-thanks<sup>4</sup> and base newsmongers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,  
 Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing

<sup>1</sup> *Service*, for action.

<sup>2</sup> *Mean attempts* are mean, unworthy undertakings. *Lewd*, in this place, has its original signification of idle, ungracious, naughty.

<sup>3</sup> The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure, Johnson thus explains it:—‘Let me beg so much extenuation that upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.’ *Reproof* means *disproof*.

<sup>4</sup> A sycophant, a flatterer, one who is studious to gain favour, or to pick occasions for obtaining thanks.

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost<sup>5</sup>,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession<sup>6</sup>;  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he*;  
 Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> This appears to be an anachronism. The prince's removal from council, in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother the duke of Clarence was appointed president in his room, and he was not created a duke till 1411.

<sup>6</sup> True to him that had then possession of the crown.

<sup>7</sup> Massinger, in *The Great Duke of Florence*, has adopted this expression:—

‘ ——— Giovanni,  
 A prince in expectation, when he lived here  
 Stole courtesy from heaven; and would not to  
 The meanest servant in my father's house  
 Have kept such distance.’

Mr. Gifford, in the following note on this passage, gives the best explanation of the phrase, which the commentators have altogether mistaken:—‘ the plain meaning of the phrase is that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a heavenly kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men, resembling that divine condescension which excludes none from its regard, and, therefore, immediately derived or *stolen* from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. The word *stolen* here means little else than *to win by imperceptible progression, by gentle violence.*’

And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin<sup>8</sup> wits,  
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded<sup>9</sup> his state ;  
 Mingled his royalty with carping<sup>10</sup> fools ;  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative<sup>11</sup> :  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,

<sup>8</sup> *Bavins* are brush-wood, or small faggots used for lighting fires. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594 :—' *Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt.'

<sup>9</sup> To *card* is to mix, or debase by mixing. The metaphor is probably taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, thereby diminishing the value of the latter. The phrase is used by other writers for to mingle or mix. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed* :—

' But mine is such a drench of balderdash,  
 Such a strange *carded* cunningness.'

And in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* :—' You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk), half small, half strong, &c.' 'Carded ale' is also mentioned by Nashe, in 'Have with you to Saffron Walden,' 1596. Shakspeare has a similar thought in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—' The web of our life is of a *mingled yarn*, good and ill together.'

<sup>10</sup> The quarto, 1598, reads *capring*. The quarto, 1599, and subsequent old copies, read *carping*, which I am inclined to think from the context is the word which Shakspeare wrote. 'A carping momus,' and 'a carping fool,' were very common expressions in that age.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. every beardless, vain, young fellow who affected wit, or was a dealer in comparisons. Vide Act i. Sc. 2, p. 109.

Enfeoff'd<sup>12</sup> himself to popularity :  
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey ; and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
With vile participation ; not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;  
And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state<sup>13</sup>,

<sup>12</sup> i. e. gave himself up, absolutely and entirely, to popularity. To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to give or grant any thing to another in fee simple.

<sup>13</sup> ' Interest to the state ;' we should now write *in* the state, but this was the phraseology of the poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*, ' — he is less frequent to his princely exercises than

Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate<sup>14</sup> against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest<sup>15</sup> enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much degenerate thou art.

formerly.' 'Thou hast but the shadow of succession, compared with the more worthy interest in the state (i. e. great popularity) which he possesses.'

<sup>14</sup> To *capitulate*, according to the old dictionaries, formerly signified *to make articles of agreement*. The nobles enumerated had entered into such articles, or *confederated* against the king.

<sup>15</sup> See vol. i. p. 382, note 5.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so, you shall not find it so;  
And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours<sup>16</sup> in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands<sup>17</sup>;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel<sup>18</sup> of this vow.

<sup>16</sup> *Favours* is probably here used for *colours*; the *scarf* by which a knight of rank was distinguished. In the last scene the Prince says:—

‘But let my *favours* hide thy mangled face.’

<sup>17</sup> Bonds.

<sup>18</sup> Part.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland<sup>19</sup> hath sent word,—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;  
For this advertisement<sup>20</sup> is five days old :—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set  
Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :  
Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;  
Advantage feeds him<sup>21</sup> fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>19</sup> There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a Lord March of Scotland (George Dunbar), who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury. The poet recollected that there was a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family on the rebels' side (one being *earl of March* in England, the other *earl of March* in Scotland), but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March*.

<sup>20</sup> Intelligence.

<sup>21</sup> Feeds himself fat.

## SCENE III.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking<sup>1</sup>; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse<sup>2</sup>: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you

<sup>1</sup> *Liking* is condition, plight of body. 'If one be in better plight of body, or better liking.' Si qua habitior paulo pugilem esse aiunt. *Baret. L.* 435.

<sup>2</sup> That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be collected from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened*:—'What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse*?—Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly.' *Malt horse*, which is the same thing, was a common term of reproach, and is used elsewhere by Shakspeare, and by Ben Jonson.

must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral<sup>3</sup>, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern<sup>4</sup>: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap<sup>5</sup>, at the dearest chandler's in

<sup>3</sup> So Decker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1605:—'An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*.—The *Hamburghers* offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an East Indian voyage, to have a stood a nights in the *poope of their admiral*, only to save the charges of candles.' That it was an old joke appears from a passage in *Bullein's Dialogue* against the Fever Pestilence, 1578, cited by Malone.

<sup>4</sup> Steevens has taken occasion here to mention that *candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

<sup>5</sup> *Cheap* being derived from KAVPON, Gothic, is the past participle of cypan, ceapan, Sax. to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain*. Our ancestors not only used GOOD CHEAP, but BETTER CHEAP, in the sense

Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them

which we now use CHEAP and CHEAPER. Tooke thinks that *bad-cheap* was also used, but has adduced no example. Baret translates the *ova vilia* of Horace by *good cheap eggs*; and the *minoris vendere aliquid*, of Plautus, by *to sell better-cheap*. *Cheap* and *cheaping* therefore came to signify a *market*, which led Johnson to suppose that good-cheap was derived from *à bon marché*. All the northern dialects have the same form of speech that our ancestors used; thus *godt-kop*, *betre kop*, in Swedish; *got kiob*, *better kiob*, in Danish, &c. Florio has '*buon-mercato*, *good-cheape*, a good bargain.'

away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell<sup>6</sup>. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker<sup>7</sup> of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn<sup>8</sup>, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have, lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

<sup>6</sup> *Eight shillings an ell*, for holland linen, appears a high price for the time, but hear Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*:—'In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have oost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doest cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person.'

<sup>7</sup> *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience. So in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

'How like a *younker*, and a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay.'

<sup>8</sup> This was a common phrase for *enjoying one's self in quiet, as if at home*; not very different in its application from that maxim, *Every man's house is his castle*. *Inne* originally signified a house or habitation. When the word began to change its meaning, and to be used for a house of public entertainment, the proverb still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense. Falstaff puns upon the word *inn*, in order to represent the wrong done him the more strongly. Old Heywood has one or two epigrams which turn upon this phrase.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching.*  
*FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune<sup>9</sup>; nor no more truth in thee, than in

<sup>9</sup> Steevens has been too abundantly copious on the subject of *stewed prunes*. They were a refection particularly common in brothels in Shakspeare's time, perhaps from mistaken notions of their antisymphilitic properties. It is not easy to understand Falstaff's similes, perhaps he means as faithless as a *strumpet* or a *bawd*. A *drawn fox* is surely neither an *exenterated fox*! nor a fox drawn

a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian<sup>10</sup> may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an otter.

*P. Hen.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound.

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

over the grounds to exercise the hounds; but a *hunted fox*, a fox *drawn* from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Tamer Tamed*, call Moroso, a cunning avaricious old man, 'that *drawn fox*.' '*Drawing* is a term used in hunting, when they beat the bushes, &c. after a fox.'—*Country Dict.* 1704.

<sup>10</sup> One of the characters in the ancient morris dance, generally a man dressed like a woman, sometimes a strumpet; and therefore forms an allusion to describe women of a masculine character. A curious tract entitled '*Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian*, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance, 1609,' was reprinted by Mr. Triphook in 1816.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

*P. Hen.* I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Hen.* And why not, as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, and I do, I pray God, my girdle break<sup>11</sup>?

*P. Hen.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whore-son, impudent, embossed<sup>12</sup> rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong; Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the

<sup>11</sup> This *imprecation* is supposed to have reference to the old adage, '*Ungirt, unblest.*' It appears to have been also proverbial. In a humorous poem, apparently from the pen of Sam. Rowlands, '*Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, 1609,' we also find it:—

'How say'st thou, Besse? shall it be so, girle? speake:

If I make one, *pray God my girdle break!*'

Malone observes, 'that as the purse was worn hanging at the girdle, its breaking, unobserved by the wearer, was a serious matter.'

<sup>12</sup> Swoln, puffy, blown up.

state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph—

*Bard.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,—my brother John;—this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner

time.—Jack, meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall at two o'clock i'the afternoon : there shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive money, and order for their furniture<sup>13</sup>.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;  
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world !——Hostess, my breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas<sup>1</sup> have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy<sup>2</sup>  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :  
Nay, task me to the word ; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard<sup>3</sup> him.

<sup>13</sup> I have followed Mr. Douce's suggestion in printing thus much of this speech in prose. No correct ear will ever receive it as blank verse, notwithstanding the efforts by omission, &c. to convert it into metre.

<sup>1</sup> This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is applied by way of preeminence to the head of the Douglas family.

<sup>2</sup> Disdain.

<sup>3</sup> To *beard* is to oppose face to face, in a daring and hostile man-

*Hot.*

Do so, and 'tis well :—

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father,—*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick?*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick<sup>4</sup>,  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord<sup>5</sup>.*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth?  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.*Wor.* I would, the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited;  
His health was never better worth than now.*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth  
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

ner, to threaten even to his *beard*. Thus in Marlowe's *King Edward II* :—

' ————— suffer uncontrol'd

These barons thus to *beard* me in my land.'Again, in *Macbeth* :—' ————— met them dareful *beard* to *beard*.'<sup>4</sup> Epaminondas being told, on the evening before the battle of Leuctra, that an officer of distinction had died in his tent, exclaimed, ' Good gods! how could any body find time to die in such a conjuncture.'—*Xenophon Hellenic*, l. vi.<sup>5</sup> The folio reads ' not I his mind.' The quarto, 1598, ' not I my mind.' The emendation is Capell's.

On any soul remov'd<sup>6</sup>, but on his own.  
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—  
 That with our small conjunction, we should on,  
 To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing<sup>7</sup> now;  
 Because the king is certainly possess'd<sup>8</sup>  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—  
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want  
 Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,  
 To set the exact wealth of all our states  
 All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
 It were not good; for therein should we read  
 The very bottom and the soul of hope:  
 The very list, the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should;  
 Where<sup>9</sup> now remains a sweet reversion;  
 We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
 Is to come in:  
 A comfort of retirement<sup>10</sup> lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
 If that the devil and mischance look big  
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

<sup>6</sup> That is, on any *less near* to himself, or whose interest is *remote*. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

'It wafts you to a more *removed* ground.'  
 And in *As You Like It*:—'in so *removed* a dwelling.'

<sup>7</sup> *Quailing* is fainting, slackening, flagging; or failing in vigour or resolution; going back. Cotgrave renders it by *alachissement*. So in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'This may plant courage in their *quailing* breasts.'

<sup>8</sup> Informed.

<sup>9</sup> *Where*, for *whereas*. As in *Pericles*, Act i, Sc. 1:—

'*Where* now you are both a father and a son.'

<sup>10</sup> i. e. 'a support to which we may have recourse.'

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here;  
 The quality and hair<sup>11</sup> of our attempt  
 Brooks no division: It will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;  
 And think, how such an apprehension  
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
 And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
 For, well you know, we of the offering<sup>12</sup> side  
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain<sup>13</sup>,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
 I, rather, of his absence make this use;—  
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
 Than if the earl were here: for men must think,  
 If we, without his help, can make a head,

<sup>11</sup> *Hair* was anciently used metaphorically for the colour, complexion, or nature of a thing. *Pelo* (in Italian) is used for the colour of a horse, also for the countenance of a man: and *poil*, in French, has the same significations, *esser d'un pelo*, *estre d'un poil*. To be of the same hair, quality, or condition. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*:—

‘A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying.’

And in the old comedy of *The Family of Love*:—‘They say I am of the right *haire*, and indeed they may stand to't.’ So in the Interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:—

‘But I bridled a colt of a contrary *haire*.’

<sup>12</sup> The offering side is the assailing side. Baret renders ‘*Attentare pudicitiam puellæ*, to assaile a maydens chastitie: to offer.’

<sup>13</sup> To draw a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to undraw one at present. Thus in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* quarto, 1600:—‘Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed.’

To push against the kingdom; with his help,  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term<sup>14</sup> of fear.

*Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* 'Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: What more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed<sup>15</sup> mad-cap prince of Wales,  
And his comrâdes, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd: like estridges that with the wind  
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd<sup>16</sup>;

<sup>14</sup> The folio reads '*dream* of fear.'

<sup>15</sup> Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince:—'He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke.'

<sup>16</sup> This is the reading of all the old copies, which Hanmer not understanding, altered to—

'All plum'd like estridges, *and* with the wind  
*Bating* like eagles, &c.'

Then came Johnson, who supposed that there must be necessity for emendation, as it had already been attempted: he changed it thus:—

'All plum'd like estridges, that *wing* the wind;  
Bated like eagles, &c.'

This reading has been adopted by Malone, and by Steevens, with a voluminous commentary to show its necessity. But surely, if

Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver<sup>17</sup> on,  
 His cuisses<sup>18</sup> on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

a clear sense can be deduced from the passage as it stands, no conjectural alteration of the text should be admitted. The meaning of the passage is obviously this:—'The prince and his comrades were all furnish'd, all in arms, all plumed: like estridges (ostriches) that bated (i. e. flutter or beat) the wind *with their wings*; like eagles having lately bathed.' Johnson's reading is exceptionable, if it was not an unwarrantable innovation, because *to wing the wind* and *to bate* are the same thing; and the difficulties of an elliptical construction are not avoided by it. Malone's notion, that a line had been omitted, has not my concurrence. Nor do I think with Mr. Doce, that by *estridges*, *estridge* falcons are here meant, though the word may be used in that sense in Antony and Cleopatra. The ostridge's plumage would be more likely to occur to the poet, from the circumstance of its being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. So in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 22:—

'Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been,  
 The Mountford's *all in plumes like estridges* were seen.'

*Bating*, or *to bate*, in falconry, is the unquiet fluttering of a hawk. *To beat the wing*, *batter l'ale*, Ital. All birds *bate*, i. e. flutter, beat, or flap their wings to dry their feathers after bathing; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings, to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character; it is a fluttering or a flapping, not a flight. The fluttering motion and flapping of the plumed crests of the prince and his associates naturally excited these images. *Bated* refers both to the flapping of the plumes, and of the wings of the ostrich; the plumage of that bird is displayed to more advantage when its wings are in motion, than when at rest; and hence the propriety of representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion, or when it 'bated the air, like eagles lately bathed.'

<sup>17</sup> The *beaver* of a helmet was a moveable piece, which lifted up or down to enable the wearer to drink or to take breath more freely. It is frequently, though improperly, used to express *the helmet* itself.

<sup>18</sup> Armour for the thighs.

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more ; worse than the sun in  
March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take<sup>19</sup> my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—  
O, that Glendower were come !

*Ver.*

There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.*

Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us make a muster speedily :  
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>19</sup> The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read *taste*.

SCENE II. *A Publick Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet<sup>1</sup>. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver<sup>2</sup>, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter<sup>3</sup>, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs

<sup>1</sup> The *gurnet*, or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when souced or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

<sup>2</sup> A gun.

<sup>3</sup> 'Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts*.'—*Moryson's Itin.* 1617. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:—

'They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow bell suckers.'

licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient<sup>4</sup> : and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat : —Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gives<sup>5</sup> on ; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company : and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry<sup>6</sup>. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

*Fal.* What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good lord

<sup>4</sup> ' An old faced ancient' is an old *patched standard*. To *face* a garment was to *line* or *trim* it. Thus in the present play :—

' To *face* the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour.'

In the Puritan, a Comedy, 1607, we have ' full of holes like a shot ancient.' *Dishonourable* for *dishonourably*, is in Shakspeare's manner, who often uses adjectives adverbially.

<sup>5</sup> Fetters.

<sup>6</sup> Daventry.

of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and  
VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well;  
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life),  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives<sup>1</sup>:—  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.  
I wonder much, being men of such great leading<sup>2</sup>,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours is full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

<sup>1</sup> The old copies read 'that *this day* lives;' but the words, as Mason observes, weaken the sense and destroy the measure.

<sup>2</sup> *Leading* is experience in the conduct of armies. The old copies have 'such leading as you are;' but the superfluous words serve only to destroy the metre.

*Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT.

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And 'would  
to God,

You were of our determination !  
Some of us love you well : and even those some  
Envy your great deserving, and good name ;  
Because you are not of our quality<sup>3</sup>,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty !  
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs<sup>4</sup> ; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty : If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—  
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,  
You shall have your desires, with interest ;  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;  
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore :

<sup>3</sup> *Quality*; in its general sense, anciently signified *profession*, *occupation*. Shakspeare here gives it metaphorically for one of the same *fraternity* or *fellowship*. Vide note on Hamlet, Act ii, Sc. 2. In *The Tempest* we have 'Ariel and all his *quality*.'

<sup>4</sup> Grievances.

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery<sup>5</sup>, and beg his peace;  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less<sup>6</sup> came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg<sup>7</sup>:  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.*

Then, to the point:—

<sup>5</sup> That is, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands. This law term has been already explained in King Richard II. Act ii, Sc. 1, p. 32.

<sup>6</sup> The greater and the less.

<sup>7</sup> The whole of this speech alludes to passages in King Richard II.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
 And, in the neck of that<sup>8</sup>, task'd the whole state :  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
 Indeed his king) to be engag'd<sup>9</sup> in Wales,  
 There without ransome to lie forfeited :  
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence :  
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;  
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :  
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
 This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter ; we'll withdraw awhile.  
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
 Some surety for a safe return again,  
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle  
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would, you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And, may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.*

'Pray heaven, you do !

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure : ' Great mischiefs succeeding one in another's necke. *Task'd* is here used for *taxed* : it was common to use these words indiscriminately, says Steevens. *Taskes* were tributes or subsidies, and should not be confounded with *taxes*, which are carefully distinguished by Baret. He interprets '*telonium*, the place where *taskes* or *tributes* are paid.' Philips, in his World of Words, says '*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour imposed upon any one.'

<sup>9</sup> The old copies read *engag'd*, which Theobald altered to *incag'd* without reason: to be engaged is to be pledged as an hostage. So in Act v, Sc. 2 :—

' And Westmoreland that was *engag'd* did bear it.'

## SCENE IV.

*York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief<sup>1</sup>,

With winged haste, to the lord marshal<sup>2</sup>;  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed: if you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Gent.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough, you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland  
(Whose power was in the first proportion),  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence  
(Who with them was a rated sinew too<sup>3</sup>,  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies),—  
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Gent.* Why, good my lord, you need not fear;  
there's Douglas,  
And Lord Mortimer,

*Arch.* No, Mortimer's not there.

*Gent.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry  
Percy,

<sup>1</sup> A *brief* is any short writing, as a *letter*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Lord Mowbray.

<sup>3</sup> A strength on which we reckoned, a help of which we made account.

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together:—  
The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more cor-rivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Gent.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—  
For he hath heard of our confederacy.—  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;  
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE  
JOHN of Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky<sup>1</sup> hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

<sup>1</sup> 'I do not know (says Mr. Blakeway) whether Shakspeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill.' Milton writes the word, perhaps more properly, *bosky*, it is from the French *boscageux*, woody.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes :  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathize ;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

*Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs<sup>2</sup> in ungentle steel ;  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to't ? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege ;  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought for it ! how comes  
it then ?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*P. Hen.* Peace, chewet<sup>3</sup> ; peace.

<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare forgot that he was not at this time *old*, it was only four years since the deposition of King Richard.

<sup>3</sup> A *chewet* was (as Theobald justly observes) a noisy chattering bird, a *pie* or jackdaw ; called also in French *chouette*. This simple and satisfactory explanation would not do for Steevens and Malone, who finding that *chewets* were also little round *pies*

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you, my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help: what with the absent king!  
What with the injuries of a wanton time;  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;  
And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand:  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so

made of minced meat, thought that the prince compared Falstaff, for his unseasonable chattering, to a minced pie! The word is a diminutive of *chough*, pronounced *chouh*, from the Saxon *ceo. Graculus Monedula*. *Belon*, in his *History of Birds*, describes the *chouette* as the smallest kind of chough or crow, and this will account for the diminutive termination of its name.

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird<sup>4</sup>,  
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
 For fear of swallowing: but with nimble wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
 Whereby we stand opposed<sup>5</sup> by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have articulated<sup>6</sup>,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation:  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water colours, to impaint his cause;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving<sup>7</sup> for a time  
 Of pellmell havock and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies, there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,

<sup>4</sup> 'The Titling, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird:— and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow* being once fledged and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat up her that hatched her.'—*Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Holland*, b. x. ch. 9.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. we stand in opposition to you.

<sup>6</sup> The quartos read *articulate*. To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. anxiously expecting a time. So in *The Comedy of Errors*:—

'And now again clean starved for a look.'

The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—  
This present enterprise set off his head<sup>8</sup>,—  
I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:  
Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
I am content, that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation;  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Hen.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no<sup>9</sup>,  
We love our people well: even those we love,  
That are misled upon your cousin's part:  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life;  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

<sup>8</sup> That is, *taken from his account.*

<sup>9</sup> Mason suggests that we should read 'know good Worcester, know, &c.'

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me<sup>10</sup>, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter* WORCESTER and VERNON.

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best, he did.

<sup>10</sup> In the battle of Agincourt Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

*Wor.* Then we are all undone.  
It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes:  
For treason is but trusted like the fox;  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot.  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,—  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:  
All his offences live upon my head,  
And on his father's;—we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up  
My lord of Westmoreland<sup>1</sup>.—Uncle, what news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Westmoreland was impawned as a surety for the safe return of Worcester. See Act iv, Sc. 3.

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the  
king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking<sup>2</sup>? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital<sup>3</sup> of himself;

<sup>2</sup> *Tasking* as well as *taxing* was used for *reproof*. We still say 'he took him to *task*.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. 'mention of himself.' To *cite* is to quote, allege, or mention any passage or incident. The mistakes of Pope and others have induced me to give an explanation of this word, which I should otherwise have thought sufficiently intelligible.

And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
 As if he master'd<sup>4</sup> there a double spirit,  
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
 There did he pause : But let me tell the world,—  
 If he outlive the envy of this day,  
 England did never owe<sup>5</sup> so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear  
 Of any prince, so wild at liberty<sup>6</sup> :  
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—  
 Arm, arm, with speed :—And, fellows, soldiers,  
     friends,  
 Better consider what you have to do,  
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;  
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;  
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us !  
 Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,  
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *was master of*.

<sup>5</sup> Own.

<sup>6</sup> *So wild at liberty* may mean so wild and licentious, or loose in his conduct. Johnson misunderstood and wrong pointed this passage. The quarto copies most of them read 'so wild a libertie.' Steevens suggests that perhaps the author wrote 'so wild a libertine ; to which reading I very much incline.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare: the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking; Only this—  
Let each man do his best: and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now,—*Esperance*<sup>7</sup>!—*Percy*!—and set on.—  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that musick let us all embrace:  
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness: for, instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

<sup>7</sup> *Espérance*, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. Shakspeare uses *espérance* as a word of four syllables, the e final having the same power as in French verse.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot<sup>1</sup> ;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon  
thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies  
the king.

*Hot.* Where ?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well :  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;  
Semblably<sup>2</sup> furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither<sup>3</sup> it goes !  
'A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats :  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away ;  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,  
I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but upon the  
pate.—Soft ! who art thou ? Sir Walter Blunt ;—

<sup>1</sup> The folio reads :—

' I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot.'

<sup>2</sup> That is in *seeming* or *outward appearance*.

<sup>3</sup> *Whither* for *whithersoever*. Thus Baret, '*Whether, or to what place you will. Quovis. Any-whether* also signified to *any place*. In the last scene of the second act, Hotspur says to his wife :—  
' *Whither* I go, thither shalt thou go too.'

there's honour for you : Here's no vanity<sup>4</sup>!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered : there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here !

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY.

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd : Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory<sup>5</sup> never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

<sup>4</sup> ' Here's no vanity,' the negative is here used ironically, to designate the excess of a thing. So in *The Taming of a Shrew* :—  
' Here's no knavery !' And in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* :—

' O here's no foppery !

' Death, I can endure the stocks better.'

<sup>5</sup> ' *Turk Gregory*' means Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his *Martyrology*, has made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one. There was an old tragedy on the subject of Hildebrand, but not even the title of it has come down to us.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

*P. Hen.* What, is't a time to jest and dally now?  
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him<sup>6</sup>. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado<sup>7</sup> of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much<sup>1</sup>:—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Hen.* I beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so:  
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:  
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

<sup>6</sup> 'Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him,' is addressed to the prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is a soliloquy. Shakspeare was not aware that he ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian:—'*Piercy a penetrandū, pectus Regis Scotorum ut fabulatur Boetius.*'—*Skinner.*

<sup>7</sup> A rasher or collop of meat cut crosswise for the gridiron.

<sup>1</sup> History says that the prince was wounded in the face by an arrow.

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*P. John.* We breathe too long:—Come, cousin  
Westmoreland,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*P. Hen.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior<sup>2</sup>.

*P. Hen.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.]

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's  
heads;

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys,  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear, thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

<sup>2</sup>“—— the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point, without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged.”—*Holinshed*, p. 759.

But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter*  
PRINCE HENRY.

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou  
art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: How fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe a while:—  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion<sup>3</sup>;  
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O heaven! they did me too much injury,  
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas  
Gawsey. [Exit KING HENRY.

<sup>3</sup> *Opinion* for *estimation*, *reputation*, the opinion of the world. The word was then used in that sense. So in Thierry and Theodoret:—

'What *opinion* will the managing  
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention  
Tickles with approbation on't.'

And in the Gamester, by Shirley:—'Patience: I mean you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds.'

*Enter* HOTSPUR.

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you  
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter* DOUGLAS; *he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.*  
*HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls*<sup>4</sup>.

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth,  
I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

<sup>4</sup> Shakspeare had no authority for making Hotspur fall by the hand of the prince. Holinshed says, 'The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur.' Speed says that Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my  
flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop<sup>5</sup>. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [Dies.]

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,  
great heart!—

Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound<sup>6</sup>;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—  
But let my favours<sup>7</sup> hide thy mangled face;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy ignomy<sup>8</sup> sleep with thee in the grave,

<sup>5</sup> Hotspur, in his last moments, endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of *time*; of time which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be stopped.—*Johnson*. So in Shakspeare's one hundred and sixth sonnet:—

'Love's not *Time's* fool.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;  
Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit.'—*Ovid*.

<sup>7</sup> His *scarf*, with which he covers Percy's face.

<sup>8</sup> Thus the folio. The quartos read *ignominy*. Shakspeare writes the word *ignomy* in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Sc. 3:—

'Hence, broker lacquey! *ignomy* and shame.'

And in Lord Cromwell, 1602:—

'With scandalous *ignomy* and slanderous speeches.'

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Embowell'd<sup>9</sup> will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder<sup>10</sup> me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. There-

<sup>9</sup> To *imbowell* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done by those of persons of rank. Thus in *Aulicus Coquinarie*, 1650:—'The next day was solemnly appointed for *imbowellling* the corps, in the presence of some of the counsell, all the physicians, chirurgions, apothecaries, and the Palsgrave's physician.'

<sup>10</sup> Salt.

fore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

*Re-enter* PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

*P. Hen.* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

*P. John.* But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding  
On the ground.——

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;  
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both in an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P. HEN. and P. JOHN.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He  
that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow  
great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack,  
and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE  
HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and  
others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, pri-  
soners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
Ill spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Ver-  
non too :  
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WOR. and VERNON, guarded.*]  
How goes the field?

*P. Hen.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he  
saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught<sup>1</sup> us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.

*K. Hen.* Then this remains,—that we divide our  
power.—

You, son John, and my-cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest  
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> The quarto of 1598 reads *shown*.

# KING HENRY IV.

## PART II.

*Pistol.* Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king,  
Harry the Fifth's the man.

Act v. Sc. 3.

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FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1920.



SECOND PART OF  
**King Henry the Fourth.**

---

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE transactions comprised in this play take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403]; and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. [1412-13]. 'Upton thinks these two plays improperly called The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. "The first play ends (he says) with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeats of the rebels." This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries; to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only to be one.'—JOHNSON.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600. There are two copies, in quarto, printed in that year; but it is doubtful whether they are different editions, or the one only a corrected impression of the other.

Malone supposes it to have been composed in 1598.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

**KING HENRY THE FOURTH :**

**HENRY**, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.;

**THOMAS**, Duke of Clarence;

**PRINCE JOHN** of Lancaster, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford;

**PRINCE HUMPHREY** of Gloster, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster;

Earl of Warwick;

Earl of Westmoreland;

**GOWER**; **HARCOURT**;

*Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.*

*A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.*

Earl of Northumberland;

**SCROOP**, Archbishop of York;

**LORD MOWBRAY**; **LORD HASTINGS**;

**LORD BARDOLPH**; **SIR JOHN COLEVILE**;

**TRAVERS** and **MORTON**, *Domesticks* of Northumberland.

**FALSTAFF**, **BARDOLPH**, **PISTOL**, and Page.

**POINS** and **PETO**, *Attendants* on Prince Henry.

**SHALLOW** and **SILENCE**, *Country Justices*.

**DAVY**, *Servant* to Shallow.

**MOULDY**, **SHADOW**, **WART**, **FEEBLE**, and **BULLCALT**, *Recruits*.

**FANG** and **SNARE**, *Sheriff's Officers*.

**RUMOUR**. *A Porter*.

*A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.*

**LADY NORTHUMBERLAND**. **LADY PERCY**.

*Hostess* **QUICKLY**. **DOLL TEAR-SHEET**.

*Lords and other Attendants*; *Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.*

**SCENE**, England.

## INDUCTION.

---

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues*<sup>1</sup>.

*Rum.* Open your ears; For which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping<sup>2</sup> west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
Whilst the big ear, swol'n with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> This was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat *full of winged tongues*. Several other instances are cited in the *Variorum Shakspeare*.

<sup>2</sup> The force of this epithet will be best explained by the following passage in *Macbeth*:—

‘ Good things of day begin to *droop* and drowse,  
And night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

<sup>3</sup> The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe. So in *Hamlet*:—  
‘ Govern these *ventages* with your finger and thumb; look you, these are the *stops*.’

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before King Harry's victory;  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone<sup>4</sup>,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's  
tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
wrongs. [Exit.

<sup>4</sup> Northumberland's castle.

SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same. The Porter before the Gate.*

*Enter LORD BARDOLPH.*

*Bardolph.*

WHO keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*Bard.*

Tell thou the earl,

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*Bard.*

Here comes the earl.

*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem;

The times are wild; contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

And bears down all before him.

*Bard.*

Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will!

*Bard.* As good as heart can wish:—  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*North.* How is this deriv'd!  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence;  
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant, Travers, whom  
I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come  
with you?

*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Outrode me. After him, came, spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost forspent<sup>1</sup> with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,

<sup>1</sup> Exhausted.

And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:  
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade<sup>2</sup>  
 Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way<sup>3</sup>,  
 Staying no longer question.

*North.*

Ha!——Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
 Of Hotspur<sup>4</sup>, coldspur? that rebellion  
 Had met ill luck!

*Bard.*

My lord, I'll tell you what;—  
 If my young lord your son have not the day,  
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point<sup>5</sup>  
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

<sup>2</sup> *Jade* is not used by Shakspeare as a *term* of contempt; for King Richard II. gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV. rode at his coronation:—

‘That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand.’

The commentators suppose that a *jade* meant a horse kept for drudgery, a hackney; but this is not the fact. It was only another name for a horse, as *nag* since. Thus we have

‘Hollow pampered *jades* of Asia.’

And Ford, in his *Lover's Melancholy*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

‘Like *high fed jades* upon a tilting day.’

<sup>3</sup> So in the book of Job, ch. xxxix:—He *swalloweth the ground* in fierceness and rage.’ The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:—

‘But with that speed and heat of appetite  
 With which they greedily *devour the way*  
 To some great sports.’

In the *Tempest*, Ariel, to describe his alacrity in obeying Prospero's commands, says, ‘*I drink the air* before me.’ Nemesian has the same thought:—

‘—— latumque fuga *consumere campum*.’

<sup>4</sup> ‘Hotspur seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst renders the following line of Virgil:—

‘Nec victoris heri tetigit *captiva cubile*.’

‘To couch not mounting of mayster vanquisher *hoatspur*.’

<sup>5</sup> A *silken point* is a *tagged lace*.

*North.* Why should the gentleman, that rode by  
Travers,  
Give then such instances of loss?

*Bard.* Who, he?  
He was some hilding<sup>6</sup> fellow, that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:  
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation<sup>7</sup>.——  
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone<sup>8</sup>,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:  
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and  
thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *Hilderling*, base, low fellow.

<sup>7</sup> An attestation of its ravage.

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt; and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than the reader will probably express) proposed the following emendation:—

'So dead, so dull in look *Ucalegon*,  
Drew Priam's curtain,' &c.

The name of *Ucalegon* occurs in the third Iliad, and in the *Æneid*.

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :  
But, for my lord your son,——

*North.*

Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !  
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton ;  
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid :  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye :  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death :  
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;  
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> So in Shakspeare's seventy-first Sonnet :—

‘—— You shall hear the surly *sullen* bell  
Give warning to the world that 'I am fled.'

Milton has adopted this expressive epithet :—

‘ I hear the far-off curfew sound  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with *sullen* roar.’

The *bell* anciently was rung before the dying person had expired, and thence was called the *passing* bell. Mr. Douce thinks it probable that this bell might have been originally used to drive away demons, who were supposed to watch for the parting soul.

*Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry, I should force you to believe  
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance<sup>10</sup>, wearied and outbreath'd,  
To Harry Monmouth : whose swift wrath beat down  
The never daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp),  
Being bruited<sup>11</sup> once, took fire and heat away  
From the best temper'd courage in his troops :  
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
'Gan vail<sup>12</sup> his stomach, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,

<sup>10</sup> By *faint quittance* a *faint return* of blows is meant. So in King Henry V :—

‘ We shall forget the office of our hand  
Sooner than *quittance* of desert and merit.’

<sup>11</sup> i. e. reported, noised abroad. Vide Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 7.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. To *vail* is to *lower*, to cast down. So in The Taming of the Shrew, Act v :—

‘ Then *vail your stomachs*, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot.’

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physick; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief<sup>13</sup>,  
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice<sup>14</sup>  
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach  
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead<sup>15</sup>!

<sup>13</sup> *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used, in its present sense, for *sorrow*; in the former part for *bodily pain*.

<sup>14</sup> Steevens explains *nice* here by *trifling*; but Shakspeare, like his cotemporaries, uses it in the sense of *effeminate, delicate, tender*. Vide note on *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1. p. 182.

<sup>15</sup> 'The conclusion of this noble speech (says Johnson) is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philo-

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord<sup>16</sup>.

*Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast the event of war, my noble lord<sup>17</sup>,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you  
said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,  
That in the dole<sup>18</sup> of blows your son might drop :  
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er<sup>19</sup> :  
You were advis'd<sup>20</sup>, his flesh was capable  
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;  
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,

sophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be *absence of eyes*, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark that, by an ancient opinion, it has been held that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease at once.' Mr. Boswell remarks that a passage resembling this, but feeble in comparison, is found in *The Double Marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher*:—

‘ ————— That we might fall,  
And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,  
Nay, the whole world, and make a second chaos.’

<sup>16</sup> This line in the quarto is by mistake given to *Umfreville*, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to *Travers* at Steevens's suggestion.

<sup>17</sup> The fourteen following lines, and a number of others in this play, were not in the quarto edition.

<sup>18</sup> Dealing, or distribution.

<sup>19</sup> So in *King Henry IV. Part I*:—

‘ As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.’

<sup>20</sup> That is, you were *warned* or *aware*.

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

*Bard.* We all, that are engaged to this loss<sup>21</sup>,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble  
lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,——  
The gentle archbishop of York is up<sup>22</sup>,  
With well appointed powers; he is a man,  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corps,  
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls;  
And they did fight with queasiness<sup>23</sup>, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions; that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion:  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:  
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;

<sup>21</sup> This mode of expression has before been noticed. Thus in the first part of King Henry IV:—

‘Hath a more worthy interest to this state.’

<sup>22</sup> This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto.

<sup>23</sup> Against their stomachs.

Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land<sup>24</sup>,  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
 And more<sup>25</sup>, and less, do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge:  
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;  
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. London. A Street.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water<sup>1</sup>?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but for the party that owed<sup>2</sup> it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird<sup>3</sup> at

<sup>24</sup> That is, 'stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her.' It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. Shakspeare has alluded to it in other places.

<sup>25</sup> i. e. great and small, *all ranks*. So in *Macbeth*:—  
 'Both *more and less* have given him the revolt.'

<sup>1</sup> This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has even its dupes in these enlightened times.

<sup>2</sup> Owned.

<sup>3</sup> 'Gird (Mr. Gifford says) is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow; the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c. is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages.'

me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake<sup>4</sup>, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate<sup>5</sup> till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal<sup>6</sup>, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal<sup>7</sup>, for a barber shall never earn

<sup>4</sup> A root supposed to have the shape of a man. Quacks and impostors counterfeited, with the root briony, figures resembling parts of the human body, which were sold to the credulous as endued with specific virtues. See Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686, for some very curious particulars.

<sup>5</sup> An *agate* is used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings and broaches. Thus Florio explains 'Formaglio: ouches, broaches, or tablets and jewels, that yet some old men wear in their hats, with *agath-stones*, cut and graven with some formes and images on them, namely of famous men's heads.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

' In shape no bigger than an *agate stone*,  
On the fore finger of an alderman.'

<sup>6</sup> *Juvenal* occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a *young man*.

<sup>7</sup> Johnson says that, by a *face-royal*, Falstaff means a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. As a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. Steevens imagines

sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter<sup>8</sup>!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand<sup>9</sup>, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough<sup>10</sup> with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have

that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal*; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face, than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other. Mazon thinks that Falstaff's conceit is, 'If nothing be taken out of a *royal*, it will remain a *royal* still, as it was.' The reader will decide for himself. I have nothing better in the way of conjecture to offer.

<sup>8</sup> An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with flames.

<sup>9</sup> To bear in hand is to keep in expectation by false promises. So in Macbeth:—

'How you were borne in hand, how crossed.'

<sup>10</sup> i. e. in their debt, by taking up goods on credit.

his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's<sup>11</sup>, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice*<sup>12</sup>, *and an Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any

<sup>11</sup> The body of old *St. Paul's* Church, in London, was a constant place of resort for business and amusement, and consequently frequented by idle people of all descriptions. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, &c. The scene of the chief part of the third act of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* is laid there. In the *Choice of Change*, 1598, quarto, it is said that 'A man must not make choyse of three things in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paule's; of a horse in Smithfield; lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade.'

<sup>12</sup> This judge was Sir Wm. Gascoigne, chief justice of the King's Bench. He died Dec. 17, 1413, and was buried in Harewood Church, in Yorkshire. His effigy is on his monument, and may be seen in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, vol. ii.

thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow: I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,——

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou' wert better be hanged; You hunt counter<sup>13</sup>, hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship

<sup>13</sup> To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent. The folio and the modern editions print *hunt-counter* with a hyphen, so as to make it appear like a name; but in the quartos the words are disjoined—*hunt counter*. Cotgrave explains '*contre-pied*, that which we call *counter* in *hunting*;' and '*tenir contre-pied*, to set or hold his foot against another man's, thereby to stop him from going any further; to cross or impeach the designs or enterprises of another.' There does not seem to be any allusion to the counter-prison here; though such allusions were very common in the poet's age.

abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.*<sup>14</sup> Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

<sup>14</sup> In the quarto edition this speech stands thus:—

*Old.* Very well, my lord, very well.'

This is a strong corroboration of the tradition that Falstaff was first called *Oldcastle*. See the First Part of King Henry IV. p. 126, note 6.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel<sup>15</sup> candle, my lord; all tallow: if

<sup>15</sup> A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honeycomb. We have the same quibble in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2:—

‘That was the way to make his godhead *wax*.’

I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel<sup>16</sup> is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell<sup>17</sup>: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times<sup>18</sup>, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy<sup>19</sup> is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all

<sup>16</sup> 'As light as a clipt angel' is a comparison frequent in the old comedies. So in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:—

'—— The law speaks profit, does it not?—

Faith, some *bad angels* haunt us now and then.'

<sup>17</sup> *I cannot tell*, Johnson explains, 'I cannot be taken in a reckoning, I cannot pass current.' Mr. Gifford objects to this explanation, and says that it merely means 'I cannot tell what to think of it.' The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common (says Mr. Boswell); but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to me to suit the context better. Let the reader judge.

<sup>18</sup> *Coster-monger times* are *petty peddling times*; when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money.

<sup>19</sup> *Pregnancy* is *readiness*. So in *Hamlet*:—

'How pregnant his replies are.'

the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single<sup>20</sup>? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, Sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and

<sup>20</sup> *Single is simple, silly.* How much has been written about this phrase, and to how little purpose! *Single-witted* and *single-soul'd* were common epithets with our ancestors, to designate *simple persons*. Vide note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever<sup>21</sup>: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation; if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses<sup>22</sup>. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Justice *and* Attendant.]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle<sup>23</sup>. —A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the

<sup>21</sup> The rest of this speech, which is not in the folio, is restored from the quarto copy.

<sup>22</sup> A quibble is here intended between crosses, contraryings, and the sort of money so called. In *As You Like It* we have it again:—

‘If I should bear you, I should bear no cross.’

<sup>23</sup> This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board, two or three feet long, at right angles, over a transverse piece, two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles, &c.

other; and so both the degrees prevent<sup>24</sup> my curses.

—Boy!—

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity<sup>25</sup>. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

<sup>24</sup> To *prevent* is to anticipate.

‘Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches.’—*Ps.* cxix.

One of our old translators renders the ‘Noctem quæ instabat interpretæcapere; to *prevent* the night that was at hand.’

<sup>25</sup> *Commodity* is profit, interest. Vide note on King John, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 365.

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms ;  
But gladly would be better satisfied,  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

*Bard.* The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth  
thus :—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point :  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand :  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts<sup>1</sup> :  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,  
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

*Bard.* Yes, in this present quality of war ;—

<sup>1</sup> That is, *which turned out to be much smaller than, &c.*

Indeed the instant action<sup>2</sup>, (a cause on foot),  
 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
 We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,  
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
 And when we see the figure of the house,  
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection:  
 Which if we find outweighs ability,  
 What do we then, but draw anew the model  
 In fewer offices; or, at least, desist  
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work  
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
 And set another up), should we survey  
 The plot of situation, and the model;  
 Consent<sup>3</sup> upon a sure foundation;  
 Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
 How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men:  
 Like one, that draws the model of a house  
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

<sup>2</sup> The first twenty lines of this speech were first inserted in the folio, 1623. This passage has perplexed the editors. The old copies read:—

‘ Yes, if this present quality of war,  
*Indeed* the instant action: a cause on foot,  
 Lives so in hope: As in,’ &c.

It has been proposed to read:—

‘ Yes, if this present quality of war;—  
*Induc’d* the instant action: a cause on foot  
 Lives so in hope, as in,’ &c.

The reading adopted by Steevens and Malone, from Johnson’s suggestion, is that which I have given; it affords a clear sense, and agrees with the whole tenor of Bardolph’s argument; at the same time little violence is done to the text, two letters only being changed.

<sup>3</sup> Agree.

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth),  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation;  
I think, we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*Bard.* What! is the king but five and twenty  
thousand?

*Hast.* To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord  
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads: one power against the French<sup>4</sup>,  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths  
together,  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster<sup>5</sup>, and Westmoreland:

<sup>4</sup> During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531.

<sup>5</sup> This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV. says, 'Then the king rose, and made his eldest sonne prince of Wales, &c.; his *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster.' Annales, 1631.—He seems to have consulted Stowe (p. 323) between the times of finishing the last play and beginning of the present.

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth :  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on<sup>6</sup>;  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,  
Their over greedy love hath surfeited :—  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many<sup>7</sup>! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?  
And being now trimm'd<sup>8</sup> in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*  
*And take thou this!* O thoughts of men accurst!  
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be  
gone. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> This speech first appeared in the folio.

<sup>7</sup> *Many* or *meyny*; from the French *mesnie*, a *multitude*. Dryden uses the word:—

'The *many* rend the skies with loud applause.'

<sup>8</sup> Dressed.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the action?

*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where is your yeoman<sup>1</sup>? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O lord, ay: good master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin<sup>2</sup> like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice<sup>3</sup>;—

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good mas-

<sup>1</sup> A bailiff's follower was formerly called a serjeant's *yeoman*.

<sup>2</sup> Thrust.

<sup>3</sup> The quarto reads *view*. *Vice* is used for *grasp* or clutch. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west of England.

ter Fang; hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods), to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan<sup>4</sup> for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

*Enter* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and  
BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Fal.* How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-

<sup>4</sup> The old copies read 'long one;' which Theobald supposed was a corruption of *lone*, or *loan*. Mr. Douce thinks the alteration unnecessary; and that the hostess means to say that a hundred *mark* is a long *score*, or *reckoning*, for her to bear.

suckle<sup>5</sup> villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed<sup>5</sup> rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller<sup>6</sup>, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

*Host.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord: it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

<sup>5</sup> It is scarce necessary to remark that *honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are Dame Quickly's corruptions of *homicidal* and *homicide*.

<sup>6</sup> To *quell* was anciently used for to *kill*. 'A *manqueller*, a *manslayer*, or *murderer*; *homicida*.'—*Junius's Nomenclator*, 1585.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt<sup>7</sup> goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week<sup>8</sup>, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father<sup>9</sup> to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these

<sup>7</sup> *Parcel-gilt* is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, describing a bride-cup, says, 'It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly bẽ-sylvered and *parcel gilt*.' The expression is too common in old writers to need further illustration.

<sup>8</sup> The folio reads *Whitsun-week*: but the corruption is in the hostess's manner.

<sup>9</sup> The folio has 'for *likening him to*,' &c.

foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

*Host.* Yea, in troth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* 'Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap<sup>10</sup> without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation<sup>11</sup>, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

<sup>10</sup> *Sneap* is reproof, rebuke. Thus in Brome's *Antipodes*:—

'Do you *sneap* me, my lord?'

And again:—

'No need to come hither to be *sneap'd*.'

'—— even as now I was not,

When you *sneap'd* me, my lord.'

Snip, snib, sneb, and snub, are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or pinch by frost. Shakspeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

<sup>11</sup> Suitably to your character.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, master Gower; What news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales  
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman:—

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more  
words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must  
be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of  
my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and  
for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story  
of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-  
work<sup>12</sup>, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings,  
and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound,  
if thou canst. Come, and it were not for thy hu-  
mours, there is not a better wench in England. Go  
wash thy face; and 'draw<sup>13</sup> thy action: Come, thou  
must not be in this humour with me? dost not know  
me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this?

*Host.* 'Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty  
nobles; i'faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good  
earnest, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be  
a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my  
gown. I hope you'll come to supper; you'll pay  
me all together.

<sup>12</sup> *Water work* is *water colour paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil colour; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water colour, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.

<sup>13</sup> Withdraw.

*Fal.* Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse; Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

*P. Hen.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

*P. Hen.* 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Hen.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen<sup>1</sup>, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

<sup>1</sup> His *bastard children*, wrapt up in his old shirts. The ellipsis out for out of, Steevens says, is sometimes used.

*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. Hen.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation<sup>2</sup> of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

*P. Hen.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thoughts in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* And to thee.

<sup>2</sup> *Ostentation* is not here used for *boastful* show, but for mere *outward show* :—

‘Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam.’—*Merchant of Venice*.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands<sup>3</sup>; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* 'Save your grace!

*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass [*To the Page*], you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He called me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice<sup>4</sup>, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was

<sup>3</sup> *A proper fellow of my hands* is the same as *a tall fellow of his hands*, which has been already explained in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 4, p. 202. That *a tall* or *a proper fellow* was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for *a thief*, there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, 'Les beaux hommes au gibet: The gibbet makes an end of *proper men*.' A *striker* is one of its meanings, according to Cotgrave, 'who taking a *proper* youth to be his apprentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting.'—*Greene's Art of Cony Catching*.

<sup>4</sup> An alehouse window.

delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interpretation.  
—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers ! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town ; there's a letter for you.

*Poins.* Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas<sup>5</sup>, your master ?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician : but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. Hen.* I do allow this wen<sup>6</sup> to be as familiar with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

*Poins.* [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*,——Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt : How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrower's<sup>7</sup> cap ; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

<sup>5</sup> Falstaff is before called thou *latter spring, all-hallown summer*, and Poins now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martin-mas*, which means the same thing. The feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a *late summer*. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

<sup>6</sup> Swoln excrescence.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy reads a *borrowed* cap. The emendation is Warburton's.

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

*Poins.* *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.* Peace!

*Poins.* *I will imitate the honourable Roman<sup>8</sup> in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins: for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him),  
Jack Falstaff, with my familiars;  
John, with my brothers and sisters;  
and Sir John, with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time: and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank<sup>9</sup>?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* What company?

<sup>8</sup> That is *Julius Cæsar*. Falstaff alludes to the *veni, vidi, vici*, which he afterwards quotes.

<sup>9</sup> A *sty*, a place to fatten a boar in.

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord; of the old church <sup>10</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

*P. Hen.* What pagan <sup>11</sup> may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Hen.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

*P. Hen.* Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

*P. Hen.* How might we see Falstaff bestow <sup>12</sup> himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

<sup>10</sup> A cant phrase probably signifying *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*. The host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* says, 'It is thine host, thine *Ephesian*, calls.'

<sup>11</sup> Massinger, in *The City Madam*, has used this phrase for a *wench* :—

' ————— in all these places

I've had my several *pagans* billeted.'

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *act*. In a MS. letter from Secretary Conway to Buckingham, at the Isle of Ree, 'also what the lords have advanced for the expedition towards you, since Saturday that they returned from Windsor with charge to *bestowe themselves* seriously in it.'—*Conway Papers*. In *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 3 :—

'The boy *bestows himself* like a ripe sister.'

*Poins.* Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. Hen.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension<sup>13</sup>! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs;  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more: Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn; And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers: but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.  
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!  
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move

<sup>13</sup> The folio reads *declension*.

To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait.<sup>1</sup>  
 And speaking thick<sup>2</sup>, which nature made his blemish,  
 Became the accents of the valiant;  
 For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
 To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood,  
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book<sup>3</sup>,  
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!  
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave  
 (Second to none, unseconded by you),  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage; to abide a field,  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible<sup>4</sup>:—so you left him:  
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice  
 With others, than with him; let them alone;  
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

<sup>1</sup> The twenty-two following lines were first given in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> Speaking *thick* is speaking *quick*, rapidity of utterance. Baret translates the *anhilitus creber* of Virgil *thicke-breathing*. So in *Cymbeline*:—

‘—— say and *speak thick*,

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing.’

See note on *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 3, p. 221. *Became the accents of the valiant*, that is, *came to be affected by them*.

<sup>3</sup> Thus in the *Rape of Lucrece*:—

‘For princes are the *glass*, the school, the book

Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.’

<sup>4</sup> *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength*, *furnishing the means of defence*; the passive for the active participle.

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew<sup>5</sup> your heart,  
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland,  
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the  
king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves : So did your son ;  
He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;  
And never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance<sup>6</sup> with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my  
mind,  
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back :——  
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> Ill-betide.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used at weddings and funerals. Thus Ophelia says :—

‘ There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*.’

And Perdita gives it the same attribute.

## SCENE IV. London.

*A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter Two Drawers.*

**1 Draw.** What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure an apple-John<sup>1</sup>.

**2 Draw.** Mass, thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

**1 Draw.** Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise<sup>2</sup>; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Despatch:—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

**2 Draw.** Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins,

<sup>1</sup> This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described by Philips:—

‘Nor *John-apple*, whose wither'd rind entrench'd  
By many a furrow, aptly represents  
Decrepid age.’

Falstaff has already said of himself, ‘I am withered like an old *apple-John*.’ In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, where Littlewit encourages Quarlous to kiss his wife, he says, ‘She may call you an *apple-John* if you use this.’ Act i. Sc. 3. Here *apple-John* evidently means a *pimp*, or *pander*, then called an *apple-squire*.

<sup>2</sup> A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for a *set* or *company* of *musicians*. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene. In the old play of *King Henry IV*. ‘There came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse of musitians*,’ &c. Vide *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. i.

and aprons ; and Sir John must not know of it: Bar-dolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis<sup>3</sup>: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

*Host.* I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

*Dol.* Better than I was. Hem.

*Host.* Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal.* *When Arthur first in court*<sup>4</sup>.—Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king*: [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

<sup>3</sup> *Old utis* is *old festivity*, or *merry doings*. *Utis*, or *utas*, being the *eighth* day after any festival; any day between the feast and the eighth day was said to be within the *utas*. So Sir Thomas More, in the last letter he wrote to his daughter the day before his execution, desires to die on the morrow, 'For it is Saint Thomas' even, and the *utas* of Saint Peter.' In *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602:—

'Then, if you please, with some roysting harmony

Let us begin the *utas* of our jollity.'

*Utis* is said to be still used for what is called a *row*, a scene of noisy turbulence, in Warwickshire. *Old* was a common augmentative for *abundant*, or *as of old time*; it can hardly yet be considered as obsolete. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the king's English.' See *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 3; and *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 348.

<sup>4</sup> The entire ballad is in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*.

*Host.* Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her sect<sup>5</sup>; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals<sup>6</sup>, mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Dol.* Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

*Fal.* *Your brooches, pearls, and owches*<sup>7</sup>;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers<sup>8</sup> bravely:—

*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatick<sup>9</sup> as two dry

<sup>5</sup> Steevens is right in his assertion that *sect* and *sex* were anciently synonymous; the instances of the use of the one for the other are too numerous for it to have been a mere vulgar corruption.

<sup>6</sup> Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Rascall* (says Puttenham, p. 150) is properly the hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season, and not to people.

<sup>7</sup> Falstaff gives these splendid names to something very different from gems and ornaments, as we still use *carbuncle*. The passage, as Johnson observed, is not deserving of further illustration.

<sup>8</sup> To understand this quibble it is necessary to remember that a chamber signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of ordnance*.

<sup>9</sup> Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*. In

toasts ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year ! one must bear, and that must be you : [*To DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead ? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him : you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack : thou art going to the wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, ancient<sup>10</sup> Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here ; no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—Shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here : I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now :—shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess ?—

*Host.* 'Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John ; there comes no swaggerers here.

Every Man in his Humour, Cob says, ' Nay, I have my *rheum*, and I can be angry as well as another.' To which Cash replies, ' Thy *rheum*, Cob ! thy humour, thy humour ; thou mistak'st.' But Daniel, in the Queen's Arcadia, Act iii. Sc. 1, uses it also for *spleen* :—

' But now, in faith, I have found out a trick  
That will perpetually so feed their *rheums*.'

<sup>10</sup> That is, ' he that carrieth the colours to a company of foot soldiers, an ensign bearer.'—PHILIPS. Falstaff was captain, Petò lieutenant, and Pistol *ensign*. I have met with the word in old MSS. written *ansine*.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick<sup>11</sup>, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name*;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; *for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*.——There comes none here;——you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater<sup>12</sup>, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater<sup>13</sup>: But I do not love

<sup>11</sup> The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are ludicrously intended to denote that the deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II. See *Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 395.

<sup>12</sup> A *cheater* sometimes meant an *unfair gamester*. But *tame cheater* seems to have meant a *rogue* in general here, as well as in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

‘—— and will be drawn into the net

By this decoy duck, this *tame cheater*.’

It is there applied to the cheating mountebank Forbesco. Florio interprets *farbo* ‘a *cheater*, a cunnie-catcher, a setter, a cross biter.’

<sup>13</sup> The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater* for an *escheator*, or officer of the exchequer. Greene, in his

swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

*Pist.* 'Save you, Sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue; away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Mihil Munchaunce, has the following passage, which gives the origin of the phrase:—'They call their art by a new found name as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice cheters: borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord, at the holding of his leets, as waifes, straies, and such like, be called *chetes*, and are accustomed to be *escheated* to the lord's use.' Lord Coke, in his Charge at Norwich, 1607, puns upon the equivoque:—'But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*.'

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung<sup>14</sup>, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points<sup>15</sup> on your shoulder? much<sup>16</sup>!

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes<sup>17</sup>. A

<sup>14</sup> To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. '*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*.'—*Belman of London*, 1610. *Doll* means to call him *pick pocket*. *Cuttle*, and *cuttle-bung*, were also cant terms for the knife used by cut-purses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

<sup>15</sup> *Laces*, marks of his commission.

<sup>16</sup> An expression of disdain.

<sup>17</sup> There is a personage of the same stamp with Pistol in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by Nat. Field, 1612, who is thus described:—

'Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!  
That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,  
Thy blather-chaps, and thy robustious words,  
Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact  
A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,  
Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience  
Thou snap'st besides with cheats and outpurses.'

'*Mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes*' are put for the refuse of brothels.

captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy<sup>18</sup>; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

*Bard.* 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

*Page.* 'Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* Ill see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, faitors<sup>19</sup>! Have we not Hiren here<sup>20</sup>?

*Host.* Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed! Shall  
packhorses,  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day<sup>21</sup>,

<sup>18</sup> This word had been perverted to an obscene meaning. An *occupant* was also a term for a woman of the town, and an *occupier* meant a *wencher*. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says:—'Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature,' &c.

<sup>19</sup> Traitors, rascals.

<sup>20</sup> Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. Part of this speech is parodied from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the fair Greek*. It is often used ludicrously by subsequent dramatists. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to siren, was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.

<sup>21</sup> This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamberlane to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590.

Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals<sup>22</sup>,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis<sup>23</sup>: Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta*<sup>24</sup>.—  
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou  
there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras*  
nothing<sup>25</sup>?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

<sup>22</sup> A blunder for Hannibal.

<sup>23</sup> This is again a burlesque upon a line in *The Battle of Alcazar*, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:—

'Feed then and faint not, my faire Callypolis.'

And again in the same play:—

'Hold thee, Calipolis; feed and faint no more.'

'Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe.'

The line is burlesqued in several old plays.

<sup>24</sup> Pistol is supposed to read this motto on his sword; by singular chance Mr. Douce picked up an old rapier with the same motto in French:—

*Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente.*

A representation is given of it in his *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 453.

<sup>25</sup> That is, Shall we stop here, and have no further entertainment?

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif<sup>26</sup>! What! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags<sup>27</sup>?

*Fal.* Quoit<sup>28</sup> him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—— [Snatching up his sword.  
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!  
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say<sup>29</sup>!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.

<sup>26</sup> *Neif* is used by Shakspeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's Collection. Thus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom says, 'Give me thy *neif*, Monsieur Mustard-seed.' And Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, 'Reach me thy *neif*.'

<sup>27</sup> Common hackneys.

<sup>28</sup> i. e. *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were such broad shillings of King Edward VI. as Slender calls *Edward shovel-boards*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>29</sup> Pistol makes use of fragments of old ballads as well as old plays:—

'O death, rock me on slepe,  
Bring me on quiet rest,

is an ancient song, attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade:—

'I hate this loathsome life,  
O Atropos, draw nie,  
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,  
Send death, and let me die.'

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant you.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* PISTOL and BARDOLPH.]

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

*Host.* Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Have you turned him out of doors?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chaps:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter* Musick.

*Page.* The musick is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play;—Play, sirs;—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I'faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig<sup>30</sup>,

<sup>30</sup> Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter behind* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised like* Drawers.

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

*Dol.* They say, Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel<sup>31</sup>; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons<sup>32</sup>: and rides the wild mare with the boys<sup>33</sup>; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg: and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories<sup>34</sup>; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an

<sup>31</sup> *Fennel* was generally esteemed an inflammatory herb, and therefore to eat *conger* and *fennel* was to eat two high and hot things together. *Fennel* was also regarded as an emblem of *flattery*.

<sup>32</sup> The *flap-dragon* was some small combustible material swallowed alight in a glass of liquor: a *candle's end* formed a very formidable and disagreeable flap-dragon, and to swallow it was consequently among the gallants considered an act of merit, or of gallantry, when done in honour of the toper's mistress.

<sup>33</sup> *Riding the wild mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw, or what the French call *bascule* and *balançoire*.

<sup>34</sup> Mr. Douce thinks Falstaff's meaning to be that Poins excites no censure by telling his companions *modest* stories, or, in plain English, that he tells them nothing but *immodest* ones.

able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*P. Hen.* Would not this nave of a wheel<sup>35</sup> have his ears cut off ?

*Poins.* Let's beat him before his whore.

*P. Hen.* Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction<sup>36</sup> ! what says the almanack to that ?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon<sup>37</sup>, his man, be not lisp'ing to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Dol.* Nay, truly : I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle<sup>38</sup> of ? I shall

<sup>35</sup> Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his roundity of figure. The equivoque between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.

<sup>36</sup> This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

<sup>37</sup> *Trigon* or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign ; which was thought to denote rage and contention.

<sup>38</sup> Few words, as Mr. Gifford observes, have occasioned such controversy among the commentators as *kirtle*. These familiar terms frequently are the most baffling to the antiquary, for being in general use they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and are not therefore accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cýrtel*, to gird, was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

receive money on Thursday : thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

*P. Hen. Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

*Fal.* Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ?—And art not thou Poins his brother ?

*P. Hen.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ?

*Fal.* A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*P. Hen.* Very true, sir : and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu, are you come from Wales ?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, —by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

' *Vasquine* (says Cotgrave), a *kirtle* or *petticoat*.' ' *Surcot*, an upper *kirtle* or garment worn over a *kirtle*.' Also ' *cotte de femme*, a *kirtle*.' And Chaucer, describing young dancing girls, translates from his original, *The Romant de la Rose*, ' *Qui estoient en pure cottes*.'

' In *kirtles* and none other weed.'

Chaucer also uses *kirtle* for a tunic or sleeveless coat for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca*, ' a coate or jacket, or a sleeveless coate. Also a woman's *petticoat* or *kirtle*, an upper safeguard ;' and ' *semicinto*, halfe girt, a halfe *kirtle*,' and ' *grembiale*, an apron, a safeguard, a halfe-*kirtle*.' Cotgrave also translates ' *un devant de robe*, a *kirtle* or *apron*.' Minshew renders the Spanish word ' *Vasquina* a woman's *petticoat* or *kirtle*.' And finally, Torriano defines *grembiale*, an *apron*, a *fore-kirtle*. All this dictionary learning may appear very ridiculous, but at least it has put an end to doubt, and I trust to disquisition also, upon the subject.

*Dol.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

*Host.* 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irre-

coverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too<sup>39</sup>.

*P. Hen.* For the women,——

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law<sup>40</sup>; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,——

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*P. Hen.* Peto, how now? what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts, Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

<sup>39</sup> The quarto reads 'and the devil *blinds* him too.'

<sup>40</sup> Baret defines a '*victualling house*, a tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*.' By several statutes made in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. for the regulation and observance of fish days, victuallers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*. The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualling houses and taverns.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO,  
and BARDOLPH.]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the  
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.  
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently; a  
dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—  
Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my  
good wenches, how men of merit are sought after:  
the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is  
called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not  
sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready  
to burst;—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee  
these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an  
honester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee  
well.

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,——

*Host.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come  
to my master.

*Host.* O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY *in his Nightgown, with a Page.*

*K. Hen.* Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[*Exit* Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case<sup>1</sup>, or a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

<sup>1</sup> A *watch-case* here may mean the case of a watch-light; but the following article, cited by Strutt in his *Manners and Customs*, vol. iii. p. 70, from an old inventory, may throw some light upon it:—'Item, a laume (*larum*) or WATCHE of iron, in an iron CASE, with two leaden plumets.'

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds<sup>2</sup>,  
 That, with the hurly<sup>3</sup>, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low<sup>4</sup>, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*K. Hen.* Why then, good morrow to you all<sup>5</sup>, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

<sup>2</sup> Some of the officious modern editors altered *clouds* to *shrowds*, meaning the rope ladders of a ship, thus marring the poet's noble image. Steevens judiciously opposed himself to this alteration, but was wrong in asserting that '*shrowds* had anciently the same meaning as *clouds*.' *Shrowdes* were *covertures*, *hiding places* of any kind, aerial or otherwise. This will be found the meaning of the word in all the passages cited by Steevens. That *clouds* was the poet's word there can be no doubt. Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

' ——— I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*.'

<sup>3</sup> *Hurly* is a *noise* or *tumult*. As hurly-burly in the first scene of *Macbeth*. See note there.

<sup>4</sup> Warburton's conjecture, that this is a corrupt reading for *happy lowly clown*, deserves attention.

<sup>5</sup> This mode of phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is not very correct; but Shakspeare has used it again in *King Henry VI. Part II.* where York addresses his two friends Salisbury and Warwick.

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd<sup>6</sup>,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little medicine:—  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*K. Hen.* O heaven! that one might read the book  
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips<sup>7</sup>; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen<sup>8</sup>,  
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
'Tis not ten years gone,  
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and, in two years after,  
Were they at wars: It is but eight years since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;

<sup>6</sup> *Distempered* means *disordered, sick*; being only in that state which foreruns or produces diseases.

<sup>7</sup> 'When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store,  
When I have seen such interchange of state,' &c.

*Shakspeare's sixty-fourth Sonnet.*

<sup>8</sup> This and the three following lines are from the quarto copy. Johnson having misunderstood the line:—

'What perils past, what crosses to ensue;' it may be necessary to remark that the perils are spoken of prospectively, as seen by the youth in the book of fate. The construction is 'What perils *having been* past, what crosses *are* to ensue.'

Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by<sup>9</sup>,  
 (You, cousin Nevil<sup>10</sup>, as I may remember,)

[To WARWICK.

When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which*  
*My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—*  
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;  
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:——  
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,*  
*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,*  
*Shall break into corruption:—*so went on,  
 Fortelling this same time's condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the time's deceas'd:  
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
 And, by the necessary form of this,  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,

<sup>9</sup> The reference is to King Richard II. Act iv. Sc. 2: but neither Warwick nor the king were present at that conversation. Henry had then ascended the throne; either the king's or the poet's memory failed him.

<sup>10</sup> The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after: when Anne, the daughter of this earl, married *Richard Nevil*, son of the earl of Salisbury, who makes a conspicuous figure in the Third Part of King Henry VI. under the title of *Earl of Warwick*.

That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

*K. Hen.* Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities:—  
And that same word even now cries out on us;  
They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord;  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd;—Please it your grace  
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent forth,  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead<sup>11</sup>.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;  
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel:  
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Court before Justice Shallow's House  
in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY,  
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and  
Servants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on; give me your  
hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by  
the rood<sup>1</sup>. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

<sup>11</sup> Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakspeare was led into this error by Holinshed. Vide note on the First Part of King Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 190.

<sup>1</sup> The rood is the cross or crucifix. *Rode*, Sax.

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man<sup>2</sup>,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers<sup>3</sup> in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas<sup>4</sup> were; and had the best of them all

\* <sup>2</sup> The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have it understood that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and athletic constitution. In the reign of King James I. Mr. Robert Dover, a public spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, Warwickshire, established there annual sports, which he superintended in person. They were celebrated in a scarce poetical tract, entitled *Annalia Dubrensia*, 1636, 4to. The games included wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing, and hunting. Slender tells Page that he has heard say that his fallow greyhound was outrun upon *Cotsall*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sc. 1.

\* <sup>3</sup> *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters* in the time of Shakspeare. See a note on sword and buckler men in the First Part of King Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 3, p. 121.

\* <sup>4</sup> *Buona-roba*, as we say, good stuff; a good wholesome plump cheeked wench.' *Florio*.

at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy : and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's<sup>5</sup> head at the court gate, when he was a crack<sup>6</sup>, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

<sup>5</sup> There has been a doughty dispute between Messieurs Ritson and Malone whether there were two Scogans, *Henry* and *John*, or only one. Shakspeare probably got his idea of Scogan from his jests, which were published by Andrew Borde in the reign of King Henry VIII. Holinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions ' *Scogan*, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respecte whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirthe and pleasaunt pastime, he plaid many sporting parts, althoughe not in suche uncivil manner as hath bene of hym reported.' The uncivil reports have relation to the above jests. Ben Johnson introduces Scogan with Skelton in his Masque of The Fortunate Isles, and describes him thus :—

' ——— *Skogan*, what was he ?

O, a fine gentleman, and master of arts

Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises

For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal

Daintily well.—

In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowing verse,

With now and then some sense ! and he was paid for't,

Regarded, and rewarded ; which few poets

Are nowadays.'

Among the miscellaneous pieces appended to Speght's Chaucer is a Moral Balade, sent to our Prince Henry and his brothers ' at a supper among the marchants in the vintry, by *Henry Scogan*.' One of Chaucer's poems is entitled ' L'Envoy of Chaucer to Scogan.'

<sup>6</sup> A crack is a boy.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i'the clout at twelve score<sup>7</sup>; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead!

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good

<sup>7</sup> Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.

backsword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good: yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase<sup>8</sup>.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

<sup>8</sup> It appears that it was fashionable in the poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it. In *Every Man in his Humour*, Ben Jonson calls it one of the *words of action*:—

‘Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff—

The woman does not understand the *words of action*.’

He has another fling at its improper use in the *Poetaster*:—

‘Will you present and *accommodate* it to the gentleman.’

*Shal.* No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.——Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.]

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go, Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Mould.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir?

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—

Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—  
Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

*Bull.* O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two<sup>9</sup> more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we

<sup>9</sup> There is in fact but *one* more called than Falstaff required, perhaps we might with Mr. Capel omit the word *two*.

lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields.

*Fal.* No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive.

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me<sup>10</sup>.

*Fal.* Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. and SILENCE.*]

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand

<sup>10</sup> This was a common expression of dislike; which is even used at a later period by Locke in his *Conduct of the Understanding*. It is of some antiquity also; for I find it frequently in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519:—'He cannot away to marry Thetis, or to lie with her: Thetidis connubia vitat. I cannot away to be guilty of dissembling: Non sustineo esser conscius mihi dissimulanti. I cannot away with, or agree with, so many melis.'

my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings<sup>11</sup> in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shall.* Four, of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound<sup>12</sup> to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

<sup>11</sup> There were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakspeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.

<sup>12</sup> Bardolph was to have *four* pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes<sup>13</sup>, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the

<sup>13</sup> Shakspeare uses *thewes* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*. Thus in *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

‘————— Romans now

Have *thewes* and limbs like to their ancestors.’

And in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3:—‘For nature, crescent, does not grow alone in *thewes* and bulk.’ In ancient writers *thewes* generally signify *manners, behaviour, or qualities of the mind or disposition*: in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others. Johnson derives the word, in this latter sense, from *theaw*, Sax.; and in the former from *theow*, a thigh. Philips, in his *World of Words*, has ‘*thight*, well compacted, or knit,’ which he distinguishes as an old word. I do not find it elsewhere.

spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver<sup>14</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse<sup>15</sup>: thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot<sup>16</sup>.—Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green<sup>17</sup> (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show<sup>18</sup>), there was a little quiver<sup>19</sup> fellow,

<sup>14</sup> A *caliver* was less and lighter than a musket; and was fired without a rest. Falstaff's meaning is that though Wart is unfit for a musqueteer, yet, if armed with a lighter piece, he may do good service.

<sup>15</sup> *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*! Thus, in Othello, Iago says to Roderigo:—'*Traverse*; go; provide thy money.' '*Traverse* (says Bullokar), to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing.'

<sup>16</sup> *Shot*, for *shooter*. So in The Exercise of Arms, 1609:—'First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*,' &c.

<sup>17</sup> *Mile End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised there. And again, that 30,000 citizens *shewed* on the 27th of August, 1599, on the *Miles-end*; where they *trained* all that day and other dayes under their captaines (also citizens) until the 4th of September. The pupils of this military school were thought but slightly of. Shakspeare has already referred to *Mile End* and its military exercises rather contemptuously in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>18</sup> *Arthur's show* was not, as some have supposed, a *masque* or *pageant*, in which an exact representation of Arthur and his knights was made, but an exhibition of Toxopholites, styling themselves 'The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudab'le of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table.' The associates of which were fifty-eight in number, taking the

<sup>19</sup> *Quiver* is *nimble*, *active*. 'There is a maner of fishe that hyght mugill which is full quiver and swifte.'—*Bartholomeus*, 1535.

and a' would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* I would you would, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. *[Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.]*

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. *[Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.]* As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow.

names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. According to their historian and poet, Richard Robinson, this society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, 'when he sawe a good archer indeede, he chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order.' Robinson's book was printed in 1583, and in a MS. list of his own works, now in the British Museum, he says, 'Mr. Thomas Smith, her majestie's customer, representing himself Prince Arthure, gave me for his booke v<sup>s</sup>. His 56 knightes gave me every one for his xvijj<sup>d</sup>, and every Esq<sup>re</sup> for his booke viij<sup>d</sup>, when they shott under the same Prince Arthure at MYLES END GREEN.' Shakspeare has admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's *fool*. This society is also noticed by Richard Mulcaster (who was a member) in his book *Concerning the training up of Children*, 1581, in a passage communicated to Malone by the Rev. Mr. Bowle.

Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street<sup>20</sup>; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible<sup>21</sup>: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake<sup>22</sup>: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched<sup>23</sup> huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights<sup>24</sup>. And now is this Vice's dagger<sup>25</sup> become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt,

<sup>20</sup> *Turnbull-street*, or *Turnball-street*, is a corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell; anciently the resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute persons. The reader will remember its vicinity to *Ruffians' Hall*, now Smithfield Market. Pickt Hatch, a celebrated brothelry, is supposed to have been situate in or near Turnbull-street.

<sup>21</sup> Steevens has adopted Rowe's alteration of this word *invisible* to *invisibile* without necessity. The word is metaphorically used for *not to be mastered or taken in*.

<sup>22</sup> See Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, 1686, p. 72; and note on Act i. Sc. 2, p. 263, of this play.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *whipped, carted*, says Pope; and notwithstanding Johnson's doubts, Pope is right. A *scutcher* was a whip or riding rod, according to *Cotgrave*. And for a further illustration of this passage the reader, curious in such matters, may turn to Torriano's *Italian Dictionary*, 1659, in v. Trentuno.

<sup>24</sup> Titles of little poems.

<sup>25</sup> For some account of the *Vice* and his *dagger of lath* the reader may see *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 2, note 15, p. 377. There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage the Old Vice or fool.

as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst<sup>26</sup> his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name<sup>27</sup>; for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones<sup>28</sup> to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Erit.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

<sup>26</sup> *Burst, brast, and broken*, were formerly synonymous; as may be seen under the words *break* and *broken*, in Baret. The Hostess says to Sly, in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, 'You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst*.'

<sup>27</sup> *Gaunt* is thin, slender.

<sup>28</sup> This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing, 'He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or twice as good. I will make gold out of him.'

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.*

'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance<sup>1</sup> with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch  
ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.*

Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy:  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out,  
Let us sway<sup>2</sup> on, and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Arch.* What well appointed<sup>3</sup> leader fronts us here?

*Mowb.* I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

<sup>1</sup> Be suitable.

<sup>2</sup> That is, *let us pass on with our armament*. To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing hasty movement. Thus Holinshed, p. 986:—'The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground.' So in King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 5:—

'Now *sways* it this way like a mighty sea,  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now *sways* it that way,' &c.

<sup>3</sup> Completely accounted.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, Lord John and duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;  
What doth concern your coming?

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody<sup>4</sup> youth, guarded<sup>5</sup> with rage,  
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white investments<sup>6</sup> figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?

<sup>4</sup> Baret carefully distinguishes between *bloody*, full of blood, *sanguineous*, and *bloody*, desirous of blood, *sanguinarius*. In this speech Shakspeare uses the word in both senses.

<sup>5</sup> *Guarded* is a metaphor taken from dress; *to guard* being to ornament with guards or facings. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

' ——— give him a livery  
More *guarded* than his fellows.'

We have the same allusion in the former part of this play:—

' To *face* the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled.'—*Hody's History of Convocations*, p. 141. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

Turning your books to graves<sup>7</sup>, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question  
stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men:  
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we  
suffer,  
And find our griefs<sup>8</sup> heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere<sup>9</sup>  
By the rough torrent of occasion:  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,

<sup>7</sup> Warburton very plausibly reads *glaiues*. Steevens proposed *greaves*; and this emendation has my full concurrence. It should be remarked that *greaves*, or leg-armour, is sometimes spelt *graves*.

<sup>8</sup> Grievances.

<sup>9</sup> The old copies read 'from our most quiet *there*.' Warburton made the alteration; I am not quite persuaded that it was necessary.

We are denied access unto his person<sup>10</sup>  
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
 (Whose memory is written on the earth  
 With yet-appearing blood), and the examples  
 Of every minute's instance<sup>11</sup> (present now),  
 Have put us in these ill beseeming arms:  
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it;  
 But to establish here a peace indeed,  
 Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied?  
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?  
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge<sup>12</sup>?

*Arch.* My brother general, the commonwealth,  
 To brother born an household cruelty,  
 I make my quarrel in particular<sup>13</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> In Holinshed the Archbishop says, 'Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free accesse, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him.'

<sup>11</sup> 'Examples of every minute's instance' are 'Examples which every minute instances or supplies,' Which even the present minute presses on their notice.

<sup>12</sup> Commotion's *bitter edge*? that is, the *edge* of bitter strife and *commotion*; the sword of rebellion. This line is omitted in the folio.

<sup>13</sup> The second line of this very obscure speech is omitted in the folio. As the passage stands I can make nothing of it; nor do any of the explanations which have been offered appear to me satisfactory. I think with Malone that a line has been lost, though I do not agree with him in the sense he would give to it. It is with all proper humility I offer the following reading:—

'My quarrel general, the commonwealth,  
 Whose wrongs do loudly call out for redress;  
 To brother born an household cruelty,  
 I make my quarrel in particular.'

i. e. my *general* cause of discontent is public wrongs, my *particular* cause the death of my own brother, who was beheaded by

*West.* There is no need of any such redress ;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him, in part; and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before ;  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours ?

*West.* O my good lord Mowbray <sup>14</sup>,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,  
Your noble and right well remember'd father's ?

*Mowb.* What thing in honour had my father lost,  
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :  
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves <sup>15</sup> in charge, their beavers <sup>16</sup> down,

the king's order. This circumstance is referred to in the first part of this play:—

'The archbishop—who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.'

The answer of Westmoreland makes it obvious that something about *redress* of public wrongs should have fallen from the archbishop. Johnson proposed to read *quarrel* instead of *brother* in the first line, and explained the passage much as I have done. I have merely superadded the line, which seems to me necessary to complete the sense; and make Westmoreland's reply intelligible.

<sup>14</sup> The thirty-seven following lines are not in the quarto.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. their *lances* fixed in the rest for the encounter.

<sup>16</sup> It has been already observed that the *beaver* was a moveable piece of the helmet, which lifted up or down, to enable the bearer to drink or breathe more freely.

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights<sup>17</sup> of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warder<sup>18</sup> down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,  
That by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know  
not what:

The earl of Hereford<sup>19</sup> was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman;  
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?  
But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience: and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;  
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident

<sup>17</sup> The perforated part of the helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visière*, Fr.

<sup>18</sup> Truncheon.

<sup>19</sup> This is a mistake: he was *duke* of Hereford.

To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—  
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
 A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
 In very ample virtue of his father,  
 To hear, and absolutely to determine  
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is intended<sup>20</sup> in the general's name:  
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this  
 schedule;

For this contains our general grievances;—  
 Each several article herein redress'd;  
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
 That are insinew'd to this action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
 And present execution of our wills  
 To us, and to our purposes, consign'd<sup>21</sup>;  
 We come within our awful banks<sup>22</sup> again,  
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

<sup>20</sup> *Intended* is understood, i. e. meant without expressing it. *Entendu*, Fr.; *subauditur*, Lat.

<sup>21</sup> The old copy reads *confin'd*. Johnson proposed to read *consign'd*; which must be understood in the Latin sense, *consignatus*, signed, sealed, ratified, confirmed; which was indeed the old meaning according to the dictionaries. Shakspeare uses *consign* and *consigning* in other places in this sense.

<sup>22</sup> *Awful* for *lawful*; or under the due awe of authority. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

‘From the society of *awful* men.’

It is also used in the same sense in *Pericles*:—

‘A better prince and benign lord—  
 Prove awful both in deed and word.’

*Awful* seems peculiar to Shakspeare in this acceptation.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please you,  
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet :  
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WEST.*

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that : if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
As our conditions shall consist<sup>23</sup> upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice<sup>24</sup>, and wanton reason,  
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :  
That, were our royal faiths<sup>25</sup> martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is  
weary  
Of dainty and such picking<sup>26</sup> grievances :  
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
And therefore will he wipe his tables<sup>27</sup> clean ;  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,

<sup>23</sup> To consist, to rest ; consisto.—*Baret.* So in *Pericles* :—

‘ Then welcome peace, if he on peace consist.’

<sup>24</sup> Trivial.

<sup>25</sup> The faith due to a king. So in *King Henry VIII.* :—‘ The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds,’ i. e. their minds well affected to the king.

<sup>26</sup> Piddling, insignificant.

<sup>27</sup> Alluding to the table books of slate, ivory, &c. used by our ancestors.

That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement:  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true;—  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your  
lordship,  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's name then  
set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we  
come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

*P. John.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—  
 And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—  
 My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
 Your exposition on the holy text;  
 Than now to see you here an iron man<sup>1</sup>,  
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
 In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
 It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God?  
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
 To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;  
 The very opener, and intelligencer,  
 Between the grace, the sanctities<sup>2</sup> of heaven,  
 And our dull workings<sup>3</sup>: O, who shall believe,

<sup>1</sup> Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, 'coming forth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprize in hand.'

<sup>2</sup> This expression has been adopted by Milton:—

'Around him all the *sanctities of heaven*  
 Stood thick as stars.'

<sup>3</sup> *Dull workings* are *labours of thought*. So in King Henry V.:

'—— The forge and *working-house* of thought.'

But you misuse the reverence of your place;  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up<sup>4</sup>;  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father;  
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,  
Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace:  
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense<sup>5</sup>,  
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief;  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep<sup>6</sup>,  
With grant of our most just and right desires:  
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:  
And so, success<sup>7</sup> of mischief shall be born;  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much  
too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

<sup>4</sup> Raised up in arms.

<sup>5</sup> *Common sense is the general sense of general danger.*

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea.

<sup>7</sup> Succession.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,

How far-forth do you like their articles?

*P. John.* I like them all, and do allow<sup>8</sup> them well :  
And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers<sup>9</sup> unto their several counties,  
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
Of our restored love, and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word :  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain [*To an Officer*], and deliver to  
the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part :  
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.  
[*Exit Officer.*]

*Arch.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace: And, if you knew  
what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely : but my love to you  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

<sup>8</sup> Approve.

<sup>9</sup> It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed :—' The earl of Westmoreland, using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their woonted trades : In the mean time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point.'

*West.* I am glad of it.—  
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances, men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz: since sudden  
sorrow  
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-  
morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be  
true. *[Shouts within.]*

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd; Hark,  
how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful, after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.—

*[Exit WESTMORELAND.]*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us; that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

*[Exit HASTINGS.]*

*P. John.* I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night  
together.—

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. John.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already :  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for the  
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—  
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mow-  
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

*West.* Is your assembly so ?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith ?

*P. John.* I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,  
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly <sup>10</sup> brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;  
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt* <sup>11</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. foolishly.

<sup>11</sup> 'It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet without any note of censure or detestation.' JOHNSON. That Shakspeare followed the historians is no excuse ; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue.—I had some doubt whether I should retain this reflection upon the poetical justice of Shakspeare ; but I have been determined to do so by the hope that it may lead to the discussion of the passage. I would not willingly believe that the poet approved this abominable piece of treachery.

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and  
COLEVILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you: and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

*Fal.* Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think, you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought, yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*P. John.* The heat is past, follow no further now;—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?  
When every thing is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome<sup>1</sup>,  
——I came, saw, and overcame.

*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element<sup>2</sup>, which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*P. John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*P. John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

<sup>1</sup> Cæsar.

<sup>2</sup> A ludicrous term for the stars.

*P. John.* Is thy name Colevile<sup>3</sup>?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*P. John.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves: but  
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and  
I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*P. John.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*P. John.* Send Colevile, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution<sup>4</sup>:—  
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;  
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—  
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

<sup>3</sup> It appears that Colevile was designed to be pronounced as a trisyllable: it is often spelt *Colleville* in the old copies.

<sup>4</sup> 'At the king's coming to Durham the Lord Hastings, *Sir John Colevile of the dale*, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded.'—*Holinshed*, p. 530. It is to be observed that there are two accounts of the termination of the archbishop of York's conspiracy, *both* of which are given by *Holinshed*. He states that on the archbishop and earl marshal submitting to the king and to his son Prince John, there present, 'their troopes skaled and fledde their wayes; but being pursued, many were taken, many slain, &c.; the archbishop and earl marshall were brought to Pomfret to the king, who from thence went to *Yorke*, *whyther the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded.*' It is this last account that *Shakspeare* has followed, but with some variation; for the names of Colevile and Hastings are not mentioned among those who were beheaded at York.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord<sup>5</sup>, 'pray, in your good report.

*P. John.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition<sup>6</sup>,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack<sup>7</sup> hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive<sup>8</sup>, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity

<sup>5</sup> Johnson was so much unacquainted with ancient phraseology as to make difficulties about this phrase, which is one of the most common petitionary forms of our ancestors. *Stand my good lord*, or *be my good lord*, means *stand my friend*, *be my patron or benefactor*, report well of me.

<sup>6</sup> *Condition* is most frequently used by Shakspeare for *nature*, *disposition*. The prince may therefore mean, 'I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve.'

<sup>7</sup> Vide note on King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. ii. p. 131.

<sup>8</sup> Inventive, imaginative.

and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face: which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil<sup>9</sup>; till sack commences it<sup>10</sup>, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire:

<sup>9</sup> It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. See the *Secret Wonders of Nature and Art*, by Edw. Fenton, 1569, p. 91.

<sup>10</sup> *Commences it*, that is *brings it into action*. Tyrwhitt thinks it is probable that there is an allusion to the *commencement* and *act* of the universities, which give to students a complete authority to use those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their degrees. As the dictionaries of the poet's time explain this matter, the conjecture seems probable.

I have him already tempering<sup>11</sup> between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd<sup>1</sup>, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which, we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*P. Humph.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord,  
at Windsor.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied?

*P. Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

<sup>11</sup> A pleasant allusion to the old use of *soft wax* for sealing. Shakspeare again alludes to it in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'What wax so frozen but dissolves with *tempering*.'

So in Middleton's *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*:—

'You must *temper him like wax*, or he'll not seal.'

<sup>1</sup> Ready, prepared.

'To-morrow for our march are we *address'd*.'

*King Henry V.*

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;  
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,  
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
 And noble offices thou may'st effect  
 Of mediation, after I am dead,  
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—  
 Therefore, omit him not: blunt not his love:  
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
 By seeming cold or careless of his will.  
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd<sup>2</sup>;  
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
 Open as day for melting charity:  
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
 As humorous<sup>3</sup> as winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. if he has *respectful attention shown him*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

‘Follow'd her with doting *observance*.’

<sup>3</sup> ‘His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free;  
 Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.’

*Shakspeare's Lover's Complaint.*

*Humorous* was used for *capricious*, as *homoursome* now is.

<sup>4</sup> A *flaw* is a sudden gust of violent wind; alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is the most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. Shakspeare uses the word again in *King Henry VI*.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope ;  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,  
     Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;  
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion<sup>5</sup>,  
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in),  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
 As aconitum<sup>6</sup>, or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him,  
     Thomas ?

*Cla.* He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied ? canst thou tell  
     that ?

*Cla.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;  
 And he, the noble image of my youth,  
 Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,  
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon,

and in his *Venus and Adonis*. Thus also Beaumont and Fletcher  
 in *The Pilgrim* :—

‘ What *flaws* and whirls of weather,  
 Or rather storms have been aloft these three days.’

<sup>5</sup> Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which  
 youth is peculiarly subject.

<sup>6</sup> *Aconitum*, or aconite, *wolf-bane*, a poisonous herb. *Rash* is  
 sudden, hasty, violent. In *Othello* we have :—

‘ — as *rash* as fire.’

When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,  
 O, with what wings shall his affections<sup>7</sup> fly  
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
 The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,  
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use,  
 But to be known, and hated<sup>8</sup>. So, like gross terms,  
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers: and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave  
 her comb  
 In the dead carrion<sup>9</sup>.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health to my sovereign! and new happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver!  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law;

<sup>7</sup> *Affections*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, are *passions*, *desires*. *Apetitus animi*.

<sup>8</sup> A parallel passage occurs in Terence:—

' ——— quo modo adolescentulus  
 Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere  
 Mature ut cum cognovit, perpetuo oderit.'

<sup>9</sup> As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive every where.  
The manner how this action hath been borne,  
Here at more leisure may your highness read;  
With every course, in his particular<sup>10</sup>.

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:  
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news  
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news;  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—  
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

*P. Humph.* Comfort, your majesty!

*Cla.* O my royal father!

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,  
look up!

*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits

<sup>10</sup> The detail contained in Prince John's letter,

Are with his highness very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Cla.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;  
The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure<sup>11</sup>, that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*P. Humph.* The people fear me<sup>12</sup>; for they do  
observe

Unfather'd heirs<sup>13</sup>, and loathly birds of nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the year<sup>14</sup>  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between<sup>15</sup>:  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say, it did so, a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*P. Humph.* This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King into an inner part of  
the room, and place him on a Bed.*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

<sup>11</sup> *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakspeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his cotemporaries. *Wrought it thin is made it thin by gradual detriment*: *wrought* being the preterite of *work*. The same thought is in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1595, book iv. Daniel is also speaking of the sickness of King Henry IV.:—

'Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind  
Might well look through, and all his frailty find.'

Shakspeare is here therefore the imitator. It is highly probable that he would read Daniel's poem when composing his historical dramas.

<sup>12</sup> To *fear* anciently signified to *make afraid*, as well as to *dread*.  
'A vengeance light on thee that so doth *fear* me, or makest me  
so *feared*.'—*Baret*.

<sup>13</sup> That is, equivocal births, monsters.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. as if the year.

<sup>15</sup> An historical fact. On Oct. 12, 1411, this happened.

Unless some dull<sup>16</sup> and favourable hand  
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the musick in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the duke of Clarence?

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*P. Hen.* How now! rain within doors, and none  
abroad!

How doth the king?

*P. Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

*P. Humph.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick  
With joy, he will recover without physick.

<sup>16</sup> Johnson asserts that *dull* here signifies 'melancholy, gentle, soothing.' Malone says that it means 'producing dullness or heaviness.' The fact is that *dull* and *slow* were synonymous. 'Dullness, slowness; tarditas, tardiveté. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe*; tardiusculus, tardelet;' says *Baret*. But Shakspeare uses *dulness* for *drowsiness* in the *Tempest*. And *Baret* has also this sense:—'Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie; *torpidus*.' It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in the *Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our great poet, as the following exquisite lines, almost worthy of his hand, may witness:—

'Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,  
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.  
Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.'

(*From Wit Restored*, 1658.) They are attributed to Dr. Strode, who died in 1644.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us?

*P. Hen.* No; I will sit and watch here by the king<sup>17</sup>. [*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keeps the ports<sup>18</sup> of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin<sup>19</sup> bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord!—my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol<sup>20</sup> hath divorc'd

<sup>17</sup> The hint only of this beautiful scene is taken from Holinshead, p. 541. The poet has wrought up the bare bald narration of the chronicler in the most pathetic and poetical manner.

<sup>18</sup> Gates.

<sup>19</sup> A *biggin* was a *head-band* of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. 'Upon his head he wore a filthy coarse *biggin*, and next it a garnish of night-caps.' Nash, speaking of a miser in his *Pierce Penniless*.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *circle*; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. The word has not hitherto been found in any other author. Shakspeare has it again in his *Rape of Lucrece*:—

'About the mourning and congealed face

Of that black blood, a wat'ry *rigol* goes.

*Ringol* is used by Nash in the same sense, in his *Lenten Stuffe*; and it may also have been Shakspeare's word, when we recollect that it would have been thus written in the poet's age—*rigol*.

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:  
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's  
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me: This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the king call?

*War.* What would your majesty? How fares  
your grace?

*K. Hen.* Why did you leave me here alone, my  
lords?

*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*K. Hen.* The prince of Wales? Where is he? let  
me see him:

He is not here.

*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*P. Humph.* He came not through the chamber  
where we stay'd.

*K. Hen.* Where is the crown? who took it from  
my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*K. Hen.* The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek  
him out;

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!  
How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains  
with care,  
Their bones with industry;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:  
When, like the bee, tolling<sup>21</sup> from every flower  
The virtuous sweets;  
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yield his engrossments<sup>22</sup> to the ending father.—

*Re-enter* WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd<sup>23</sup> me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the crown?

<sup>21</sup> Taking toll.

<sup>22</sup> Accumulations.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. ended. It is still used in that sense in legal conveyances. So in Antony and Cleopatra, speaking of a hailstone:—

‘ ——— as it *determines*, so  
Dissolves my life.’

*Re-enter* PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,  
Lords, &c.

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation<sup>24</sup>:  
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour<sup>25</sup> of my life.  
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

<sup>24</sup> i. e. confirmed my opinion.

<sup>25</sup> *Hour*, anciently written *hower*, is used sometimes as a dissyllable, as well by Shakspeare as others. So Ben Jonson in *The Case is Alter'd*:—

'By twice so many *howers* as would fill  
The circle of a year.'

Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form,  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd;—Up, vanity!  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt<sup>26</sup>;  
 England shall give him office, honour, might:  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my  
 tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,

<sup>26</sup> This playing upon words seems to have been highly admired  
 in the age of Shakspeare. Thus Marlowe, in his *Hero and*  
*Leander*:—

'And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,  
 The god of gold a purpose *gilt* his limbs,  
 That this word *guilt* including double sense,  
 The double *guilt* of his incontinence,  
 Might be express'd.'

Again, in *Acolastus* his *Afterwit*, a poem, by S. Nicholson, 1600:

O sacred thirst of *golde*, what canst thou not?—  
 Some term thee *gyllt*, that every soule might read,  
 Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeed.'

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending<sup>27</sup>!  
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die;  
 And never live to show the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed!  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead  
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending,  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in med'cine potable<sup>28</sup>;  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head;

<sup>27</sup> The Variorum Shakspeare reads:—

‘Let me no more from this obedience rise  
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
 Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!’

Johnson and others have considered this passage as obscure in the construction; but it was only made so by their wrong pointing. The obvious sense is, ‘Let me no more rise from this *obeisance*, which my most *loyal* and inwardly duteous spirit teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.’ *Obeisance* and *obedience* were formerly used indiscriminately the one for the other. *Truth* is always used for *loyalty*.

<sup>28</sup> It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head!  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil<sup>29</sup> of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living, to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed<sup>30</sup> peace: all these bold fears<sup>31</sup>,  
Thou see'st with peril I have answer'd:  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death

<sup>29</sup> *Soil is stain, spot, blemish.*

<sup>30</sup> *Supposed peace is imagined peace, counterfeit, not real.*

<sup>31</sup> *Fears are objects of fear; terrors.*

Changes the mode<sup>32</sup>: for what in me was purchas'd<sup>33</sup>,  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively<sup>34</sup>.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green:  
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut them<sup>35</sup> off; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;  
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive<sup>36</sup>!  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,

<sup>32</sup> The *mode* is the *state* or *form* of things.

<sup>33</sup> *Purchas'd* here signifies *obtained by eager pursuit*. It is from the French *pourchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent. See Spelman's Glossary, in *purchacia*; and Minshew's Guide to the Tongues, in *pourchas*.

<sup>34</sup> i. e. *by order of succession*. Johnson observes that 'every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can.' So did Richard Cromwell in his first speech to parliament:— 'For my own part being, by the providence of God, and the disposition of the law, my father's *successor*, and bearing the place in the government that I do,' &c.—*Harleian Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 21.

<sup>35</sup> Mason proposes to read 'I cut *some* off,' which seems indeed necessary. The sense would then be, 'Some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land.'

<sup>36</sup> This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt, while he deprecates its punishment.

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;  
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be :  
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,  
 Lords, and Others.

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John of  
 Lancaster.

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my  
 royal father !

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,  
 son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,  
 My worldly business makes a period. —  
 Where is my lord of Warwick ?

*P. Hen.* My lord of Warwick !

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War.* 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to God !—even there my life  
 must end <sup>37</sup>.

<sup>37</sup> ' At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called *Jerusalem*. Then said the king, Lauds be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in *Jerusalem*.'—*Holinshead*, p. 541.

The late Dr. Vincent pointed out a remarkable coincidence in a passage of Anna Comnena (*Alexias*, lib. vi. p. 162, ed. Paris, 1658), relating to the death of Robert Guiscard, king of Sicily, in a place called Jerusalem, at Cephalonia. In Lodge's *Devils Conjured* is a similar story of Pope Sylvester ; but the Pope outwitted the Devil. And Fuller, in his *Church History*, b. v. p. 178, relates something of the same kind about Cardinal Wolsey, of whom it had been predicted *that he should have his end at Kingston*. Which was thought to be fulfilled by his dying in the custody of Sir William Kingston.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
 Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—  
 But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. Glostershire. A Hall in Shallow's House.

*Enter* SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH,  
 and Page.

*Shal.* By cock and pye<sup>1</sup>, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is

<sup>1</sup> This adjuration, which seems to have been a popular substitute for profane swearing, occurs in several old plays. Thus in Soliman and Perseda, 1599:—‘*By cock and pie* and mouse-foot.’ In Wily Beguiled, 1606:—‘Now *by cock and pie*, you never spake a truer word in your life.’ In The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:—

‘Merry go sorry, *cock and pie*, my hearts.’

*By cock* is supposed to be a corruption or disguise of the name of God in favour of pious ears: but the addition of *pie* has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. It has been conjectured that it may be only a ludicrous oath by the common sign of an alehouse, *The Cock and Magpie*, or *Cock and Pie*, being a most ancient and favourite sign. It should appear from the following passage, in A Catechisme containing the Summe of Religion, by George Giffard, 1583, that it was not considered as a corruption of the sacred name. ‘Men suppose that they do not offende when they do not sweare falsely; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they sware by *small things*; as *by cock and pie*, by the mousefoot, and many such like.’

no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—  
Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts<sup>2</sup> cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast<sup>3</sup>, and paid:—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had;—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse<sup>4</sup>. Use

<sup>2</sup> *Precepts* are *warrants*. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. cast up, computed.

<sup>4</sup> 'A friend in court is worth a penny in purse' is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. So Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, ver. 5540:—

'Friendship is more than cattel;  
For friend in courte aie better is  
Than peny is in purse, certis.'

his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot<sup>5</sup> against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship<sup>6</sup>. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

<sup>5</sup> *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. The old copies read *Woncot*.

<sup>6</sup> This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakspeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, 'Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy.' *D'Ewes*, p. 34. He repeats the same words again in 1571. *Ib.* 153. A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, 'A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes,' &c.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justicelike serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent<sup>7</sup>, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master<sup>8</sup>: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terns, or two actions<sup>9</sup>), and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow<sup>10</sup>, will do with a fellow that

<sup>7</sup> *Consent* is *accord*, agreement; a combination for any particular purpose. Baret renders '*secta*, a divers *consente* in sundry wilful opinions.' See note on *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 1, p. 240.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. admitted to their master's confidence.

<sup>9</sup> There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt.

<sup>10</sup> i.e. a *serious* face. So in *The Winter's Tale*:—

'My father and the gentlemen are in *sad* talk.'

never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*Within.*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.  
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

## SCENE II.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,  
To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY,  
CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

*P. Humph. Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made  
us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you have lost a  
friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace  
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff  
fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in ho-  
nour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission<sup>1</sup>.—

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

<sup>1</sup> 'A ragged and forestalled remission' is a remission or pardon obtained by beggarly supplication. *Forestalling* is *prevention*. In a former scene the prince says to his father:—

'But for my tears, &c.

I had *forestall'd* this dear and deep rebuke.'

*Enter* KING HENRY V.

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath<sup>2</sup> succeeds,

But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. John, &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me;—and you  
most; [To the Chief Justice.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

<sup>2</sup> Amurath IV. emperor of the Turks, died in 1596; his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes to this transaction. The play may have been written while the fact was still recent.

So great indignities you laid upon me ?  
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 The immediate heir of England? Was this easy<sup>3</sup>?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;  
 The image of his power lay then in me:  
 And, in the administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment<sup>4</sup>;  
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person;  
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

<sup>3</sup> *Was this easy?* was this a *light offence*? Thus in King Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 1:—

‘—— These faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.’

And Lord Surrey has:—

‘*Easy* sighs, such as folks draw in love.’

Baret has: ‘very *easily* or *lightly*; perfacile; legierement.’

<sup>4</sup> It has already been remarked that Sir William Gascoigne, the chief justice in this play, died in the reign of Henry IV.; and consequently this scene has no foundation in fact. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, or probably was careless about the matter. While Gascoigne was at the bar Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, who appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governor*; but Shakspeare followed the *Chronicles*.

And mock your workings in a second body<sup>5</sup>.  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son<sup>6</sup>:  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son:  
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state<sup>7</sup>,  
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
 And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words;—  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
 That dares do justice on my proper son:  
 And not less happy, having such a son,  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me:  
 For which, I do commit into your hand  
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;  
 With this remembrance<sup>8</sup>,—That you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;  
 You shall be as a father to my youth:  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents

<sup>5</sup> Treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. image to yourself that you have a son. So in Titus Andronicus:—

' ——— a thousand deaths I could propose.'

<sup>7</sup> In your regal character and office.

<sup>8</sup> Remembrance; that is admonition or warning.

To your well practis'd, wise directions.—  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—  
My father is gone wild into his grave<sup>9</sup>,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirit sadly<sup>10</sup> I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world;  
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;  
Where it shall mingle with the state<sup>11</sup> of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament:  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation  
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—  
[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*  
Our coronation done, we will accite<sup>12</sup>,  
As I before remember'd, all our state:  
And (God consigning to my good intents),  
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—  
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. This is confirmed by a passage in King Henry V.:—

‘The courses of his youth promis’d it not:  
The breath no sooner left his father’s body,  
But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,  
Seem’d to *die* too.’

<sup>10</sup> *Sadly* is soberly, seriously; *sad* is opposed to *wild*.

<sup>11</sup> That is, With the *majestic dignity* of the ocean, the chief of floods.

**12 Summons.**

## SCENE III.

Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard : where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways<sup>1</sup>, and so forth ;—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper :——a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,*

[Singing.]

*And praise heaven for the merry year ;*

<sup>1</sup> This passage, which was long a subject of dispute, some pertinaciously maintaining that *carraways* meant *apples* of that name, has been at length properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1599 :—' For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, and to be eaten with apples, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind, would be eaten with other things that breake wind.' Again :—' Howbeit we are wont to eate *carrawaies*, or *biskets*, or some other kind of comfits or seedes, together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them ; and surely this is a verie good way for students.' The truth is, that apples and carraways were formerly always eaten together ; and it is said that they are still served up on particular days at Trinity College, Cambridge.

*When flesh is cheap, and females dear<sup>2</sup>,  
And lusty lads roam here and there,  
So merrily,*

*And ever among so merrily.*

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; [*Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: *proface*<sup>3</sup>! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all.

[*Exit.*

*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*

[*Singing.*

*For women are shrews, both short and tall:*

*'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all<sup>4</sup>,*

<sup>2</sup> The character of Silence is admirably sustained; he would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no end to his garrulity. He has a catch for every occasion:—

'When flesh is *cheap* and females *dear*.'

Here the double sense of *dear* must be remembered.

<sup>3</sup> An expression of welcome equivalent to *Much good may it do you!* Steevens conjectured it to be from the old French *Bon prou leur face*, which is to be found in Cotgrave in voce PROU. Steevens was very near the mark, for Mr. Nares has pointed out its true origin in the old Norman French or Romance language. 'PROUFACE souhait, qui veut dire bien vous fasse, *proficiat*.'—ROQUEFORT *Glossaire de la Langue Romane*. Old Heywood had explained it long before:—

'Reader, reade this thus: for preface, *proface*,  
Much good may it do you,' &c.

In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 132, ed. 1825, it thus occurs:—'Before the second course, my lord cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface*.'

<sup>4</sup> This proverbial rhyme is of great antiquity; it is found in Adam Davie's *Life of Alexander*:—

'Merrie swithe it is in hall  
When the berdes waveth alle.'

*And welcome merry shrove-tide*<sup>5</sup>.

*Be merry, be merry, &c.*

*Fal.* I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats<sup>6</sup> for you.

*[Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

*[To BARD.]*—A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*

*And drink unto the leman mine;*

*[Singing.*

*And a merrg heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence.

*Sil.* *Fill the cup, and let it come;*

*I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; *[To the Page.]* and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

<sup>5</sup> *Shrovetide* was the ancient *carnival*; 'In most places where the Romish religion is generally professed, it is a time wherein more than ordinary liberty is tolerated, as it were in recompense of the abstinence (penance which is to be undergone for a time) for the future: whence by a metaphor it may be taken for any time of rioting or licence.'—*Philips's World of Words*. T. Warton does not seem to have known that *shrovetide* and *carnival* were the same, or that *carniscapium* and *carnisprivium* were the low Latin terms for the latter. *Shrovetide* was a season of such mirth that *shroving*, or to *shrove*, signified to be merry.

<sup>6</sup> Apples commonly called russetines.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together.  
Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*

*Sil.* *Do me right*<sup>7</sup>, [*Singing.*

*And dub me knight*<sup>8</sup>:

*Samingo*<sup>9</sup>.

Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

<sup>7</sup> To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis*:—‘*Those formes of ceremonious quaffing, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves: and lose their reason, whiles they pretend to do reason.*’

<sup>8</sup> He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening.

<sup>9</sup> In Nashe's play called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch:—

‘*Monsieur Mingo* for quaffing doth surpass  
In cup, or can, or glass;  
God Bacchus, do me right,  
And dub me knight,

*Domingo.*’

In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, *Monsieur Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. It has been supposed that the introduction of *Domingo* as a burthen to a drinking song was intended as a satire on the luxury of the Dominicans; but whether the change to *Samingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of *San Domingo*, is uncertain. Why Saint Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court, let him come in.—

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Fal.* How now, Pistol?

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John!

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good<sup>10</sup>.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson<sup>11</sup>.

*Pist.* Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

<sup>10</sup> So in Bulleine's Dialogue of the Fever Pestilence, 1564:—

'No winde but it doth turn some man to good.'

<sup>11</sup> *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir:—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian<sup>12</sup>? speak, or die.

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me<sup>13</sup>, like

The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door<sup>14</sup>: The things I speak, are just.

<sup>12</sup> *Bezonian*, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is 'a new levied souldier, such as comes needy to the wars.' Cotgrave, in *bisongne*, says 'a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base humoured scoundrel.' Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person; it is often met with very differently spelt in the old comedies. '*Bisoño*,' says Minshew, 'a fresh water soldier, one that is not well acquainted with militarie affairs; a novice.' Covarruvias asserts that the term originated from some Spanish soldiers in Italy, who, not knowing the language, expressed their wants by the word *bisogno*; as *bisogno pan*, *bisogno carne*, and that hence they received the appellation of *bisogni*. That the word was used among us in this sense sometimes, appears from Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 85.

<sup>13</sup> An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *ficus* has always been given. The custom has been regarded as originally Spanish, but without foundation, they most probably had it from the Romans. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesticulation. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, 'a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace.' The phrase is amply explained in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 492.

<sup>14</sup> Steevens remarks that this proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the nail in ancient doors

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good news?

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!  
*Where is the life that late I led, say they:*  
 Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. London. A Street.

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET<sup>1</sup>.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

<sup>1</sup> In the quarto, 1600, we have 'Enter *Sincklo*, and three or four officers.' And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. *Sincklo* is also introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew*, he was an actor in the same company with Shakspeare.

1 *Bead*. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Dol*. Nut-hook, nut-hook<sup>2</sup>, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host*. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 *Bead*. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions<sup>3</sup> again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Doll*. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer<sup>4</sup>! I will have you as soundly swunged for this, you blue-bottle rogue<sup>5</sup>! you filthy famished cor-

<sup>2</sup> It has already been observed (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1) that *nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or constable. Cleveland says of a committee-man:—'He is the devil's *nut-hook*, the sign with him is always in the clutches.'

<sup>3</sup> That is to stuff her out, that she might counterfeit pregnancy. In Greene's *Dispute between a He Conycatcher, &c.* 1592—'to wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child.'

<sup>4</sup> Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttish of rush strewn chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burnt most necessary utensils. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, Borachio says that he had been entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *musty room* at Leonato's. The uncleanly habits of our ancestors made a constant change of habitation necessary for the preservation of health. Instances may be found in Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, vol. i. p. 141; Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 305, ed. 1796; and in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 225, ed. 1825.

<sup>5</sup> Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

rectioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles<sup>6</sup>.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death! goodman bones!

*Host.* Thou atomy<sup>7</sup> thou!

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter Two Grooms, strewing Rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would

<sup>6</sup> A *half kirtle* was a kind of *apron* or *fore part* of the dress of a woman. It could not be a cloak, as Malone supposed; nor a short bedgown, as Steevens imagined. Vide Act ii. Sc. iv. p. 305, note 38.

<sup>7</sup> The hostess's corruption of *anatomy*.

have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part<sup>1</sup>.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.  
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;  
Haul'd thither  
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

<sup>1</sup> Warburton thought that we should read:—

' 'Tis *all in all and all in every part.*'

In Sir John Davis's *Nosce Te ipsum*, 1599, speaking of the soul:—

' Some say she's *all in all and all in every part.*'

And in Drayton's *Mortimercaados*, 1596:—

' And as his soul possessed every part,  
She's *all in all, and all in every part.*'

In *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593, we find '*Tota in toto, et tota in qualibet parte.*'

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's  
snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.*]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

*Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice  
among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal  
Hal<sup>2</sup>!

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most  
royal imp<sup>3</sup> of fame!

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy!

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits? know you what  
'tis you speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, 'my  
heart!

*King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy  
prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane<sup>4</sup>;

<sup>2</sup> A similar scene occurs in the anonymous old play of *King Henry V.* Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play.

<sup>3</sup> Child, offspring.

<sup>4</sup> *Profane* (says Johnson) in our author often signifies *love of talk!* and he cites:—

'Is he not a *profane* and liberal counsellor,'  
from *Othello*, as a proof. 'What necessity was there for per-  
verting this word from its old legitimate meaning of *ungodly*,  
*wicked*, *unholy*? I find from the dictionaries of the time that it  
also signified *unchaste*, and *unlucky*, or mischievous. Had it not  
been for Johnson's mistake, I should have thought this epithet  
intelligible without a note.

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
 Make less thy body hence<sup>5</sup>, and more thy grace;  
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape  
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—  
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:  
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self;  
 So will I those that kept me company.  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile,  
 For competence of life, I will allow you,  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will,—according to your strength, and quali-  
 ties,—

Give you advancement<sup>6</sup>.—Be it your charge, my lord,  
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Exeunt King, and his Train.

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you  
 to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do  
 not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private

<sup>5</sup> Henceforward.

<sup>6</sup> This circumstance Shakspeare may have derived from the old play of King Henry V. But Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe give nearly the same account of the dismissal of Henry's loose companions. Every reader regrets to see Falstaff so hardly used, and Johnson's vindication of the king does not diminish that feeling. Poins, Johnson thinks ought to have figured in the conclusion of the play, but I do not believe that any one had ever been sensible of the poet's neglect of him until Johnson pointed it out.

to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard, was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet<sup>7</sup> ; Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,——

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon. Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.*]

*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's : He hath intent, his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for ; But all are banish'd, till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

<sup>7</sup> Johnson confesses that he does not see ' why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet, he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment ; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprise in him and his company made a good scene to the eye ; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away.'

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,  
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.  
Come, will you hence? *[Exeunt.]*

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well), I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this: which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here

have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play bills,

I FANCY every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, 'O most lame and impotent conclusion!' As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth:—

‘ In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.’

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action, from the beginning of *Richard the Second* to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. The character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, cholerick and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster,

always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter; which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows *Henry the Fifth* in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatick action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

# KING HENRY V.

**Fr. Sold.** *O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moy !*

**Pistol.** *Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys.*

*Act iv. Sc. 4.*

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FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



# King Henry the Fifth.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE transactions comprised in this play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine, princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

This play, in the quarto edition of 1608, is styled *The Chronicle History of Henry, &c.* which seems to have been the title appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. Thus in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome:—

‘ These lads can act the emperor's lives all over,  
And Shakspeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot.’

The players likewise, in the folio of 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, dated in that year, says, ‘ What a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie.’ Perhaps this same play was thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company:—‘ Thomas Strode] May 2. 1594. A booke entituled The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.’ There are two more entries of a play of King Henry V. viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14, 1600. Malone had an edition printed in 1598, and Steevens had two copies of this play, one without date, and the other dated 1617, both printed by Bernard Alsop; from one of these it was reprinted in 1778, among six old plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. published by Mr. Nichols. It is thought that this piece is prior to Shakspeare's King Henry V. and that it is the very ‘ displeasing play’ alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of King Henry IV. ‘ for Oldcastle died a martyr,’ &c. Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety. Shakspeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends, in some measure, the story of the two parts of King Henry IV. as well as of King Henry V. and no ignorance could debase the gold of Shakspeare into such dross, though no chemistry, but that of Shakspeare, could exalt such base metal into gold. This piece must have been performed before the year 1588, Tarlton, the comedian, who played both the parts of the Chief Justice and the Clown in it, having died in that year.

This anonymous play of King Henry V. is neither divided

into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation.

There is a play called *Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1600, with the name of William Shakspeare prefixed to it. The prologue of which serves to show that a former piece, in which the character of *Oldeastle* was introduced, had given great offence:—

‘ The doubtful title (gentlemen) prefixt  
Upon the argument we have in hand,  
May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturbe  
The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.  
To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice:  
It is no *pamper’d glutton* we present,  
Nor *aged counsellour to youthful sinne*;  
But one whose vertue shone above the rest,  
A valiant martyr and a vertuous peere;  
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest  
Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale,  
We strive to pay that tribute of our love  
Your favours merit: let faire truth be grac’d,  
Since forg’d invention former time defac’d.’

Shakspeare’s play, according to Malone, seems to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. There are three quarto editions in the poet’s lifetime, 1600, 1602, and 1608. In all of them the choruses are omitted, and the play commences with the fourth speech of the second scene.

‘ King Henry the Fifth is visibly the favourite hero of Shakspeare in English history: he portrays him endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet still disposed to innocent raillery, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, in the intervals between his dangerous and renowned achievements. To bring his life after his ascent to the crown on the stage was, however, attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished event of his reign; and war is much more an epic than a dramatic object.—If we would have dramatic interest, war must only be the means by which something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole.’ In *King Henry the Fifth* no opportunity was afforded Shakspeare of rendering the issue of the war dramatic; but he has availed himself of other circumstances attending it with peculiar care. ‘ Before the battle of Agincourt he paints in the most lively colours the light minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national cha-

acters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fulness of individual characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a wellmeaning, honourable, pedantic Welshman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects. But all this variety still seemed to the poet insufficient to animate a play of which the object was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has therefore tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day a chorus) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions there described cannot be developed on a narrow stage; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form also Shakspeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing as a poetic herald, what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama.

‘However much Shakspeare celebrates the French conquest of King Henry, still he has not omitted to hint to us, after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign wars to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of the half of their revenues. His learned bishops are consequently as ready to prove to him his undisputed right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salic law is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was that very feeble Henry the Sixth, under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not, therefore, be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the poet that an heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands; and ends, in the manner of comedy, with a marriage of convenience \*.’

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\* Schlegel.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**KING HENRY THE FIFTH.**

Duke of Gloster, }  
Duke of Bedford, } *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of Exeter, *Uncle to the King.*

Duke of York, *Cousin to the King.*

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, }  
LORD SCROOP, } *Conspirators against the King.*  
SIR THOMAS GREY, }

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MAC-  
MORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King Henry's Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly Servants to Falstaff,*  
*now Soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *Servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

**CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.**

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPREE, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur. MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *Daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*

QUICKLY, *Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,  
Messengers, and Attendants.

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England ;  
but afterwards wholly in France.*

*Enter* CHORUS.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention !  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars : and, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and  
fire,  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an object : Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O, the very casques<sup>1</sup>,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?  
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may  
Attest, in little place, a million ;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces<sup>2</sup> work :  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls

<sup>1</sup> ' Within this wooden O, the *very* casques.'

O for circle, alluding to the circular form of the theatre. The *very* casques does not mean the identical casques, but the casques alone, or merely the casques. Thus in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine says to Grumio :—

' ——— Thou false deluding slave,  
That feedest me with the *very* name of meat.'

i. e. the *name only* of meat.

<sup>2</sup> ' *Imaginary* forces.' Imaginary for imaginative, or *your powers of fancy*. The active and passive are often confounded by old writers.

Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance :  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour glass ; For the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history ;  
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

# KING HENRY V.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. London<sup>1</sup>. *An Antechamber in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely<sup>2</sup>.*

*Canterbury.*

My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in the eleventh year o'the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling<sup>3</sup> and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question<sup>4</sup>.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession:  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,

<sup>1</sup> This first scene was added in the folio, together with the choruses, and other amplifications. It appears from Hall and Holinshed that the events passed at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the poet intended to make London the place of his first scene.

<sup>2</sup> 'Canterbury and Ely.' Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. John Fordham, bishop of Ely, consecrated 1388, died 1426.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *scrambling*. Vide note on Much Ado About Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 198.

<sup>4</sup> *Question* is debate.

Would they strip from us : being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights :  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied ;  
And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year : Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention ?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too<sup>5</sup> : yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him :  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made :  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, scouring faults ;  
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,

<sup>5</sup> ' The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too.'

The same thought occurs in the preceding play, where King Henry V. says :—

' My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections.'

And, all admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate :  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You would say,—it hath been all in all his study :  
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in musick :  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still<sup>6</sup>,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences ;  
 So that the art and practick part of life  
 Must be the mistress to this theorick<sup>7</sup> :  
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses vain :  
 His companies<sup>8</sup> unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;  
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;  
 And never noted in him any study,  
 Any retirement, any sequestration  
 From open haunts and popularity<sup>9</sup>.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;  
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,

<sup>6</sup> Johnson has noticed the exquisite beauty of this line. We have the same thought in *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7 :—

‘ ————— I must have liberty  
 Withal, *as large a charter as the wind*,  
 To blow on whom I please.’

<sup>7</sup> ‘So that the *art and practick* part of life  
 Must be the mistress to his *theorick*.’

He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, ‘that his *theory* must have been taught by *art* and *practice*,’ which is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Practick* and *theorick*, or rather *pratique* and *theorique*, was the old orthography of *practice* and *theory*.

<sup>8</sup> *Companies*, for companions.

<sup>9</sup> *Popularity* meant *familiarity with the common people*, as well as popular favour or applause. See *Florio* in voce *Popolarita*.

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen, yet *crescive*<sup>10</sup> in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so : for miracles are ceased ;  
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,  
 How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
 How now for mitigation of this bill  
 Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty  
 Incline to it, or no ?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent ;  
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us ;  
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
 Upon our spiritual convocation :  
 And in regard of causes now in hand,  
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty ;  
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
 (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)  
 The severals, and unhidden passages<sup>11</sup>  
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;

<sup>10</sup> ' Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen, yet *crescive* in his faculty.'

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
 Fama Marcelli.

This expressive word is used by Drant, in his Translation of  
 Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567 :—

' As lusty youths of *crescive* age doe flourish fresh and grow.'

<sup>11</sup> ' The *severals*, and *unhidden passages*.' The *particulars* and  
 clear unconcealed circumstances of his true titles, &c.

And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this off?

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that instant  
Crav'd audience : and the hour I think is come,  
To give him hearing : Is it four o'clock ?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy ;  
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle<sup>1</sup>.

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador my liege ?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin ; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear of him, of some things of weight,  
That task our thoughts<sup>2</sup>, concerning us and France.

<sup>1</sup> ' Send for him, good uncle.' The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, half brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt by Katharine Swynford. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, 1416. He was properly now only earl of Dorset. Shakspeare may have confounded this character with John Holland, duke of Exeter, who married Elizabeth, the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey, in 1400. The old play began with the next speech.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. keep our thoughts busied.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.*

*Cant.* God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,

And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.*

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate<sup>3</sup>, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know, how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>4</sup>

Of what your reverence shall incite us to:

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person<sup>5</sup>,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war;

We charge you in the name of God, take heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend,

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,

<sup>3</sup> 'Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate.'

Or burthen your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner or opening pretensions, which, if shown in their native colours, would appear to be false.

<sup>4</sup> 'Shall drop their blood in *approbation*.' *Approbation* is used by Shakspeare for *proving* or establishing by proof. Thus in *Cymbeline*:—'Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the *approbation* of what I have spoke.' This sense was not peculiar to our poet; for Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Histories*, 1614, says, 'Composing what he wrote not by the report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes.'

<sup>5</sup> 'Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person.' To *impawn* was to *engage* or *pledge*. See *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2.

'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:  
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and  
you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,  
To this imperial throne:—There is no bar<sup>6</sup>  
To make against your highness' claim to France,  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant,*  
*No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze<sup>7</sup>,  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
That the land Salique lies in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:  
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women,  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.  
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France:  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years

<sup>6</sup> 'There is no bar,' &c. The whole speech is taken from Holinshed.

<sup>7</sup> To *gloze* is to expound or explain, and sometimes to comment upon. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

After defunction of king Pharamond,  
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;  
 Who died within the year of our redemption  
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great  
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
 Did, as heir general, being descended  
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown  
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male  
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—  
 To *fine*<sup>8</sup> his title with some show of truth,  
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught),  
 Convey'd<sup>9</sup> himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,  
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son

<sup>8</sup> 'To *fine* his title with some show of truth.' To *fine* is to embellish, to trim, to make showy or specious : *Limare*.

<sup>9</sup> 'Convey'd himself as heir to the *Lady Lingare*.' Shakspeare found this expression in Holinshed ; and, though it sounds odd to modern ears, it is classical. Bishop Cooper renders 'Conjicere se in familiam ; to convey himself to be of some noble family.' Malone's guess-work explanation of 'derived his title,' is sufficiently erroneous. Its true meaning is, 'he passed himself off as heir to the Lady Lingare.' These fictitious personages and pedigrees (as Ritson remarks) seem to have been devised by the English Heralds to 'fine a title with some show of truth,' which 'in pure truth was corrupt and naught.' It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposed the invasion and conquest of France in prosecution of the dying advice of his father :—

' ——— to busy giddy minds

In foreign quarrels ; that action, thence borne out,  
 Might waste the memory of former days.'

The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives.

Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth<sup>10</sup>,  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:  
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the Great  
Was reunited to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female:  
So do the kings of France unto this day;  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
To bar your highness claiming from the female;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Than amply to imbare<sup>11</sup> their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I, with right and conscience, make  
this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—  
When the son dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back unto your mighty ancestors;  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
From whom you claim: invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince;  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,

<sup>10</sup> 'Lewis the Tenth.' This should be Lewis the Ninth, as it stands in Hall's Chronicle. Shakspeare has been led into the error by Holinshed, whose chronicle he followed.

<sup>11</sup> Than amply to *imbare* their crooked titles.' The folio reads *imbarre*; the quarto *imbace*. As there is no other example of such a word, I cannot but think that this is an error of the press for *unbare*.

Making defeat on the full power of France;  
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
 Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp  
 Forage in blood of French nobility<sup>12</sup>.  
 O noble English, that could entertain  
 With half their forces the full pride of France;  
 And let another half stand laughing by,  
 All out of work, and cold for action<sup>13</sup>!

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
 The blood and courage that renowned them,  
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
 As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know, your grace hath cause, and  
 means, and might;  
 So hath your highness<sup>14</sup>; never king of England  
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
 With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality  
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,

<sup>12</sup> ' Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
 Stood smiling,' &c.

This alludes to the battle of Cressy; as described by Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 372.

<sup>13</sup> ' Cold for action,' want of action being the cause of their being cold. So many mistakes have been made in the explanation of this simple word *for* by the editors of Shakspeare, and other of our old English writers, that the reader will do well to consult Tooke's Diversions of Purley, vol. i. p. 371 et seq.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have.

As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the  
French;

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches<sup>15</sup>, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers  
only,

But fear the main intendment<sup>16</sup> of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;  
For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brimfulness of his force;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;  
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood<sup>17</sup>.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd<sup>18</sup> than  
harm'd, my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—

<sup>15</sup> 'They of those *marches*.' The *marches* are the *borders*.

<sup>16</sup> 'But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.'

The *main intendment* is the *principal purpose*, that he will bend his whole force against us: the *Bellum in aliquem intendere*, of *Livy*. A *giddy neighbour* is an *unstable, inconstant* one. What opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England appears from Wyntown's *Cronykil*, b. viii. ch. xl. ver. 96; and from the old poem of *Flodden Field*.

<sup>17</sup> The quarto reads 'at the bruit thereof.'

<sup>18</sup> *Fear'd* here means *frightened*. We have it again in the same sense in other places, as in *King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 2, Part III.* :—

'Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all.'

When all her chivalry hath been in France;  
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
 She hath herself not only well defended,  
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,  
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings;  
 And make your chronicle as rich with praise,  
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

*If that you will France win,*

*Then with Scotland first begin:*

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;  
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,  
 To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows then, the cat must stay at home:  
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity<sup>19</sup>;  
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
 The advised head defends itself at home:  
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
 Put into parts, doth keep in one concent<sup>20</sup>;

<sup>19</sup> 'Yet that is but a *crush'd* necessity.' This is the reading of the folio. The editors of late editions have adopted the reading of the quarto copy, '*curs'd* necessity,' and by so doing have certainly not rendered the passage more intelligible; indeed none of the attempts at explanation are satisfactory. A *crush'd* necessity may signify a necessity partly overcome, one which did exist, but which, from the prudent precautions taken, is now less urgent. To *crush* is to *bruise*, not to exterminate.

<sup>20</sup> *Concent* is connected harmony in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. *Concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments, in what we should now call a *chorus* or *concert*. There is a striking resemblance to a passage from Cicero's Second Book de Republicâ, quoted by St. Augustin:—'*Sic ex summis et mediis et infimis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem,*

Congruing in a full and natural close,  
Like musick.

*Cant.* True: therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;  
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act<sup>21</sup> of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts<sup>22</sup>:  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor:  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
The civil<sup>23</sup> citizens kneading up the honey;  
The poor mechanick porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to éxecutors<sup>24</sup> pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—

*consensu dissimillimorum concinere; et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordia.*—*De Republicâ*, l. ii.

<sup>21</sup> 'The *act* of order' is the *statute* or *law* of order; as appears from the reading of the quarto. 'Creatures that by awe *ordain* an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom.'

<sup>22</sup> i. e. of different degrees: if it be not an error of the press for *sort*, i. e. *rank*.

<sup>23</sup> 'The *civil* citizens kneading up the honey.' *Civil* is *grave*. See Twelfth Night, Act iii. Sc. 4. Johnson observes, to *knead* the honey is not physically true. The bees do, in fact, knead the wax more than the honey.

<sup>24</sup> 'Executors' for executioners. Thus also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 38, ed. 1632:—'Tremble at an *ex-ecutor*, and yet not feare hell-fire.'

That many things, having full reference  
To one concent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark;  
As many several ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat<sup>25</sup>. Therefore to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice that power left at home,  
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
Let us be worried; and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King ascends  
his Throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd: and by God's help;  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,  
Ruling, in large and ample empery<sup>26</sup>,  
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph<sup>27</sup>.

<sup>25</sup> 'Without defeat.' The quartos read 'Without defect.'

<sup>26</sup> 'Empery.' This word, which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though once in general use.

<sup>27</sup> 'Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.' The quartos read '— with a paper epitaph.' Either a *paper* or a *waxen* epitaph

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May it please your majesty, to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,  
That can be with a nimble galliard<sup>28</sup> won;

is an epitaph easily destroyed; one that can confer no lasting honour on the dead. Steevens thinks that the allusion is to *waxen tablets*, as any thing written upon them was easily effaced. Mr. Gifford says that a *waxen epitaph* was an epitaph affixed to the hearse or grave with wax. But it appears to me that the expression may be merely metaphorical, and not allusive to either. *Cereus*, in Latin; *waxen*, in English; and a kindred word, in most languages, is applied to any thing soft, pliable, mutable, easily taking any impression, and as easily losing it; any thing fragile, or changing with a light occasion. In short, the epithet conveys completely the idea of instability; and this was the intention of the poet.

<sup>28</sup> A *galliard* was an ancient spritely dance, as its name implies; which Sir John Davies describes as:—

‘ A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray  
A spirit and a virtue masculine,—  
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,  
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.’

You cannot revel into dukedoms there :  
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
 This tun of treasure : and, in lieu of this,  
 Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege<sup>29</sup>.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant  
 with us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :  
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,  
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard<sup>30</sup> :  
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
 With chaces<sup>31</sup>. And we understand him well,  
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
 Not measuring what use we made of them.  
 We never valu'd this poor seat<sup>32</sup> of England ;  
 And therefore, living hence<sup>33</sup>, did give ourself  
 To barbarous license ; As 'tis ever common,  
 That men are merriest when they are from home.  
 But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;  
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,  
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France :

<sup>29</sup> In the old play of King Henry V. this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis-balls*, and a carpet.

<sup>30</sup> The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.

<sup>31</sup> A *chace* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or *chace*. At long tennis it is the spot where the ball leaves off rolling. We see therefore why the king has called himself a *wrangler*.

<sup>32</sup> i. e. the throne. Thus in King Richard III. :—

'The supreme *seat*, the throne majestical.'

<sup>33</sup> 'And therefore living *hence*;' that is, *from hence*, away from this seat or throne.

For that I have laid by my majesty<sup>34</sup>,  
And plodded like a man for working-days;  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones<sup>35</sup>; and his soul  
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,  
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.  
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his Throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
That may give furtherance to our expedition:  
For we have now no thought in us but France;  
Save those to God, that run before our business.  
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars

<sup>34</sup> 'For that I have laid by my majesty.' To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character.

<sup>35</sup> 'Hath turn'd his balls to *gun-stones*.' When ordnance was first used they discharged balls not of iron but of stone.

Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,  
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought<sup>36</sup>,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now sits Expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets<sup>1</sup>,  
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,

<sup>36</sup> 'Task his thought.' We have this phrase before. See ,  
 note on p. 332.

<sup>1</sup> 'For now sits Expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns,' &c.

Expectation is also personified by Milton:—

' — while *Expectation* stood  
 In horror.'—

In ancient representations of trophies, &c. it is common to see  
 swords encircled with crowns. Shakspeare's image is supposed  
 to be taken from a wood cut in the first edition of Holinshed.

Shake in their fear; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural!  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted  
 men,—

One, Richard earl of Cambridge<sup>2</sup>; and the second,  
 Henry Lord Scroop<sup>3</sup> of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the gilt<sup>4</sup> of France, (O guilt, indeed!)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises),  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on; and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play<sup>5</sup>.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,

<sup>2</sup> 'Richard earl of Cambridge' was Richard de Conisbury, younger son of Edmund Langley, duke of York. He was father of Richard duke of York, and grandfather of Edward the Fourth.

<sup>3</sup> 'Henry Lord Scroop' was a third husband of Joan, duchess of York, mother in law of Richard earl of Cambridge.

<sup>4</sup> *Gilt* for golden money.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads:—

'Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
 The abuse of distance; force a play.'

The alteration was made by Pope.

We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and but till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene<sup>6</sup>. [*Erit.*

SCENE I. *The same.* Eastcheap.

*Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph<sup>1</sup>.

*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles<sup>2</sup>;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one: but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

<sup>6</sup> 'But till the king come forth, and *but* till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.'

The old copy reads:—

'But till the king come forth, and *not* till then.'

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Roderick, and deserves admission into the text. Malone has plainly shown that it is a common typographical error. The objection is, that a scene in London intervenes; but this may be obviated by transposing that scene to the end of the first act. The division into acts and scenes, it should be recollected, is the arbitrary work of Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors; and the first act of this play, as it is now divided, is unusually short. This chorus has slipped out of its place.

<sup>1</sup> At this scene begins the connexion of this play with the latter part of King Henry IV. The characters would be indistinct and the incidents unintelligible without the knowledge of what passed in the two former plays.

<sup>2</sup> 'When time shall serve, there shall be *smiles*.' Dr. Farmer thought that this was an error of the press for *smiles*, i. e. *blows*, a word used in the poet's age, and still provincially current. The passage, as it stands, has been explained:—'I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humour with each other*: but be it as it may.'

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers<sup>3</sup> to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest<sup>4</sup>, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong: for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell<sup>5</sup>.

*Enter* PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

*Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

*Pist.* Base tike<sup>6</sup>, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen,

<sup>3</sup> 'Sworn brothers.' In the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*. These cutpurses set out for France as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.

<sup>4</sup> 'That is my rest;' that is my *determination*. Vide note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. 'I know not what to say or think of it.' See this phrase amply illustrated in Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 125. No phrase is more common in our old dramatic writers; yet it had escaped the commentators on Shakspeare.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. base fellow. Still used in the north; where a *tike* is also a dog of a large common breed; as a mastiff, or shepherd's dog.

that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [Nym draws his sword.] O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now<sup>7</sup>! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good Lieutenant Bardolph, —good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog<sup>8</sup>! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good Corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.  
[Sheathing his sword.]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:  
For I can take<sup>9</sup>, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

<sup>7</sup> 'O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!' The folio has 'O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *hewn* now;' an evident error of the press. The quarto reads 'O Lord! here's Corporal Nym's—now,' &c.

<sup>8</sup> *Iceland dogges*, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curre, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter.—Abraham Fleming's translation of Caius de Canibus, 1576, *Of English Dogges*. *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in 'Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes;' *no date*:—

'He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,  
Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man  
Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre*.'

<sup>9</sup> 'For I can *take*.' Malone would change this, without necessity, to 'I can *talk*.' Pistol only means, 'I can *understand*, or *comprehend* you.' It is still common in the plebeian phrase: 'Do you *take* me?' for Do you know my meaning?

*Nym.* I am not Barbason<sup>10</sup>; you cannot conjure me, I have a humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale<sup>11</sup>. [*PISTOL and NYM draw.*

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No; to the spital go,  
And from the powdering tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind<sup>12</sup>,  
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:  
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam*<sup>13</sup> Quickly  
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

<sup>10</sup> *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

<sup>11</sup> By *exhale* Pistol, in his fantastic language, probably means *die* or *breathe your last*. Malone suggests that he may only mean 'draw, haul, or lug out.'

<sup>12</sup> 'The lazar kite of Cressid's kind.' Of Cressida's nature, see the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

<sup>13</sup> Formerly.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* MRS. QUICKLY and Boy.]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound; Push home.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* A noble<sup>14</sup> shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood;

<sup>14</sup> The *noble* was worth six shillings and eight-pence.

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—  
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins,  
we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of.

*Ecc.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow<sup>1</sup>,  
Whom he hath cloy'd<sup>2</sup> and grac'd with princely  
favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,  
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.  
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Ma-  
sham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your  
thoughts;

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,  
Will cut their passage through the force of France;  
Doing the execution, and the act,  
For which we have in head<sup>3</sup> assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that: since we are well  
persuaded,  
We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent<sup>4</sup> with ours;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

<sup>1</sup> 'That was his *bedfellow*.' Thus Holinshed:—'The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*.' This familiar appellation of *bedfellow* was common among the ancient nobility. This custom, which now appears so strange and unseemly to us, continued to the middle of the seventeenth century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept.

<sup>2</sup> 'Whom he hath *cloy'd* and grac'd.' The quarto reads '*dull'd* and cloy'd.'

<sup>3</sup> 'For which we have in *head* assembled them.' In *head* seems equivalent to the modern military term *in force*.

<sup>4</sup> '*Consent*' is accord, agreement. Vide p. 367 ante, and Macbeth, vol. iv. p. 204, note 7.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,  
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* Even those that were your father's enemies,  
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you  
With hearts create<sup>5</sup> of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thank-  
fulness;  
And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil;  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person: we consider,  
It was excess of wine that set him on;  
And, on his more advice<sup>6</sup>, we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security:  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you show great mercy, if you give  
him life,  
After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

<sup>5</sup> 'i.e. hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal.

<sup>6</sup> i.e. his better consideration, or more circumspect behaviour.  
Thus in *Measure for Measure*, Act v. Sc. 1:—

'——— Pardon me, noble lord,  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,  
Yet did repent me after *more advice*.'

If little faults, proceeding on distemper<sup>7</sup>,  
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,  
 When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and di-  
 gested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their  
 dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—  
 Would have him punish'd. And now to our French  
 causes;

Who are the late<sup>8</sup> commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And me, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there  
 is yours;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir  
 knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentle-  
 men?

What see you in those papers, that you lose  
 So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!  
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
 That hath so cowarded and chased your blood  
 Out of appearance?

<sup>7</sup> 'Distemper' here put for intemperance, or riotous excess.  
 Thus, in Othello, Brabantio says that Roderigo is

'Full of supper, and distempering draughts.'

And Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 626:—'Gave him wine and strong  
 drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered*  
 and reeled as he went.'

<sup>8</sup> i. e. those lately appointed.

*Cam.* I do confess my fault;  
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey. Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy, that was quick<sup>9</sup> in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—  
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,  
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge  
here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn—But O!  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?  
May it be possible, that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black from white<sup>10</sup>, my eye will scarcely see it.  
Treason and murder, ever kept together,

<sup>9</sup> i. e. living.

<sup>10</sup> 'Though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black from white.'

Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white  
contiguous to each other. To *stand off* is to be *prominent*.

As two yoke-devils swore to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly<sup>11</sup> in a natural cause,  
 That admiration did not whoop at them<sup>12</sup>:  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
 H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glistening semblances of piety;  
 But he, that temper'd thee<sup>13</sup>, bade thee stand up,  
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar<sup>14</sup> back,  
 And tell the legions—I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance<sup>15</sup>! Show men dutiful?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;

<sup>11</sup> i. e. plainly, evidently.

<sup>12</sup> 'Did not *whoop* at them.' That they excited no exclamation of surprise. Vide note on *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

<sup>13</sup> 'He that *temper'd* thee.' That is, he that *ruled* thee. '*Temper*ator, he that *tempereth*, or moderateth; he that knoweth how to rule and order.'—*Cooper*.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.

<sup>15</sup> 'The sweetness of affiance!' Shakspeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society.—*Johnson*.

Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement<sup>16</sup>;  
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?  
 Such, and so finely bolted<sup>17</sup>, didst thou seem:  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued<sup>18</sup>,  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—  
 And God acquit them of their practices!

*Ere.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name  
 of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;  
 And I repent my fault more than my death;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me,—the gold of France did not se-  
 duce<sup>19</sup>;

<sup>16</sup> 'Complement' has here the same meaning as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1. Bullokar defines it, '*Courtship*, [i. e. courtiership], fulness, perfection, *fine behaviour*.' The gradual change of this word, to its meaning of *ceremonious words*, may be traced in Blount's *Glossography*.

<sup>17</sup> *Bolted* is the same as *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. endowed, or gifted.

<sup>19</sup> 'For me, the gold of France did not seduce.' '—— diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the Lord Scroope, &c. for the murdering of King Henrie, to please the French king withall; but onlie to the intent to exalt the crowne to his brother-in-law Edmund earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, who being for diverse secret

Although I did admit it as a motive,  
The sooner to effect what I intended:  
But God be thanked for prevention;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice<sup>20</sup>,  
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
Prevented from a damned enterprise:  
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your  
sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

*[Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.]*

impediments not able to have issue, the earl of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of money to be corrupted by the French king, lest the earl of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children he much doubted,' &c.—*Holinshed.*

<sup>20</sup> i. e. 'at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice.'

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war:

Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,

But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver

Our puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance<sup>21</sup>:

No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

London. Mrs. Quickly's *House in Eastcheap.*

*Enter* PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM,  
BARDOLPH, and Boy.

*Quick.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me  
bring<sup>1</sup> thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—  
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting  
veins.

Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er  
he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Ar-

<sup>21</sup> 'The signs of war advance.' Phaer, in rendering the first  
line of the eighth Æneid, 'Ut belle signum,' &c. has

'When *signe of war* from Laurent townes,' &c.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. let me *accompany* thee. Thus in *Measure for Measure*:—

'——— give me leave, my lord,

That we *may bring you something on the way.*'

'Deducere, honourably to *bring* or *accompany* to and fro.'—

*Cooper.* The expression and the custom are still provincially  
in use.

thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom<sup>2</sup> child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide<sup>3</sup>; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields<sup>4</sup>. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *chrisom* child: which was one that died within the month of birth, because during that time they wore the *chrisom cloth*, a white cloth put upon a child newly christened, wherewith women used to shroud the child, if dying within the month; otherwise it was brought to church at the day of purification.

<sup>3</sup> 'Even at the turning o'the tide.' It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *De Imperio Solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb.

<sup>4</sup> 'And 'a babbled of green fields.' The first folio reads 'For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a Table of green fields.' Theobald gave the present reading of the text, which, though entirely conjectural, is better than any thing which has been offered in the idle babble of the numerous notes on this passage.

**Quick.** 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

**Boy.** 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

**Quick.** 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick<sup>5</sup>; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

**Boy.** Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

**Bard.** Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

**Nym.** Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

**Pist.** Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and Pay*;

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck<sup>6</sup>;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals<sup>7</sup>.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

**Boy.** And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

**Pist.** Touch her soft mouth, and march.

**Bard.** Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

**Nym.** I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

<sup>5</sup> *Rheumatick.* Mrs. Quickly means lunatick.

<sup>6</sup> Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. '*Pitch and pay*, and go your way,' is one in Florio's Collection; '*Brag* is a good dog, and *Holdfast* a better,' is one of the others to which he alludes.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. dry thine eyes.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear; keep close<sup>8</sup>, I thee command.

*Quick.* Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the DUKE of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,  
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—  
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,  
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,  
With men of courage, and with means defendant:  
For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.  
It fits us then, to be as provident  
As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
For peace itself should not so dull<sup>1</sup> a kingdom  
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in ques-  
tion);

<sup>8</sup> The quartos read 'Keep fast thy buggle boe.' The meaning of which may be gathered from the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*:—

“——— the courtisans of Venice

Shall keep their bugle bowes for thee, dear uncle.’

<sup>1</sup> ‘For peace itself should not so *dull* a kingdom.’ To *dull* is to render torpid, insensible, or inactive; to dispirit. ‘In idleness to wax *dull* and without spirit: *Torpescere.*’—*Baret.*

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
 As were a war in expectation.  
 Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,  
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France :  
 And let us do it with no show of fear :  
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow humorous youth,  
 That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, Prince Dauphin!  
 You are too much mistaken in this king :  
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
 How modest in exception<sup>2</sup>, and, withal,  
 How terrible in constant resolution,—  
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus<sup>3</sup>,  
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;  
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

<sup>2</sup> 'How modest in exception.' How diffident and decent in making objections.

<sup>3</sup> '—— the outside of the Roman Brutus.' Warburton has a strained explanation of this passage. Shakspeare's meaning is explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

'Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to *clothe his wit* in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his *folly's show*.

————— he throws that *shallow habit by*.'

But the best comment (as Mr. Boswell observes) will be found in Prince Henry's soliloquy in the First Part of King Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 2.

But though we think it so, it is no matter :  
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection<sup>4</sup>,  
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting  
 A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong ;  
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.  
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain<sup>5</sup>,  
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :  
 Witness our too much memorable shame,  
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand  
 Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales ;  
 Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain stand-  
 ing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun<sup>6</sup>,—  
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

<sup>4</sup> ' Which, of a weak and niggardly projection.' The construction of this passage is perplexed, and the grammatical concord not according to our present notions ; but its meaning appears to be, ' So the proportions of defence are filled ; which, to make of a weak and niggardly projection (i. e. *contrivance*), is to do like a miser who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth.

<sup>5</sup> *Strain* is lineage.

<sup>6</sup> ' Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,  
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun.'

There is much childish misunderstanding of this passage in the notes. Steevens is right when he says that, divested of its poetical finery, it means that the king stood upon a hill, with the sun shining over his head, to see the battle ; as before described in the first scene of the play.

Of that victorious stock: and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him<sup>7</sup>.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Henry king of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience.  
Go, and bring them.

*[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]*

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths<sup>8</sup>, when what they seem to  
threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head;  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England?

*Exe.* From him; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-varnish'd days,

<sup>7</sup> i. e. what is allotted him by destiny. Thus Virgil, speaking of the future deeds of the descendants of Æneas:—

‘Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotem.’

<sup>8</sup> i. e. bark; the sportsman's term.

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line<sup>9</sup>,

[*Gives a paper.*]

In every branch truly demonstrative;  
Willing you, overlook this pedigree;  
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it;  
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove:  
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel);  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy  
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head  
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further:  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him; What to him from England?

*Exe.* Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome

<sup>9</sup> 'Memorable line;' this genealogy; this deduction of his lineage.

The mighty sender, doth' he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,  
That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall chide<sup>10</sup> your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordnance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair reply,  
It is against my will: for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with those Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference  
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found),  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind  
at full.

*Exe.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd, with  
fair conditions:  
A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>10</sup> 'Shall *chide* your trespass.' To *chide* is to resound, to echo;  
'As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.'

## ACT III.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen  
 The well appointed king at Hampton pier<sup>1</sup>  
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.  
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,  
 You stand upon the rivage<sup>2</sup>, and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
 For so appears this fleet majestical,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
 Grapple your minds to sternage<sup>3</sup> of this navy;

<sup>1</sup> 'The well appointed king at Hampton pier.' 'Well appointed,' that is, well furnished with all necessities of war. Thus in King Henry VI. Part III.:—

'And very well appointed, as I thought,  
 March'd towards Saint Albans.'

The old copies read 'Dover pier:' but the poet himself, and all accounts, and even the Chronicles which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton. A minute account still exists among the records of the town; and it is remarkable that a low level plain where the army encamped is now covered by the sea, and called *Westport*.

<sup>2</sup> *Rivage*, the bank, or shore; *rivage*, Fr.

<sup>3</sup> 'To *sternage* of this navy.' The *stern*, or *sternage*, being the hinder part of the ship. The meaning of this passage is 'Let your minds follow this navy.' The *stern* was anciently synonymous to *rudder*. 'The *sterne* of a ship, *gubernaculum*.'—*Baret*.



Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head<sup>1</sup>,  
 Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty<sup>2</sup> his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height!—On, on, you noble English<sup>3</sup>,  
 Whose blood is fet<sup>4</sup> from fathers of war-proof!  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument<sup>5</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> 'The *portage* of the head.' Shakspeare uses *portage* for loop-holes or port-holes.

<sup>2</sup> 'O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.'  
 To *jutty* is to project; jutties, or jetties, are projecting moles to break the force of the waves. *Confounded* is neither worn, or wasted, as Johnson tells us; nor destroyed, as Malone infers; but *vexed*, or *troubled*. *Swill'd* anciently was used for '*washed much, or long, drowned, surrounded by water: Prolutus.*'—Daniel, in his *Civil Warres*, has a similar passage:—

'A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands  
 A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,  
 Whose surly brow imperiously commands  
 The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;  
 And spurns the waves that in rebellious bands  
 Assault his empire, and against him rise.'

<sup>3</sup> 'You *noble* English.' The folio reads *noblish*, by mistake; the compositor having taken twice the final syllable *ish*. Steevens reads *noblest*. This speech is not in the quartos.

<sup>4</sup> 'Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof.' Mr. Pope took the liberty of altering this word to *fetch'd*. The sacred writings afford us many instances of its use. '*Ascita et accepta a Græcis, Fet* and taken out of Greece.' It is often coupled with *far*, as in the expressions '*far-fet* and dear bought,' '*affected* and *far-fet*.'

<sup>5</sup> *Argument* is matter, subject.

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,  
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips<sup>6</sup>,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!  
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter* NYM, BARDOLPH,  
PISTOL, *and* Boy.

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal<sup>1</sup>, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives<sup>2</sup>: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;  
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

<sup>6</sup> *Slips* are contrivances of leather to start two dogs at the same time.

<sup>1</sup> 'Corporal.' Bardolph is called *lieutenant* in a former scene; so that there is a lapse of memory in the poet in one or other of these instances.

<sup>2</sup> A *case* of lives; that is, a *pair* of lives: as 'a *case* of pistols,' 'a *case* of poniards,' 'a *case* of masks.' So in *Ram Alley*, we have 'a *case* of justices.'

And sword and shield,  
In bloody field,  
Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* 'Would, I were in an alehouse in London!  
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

*Pist.* And I:  
If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN*<sup>3</sup>.

*Flu.* Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*Driving them forward.*

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould<sup>4</sup>!  
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!  
Abate thy rage, great duke!  
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,  
followed by FLUELLEN.*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means where-

<sup>3</sup> *Fluellen* is merely the Welsh pronunciation of *Lluellyn*; as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. 'be merciful, great *commander*, to men of *earth*, to poor mortal men.' *Duke* is only a translation of the Roman *dux*. Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas*, calls Moses 'a great duke.'

of, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best<sup>5</sup> men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase<sup>6</sup>. Bardolph stole a lute-case: bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service the men would carry coals<sup>7</sup>. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the

<sup>5</sup> 'The best men;' that is, *bravest*. So, in the next line, *good deeds* are *brave actions*.

<sup>6</sup> *Purchase*, which anciently signified *gain, profit*, was the cant term used for any thing obtained by cheating; as appears by *Green's Art of Coneycatching*.

<sup>7</sup> 'Carry coals.' See note on the first scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you), is dight himself four yards under the counter-mines<sup>8</sup>: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.*

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain: and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work

<sup>8</sup> 'Is dight himself;' that is, the enemy had digged four yards under the counter-mines.

ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit<sup>9</sup> you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done: and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it: ay, or go to death: and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

<sup>9</sup> 'I shall quit you;' that is, I shall, with your permission, requite you; that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity.

**Mac.** Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

**Flu.** Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

**Mac.** I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

**Gow.** Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

**Jamy.** Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A Parley sounded.*]

**Gow.** The town sounds a parley.

**Flu.** Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.*

**K. Hen.** How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best),

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up<sup>1</sup>;  
 And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass  
 Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.  
 What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
 Of hot and forcing violation?  
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
 We may as bootless spend our vain command  
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
 As send precepts to the Leviathan  
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,  
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;  
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds<sup>2</sup>  
 Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.  
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see

<sup>1</sup> 'The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.' Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:—

'And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

Thus again in *King Henry VI. Part III.*:—

'Open thy gate of mercy, gracious Lord.'

Lord Bacon, in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakspeare, says, 'And therefore in conclusion we wished him not to *shut the gate* of your majesty's *mercy* against himself by being obdurate.' He is speaking of the earl of Somerset.

<sup>2</sup> 'Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds.'

To *overblow* is to *drive away*, to *keep off*. Johnson observes that this is a very harsh metaphor.

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;  
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;  
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated<sup>3</sup>,  
 Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready  
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,  
 We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:  
 Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;  
 For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates,—Come, uncle Exeter,  
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
 Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.  
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
 To-morrow for the march are we addrest<sup>4</sup>.

[*Flourish.* *The King, &c. enter the Town.*]

#### SCENE IV<sup>1</sup>. Roüen. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath.* *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

<sup>3</sup> 'Whom of succour we intreated.' See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 258, in a note on the passage:—'I shall desire you of more acquaintance.'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. prepared.

<sup>1</sup> Every one must wish with Warburton and Farmer to believe that this scene is an interpolation. Yet, as Johnson remarks,

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?*

Alice. *La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

Alice. *Les doigts ? ma foy, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.*

Kath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Kath. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

the grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage.

*Alice.* De elbow, *madame.*

*Kath.* O *Seigneur Dieu!* je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

*Alice.* De neck, *madame.*

*Kath.* De neck: Et le menton?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de sin.

*Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?

*Kath.* Non, je réciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

*Alice.* De nails, *madame.*

*Kath.* De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

*Alice.* Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

*Kath.* Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin; Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe?

*Alice.* De foot, *madame;* et de con.

*Kath.* De foot, et de con? O *Seigneur Dieu!* ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

*Alice.* Excellent, *madame!*

*Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à disner. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and Others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river  
Some.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury<sup>1</sup>,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
bastards!

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten<sup>2</sup> isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this  
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
A drench for sur-rein'd<sup>3</sup> jades, their barley broth,

<sup>1</sup> *Luxury* for lust.

'To't, Luxury, pellmell, for I lack soldiers.'—*Lear*.

<sup>2</sup> 'Nook shotten isle.' *Shotten* signifies any thing projected: so *nook shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. Randle Holme, in his *Accedence of Armory*, p. 358, has 'Querke, a nook shotten pane' [of glass].

<sup>3</sup> 'A drench for sur-rein'd jades.' *Sur-rein'd* is probably over-ridden or over-strained. Steevens observes that it is common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this the constable alludes.

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
 Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
 Let us not hang like roping icicles  
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;  
 Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
 Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,  
 Our mettle is bred out; and they will give  
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us—to the English dancing-  
 schools,  
 And teach lavoltas<sup>4</sup> high, and swift corantos;  
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjôy, the herald? speed  
 him hence;  
 Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
 Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,  
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:  
 Charles De-la-bret<sup>5</sup>, high constable of France;  
 You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy:  
 Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

<sup>4</sup> 'Lavoltas high.' The *lavolta*, or *volta*, 'a kind of turning French dance,' says Florio; in which the man turns the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a high spring or cabriole. The reader will find a very curious and amusing article on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 489.

<sup>5</sup> This should be Charles D'Albret; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*. The other French names have been corrected.

For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.  
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
 With pennons<sup>6</sup> painted in the blood of Harfleur!  
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
 Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot, into Rouën  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.  
 Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;  
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransome<sup>7</sup>.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on  
 Montjôy:

And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransome he will give.—  
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouën<sup>8</sup>.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain with  
 us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *Pennons* were flags or streamers, upon which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. 'A *penon* must be tow yardes and a halfe long, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and serveth for the conduct of fifty men.'—*MSS. Harl.* No. 2413. A banneret was created by cutting off the point of the pennon, and making it a banner, which was peculiar to the nobility.

<sup>7</sup> 'And for achievement offer us his ransom.' That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as ransom.

<sup>8</sup> *Rouën* is spelt *Roan* in the old copy. It was pronounced as a monosyllable.

SCENE VI. *The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly<sup>1</sup>, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called—ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Flu.* Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

<sup>1</sup> 'But keeps the pridge most valiantly.' After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom valour<sup>2</sup>, hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler<sup>3</sup> before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;  
For he hath stolen a *pix*<sup>4</sup>, and hanged must 'a be.  
A damned death!

<sup>2</sup> '*Buxom valour.*' It is true that, in the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient*; and in this sense Spenser uses it: but as we know it was also used for *lusty, rampant*, however mistakenly, it was surely very absurd to give the older meaning to it here, as Steevens did. Pistol would be much more likely to take the popular sense, than one founded on etymology. Blount, after giving the old legitimate meaning of *buxomeness*, says, '*It is now mistaken for lustiness or rampancy.*'

<sup>3</sup> A *muffler* was a fold of linen used for concealing the face of a woman. It will be best understood by a reference to the wood cut in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. Sc. 2, p. 261, copied from Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*.

<sup>4</sup> '*A pix.*' The folio reads *pax*: but Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed, says, '*A foolish soldier stole a paxe out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once more remove till the box was restored, and the offender strangled.*' It was the box in which the consecrated wafers were kept, originally so named from being made of *box*; but in later times it was made of gold, silver, and other costly materials.

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd; and *figo*<sup>5</sup> for thy friendship!

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain!

[*Exit* PISTOL.]

*Flu.* Very good<sup>6</sup>.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now

<sup>5</sup> 'And *figo* for thy friendship.' See note on King Henry IV. Part II. The *Spanish fig* probably alludes to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects of either Spanish or Italian revenge; to which custom there are numerous allusions in our old dramas. In the quarto copies of this play we have:—'The fig of Spain within thy jaw.' And afterwards:—'The fig of Spain within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Very good.' In the quartos, instead of these two words, we have:—

'Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?'

and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done:—at such and such a sconce<sup>7</sup>, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut<sup>8</sup>, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age<sup>9</sup>, or else you may be marvellous mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark

<sup>7</sup> 'Such and such a sconce.' Steevens has erroneously explained this, 'a hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification.' The quotation from Sir Thomas Smythe only described some particularly imperfect sconces. A sconce was a block-house or chief fortress, for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce: a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.

<sup>8</sup> 'A beard of the general's cut.' Our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards; a certain cut was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. They are some of them humorously described in a ballad in *The Prince D'Amour*, 1660. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.

<sup>9</sup> 'Such slanders of the age.' Nothing was more common than such huffcap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the poet's age: they are the continual subject of satire to his cotemporaries. To the reader who has any acquaintance with our early writers it would be superfluous to cite instances. Steevens mentions Basilico, in *Solyman* and *Perseda*, as likely to have given the hint of Pistol's character to Shakspeare.

you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge<sup>10</sup>.

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, òne Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks<sup>11</sup>, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

<sup>10</sup> 'From the pridge.' These words are not in the quarto. If not a mistake of the compositor, who may have caught them from the king's speech, they must mean *about* the bridge, or *concerning* it.

<sup>11</sup> 'His face is all bubukles, and *whelks*, and knobs.' *Whelks* are not stripes, as Mr. Nares interprets the word; but pimples, or blotches: *Papulæ*. 'A pimple, a *whelke*; Bourion ou bubbe qui vient en face.' Mr. Steevens remarks that Chaucer's Sompnour may have afforded Shakspeare a hint for Bardolph's face. He also had

'A fire red cherubimes face,'  
with '*welkes* white,' and 'knobbes sitting on his cheekes.'—*Cant. Tales*, v. 628.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit<sup>12</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue<sup>13</sup>, and our voice is imperial! England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our

<sup>12</sup> 'You know me by my habit.' That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable was distinguished by a richly emblazoned dress. *Montjoie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in this country.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. in our turn. This theatrical phrase has been already noticed.

feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment<sup>14</sup>: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage), My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have, Almost no better than so many French; Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought, upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk; My army, but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before<sup>15</sup>, tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbour, Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy. Go, bid thy master well advise himself: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour<sup>16</sup>: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. with *impediment*. *Empêchement*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary.

<sup>15</sup> *God before* was then used for *God being my guide*.

<sup>16</sup> 'We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour.'

This is from Holinshed. 'My desire is, that none of you be so

The sum of all our answer is but this :

We would not seek a battle, as we are ;

Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it ;

So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. *[Exit MONTJOY.*

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night :—

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;

And on to-morrow bid them march away.

*[Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and Others.*

*Con.* Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—  
'Would, it were day !

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning ?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

*unadvised* as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall colour and make *red your tawny* ground with the effusion of Christian blood. When he had thus answered the herauld he gave him a great rewarde, and licenced him to depart.' It was always customary to give a reward, or largess, to the herald whether he brought a message of defiance or congratulation. I will just observe by the way that the heralds do not appear to have been held in the highest esteem formerly : I find tham, in a very curious passage of Robert Rolle's *Speculum Vitæ*, classed with all the other infamous itinerant professions, as courtezans, jugglers, minstrels, thieves, and hangmen.

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!——I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs<sup>1</sup>; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire<sup>2</sup>; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts<sup>3</sup>.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

<sup>1</sup> 'He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs.' Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair. Thus in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—'The old ornaments of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.'

<sup>2</sup> 'He is pure air and fire.' Thus Cleopatra, speaking of herself:—

'I am *air* and *fire*; my other elements  
I give to baser life.'

So in Shakspeare's forty-fourth Sonnet:—

'—— so much of *earth* and *water* wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan.'

Again in *Twelfth Night*:—

'Do not our lives consist of the *four elements*?'

<sup>3</sup> 'He is, indeed, a *horse*; and all other *jades* you may call—*beasts*.' There has been much foolish contention about this passage; the sense of which is plain enough. I have elsewhere observed that *jade* is not always used for a tired or contemptible horse. The Dauphin means 'that his charger is indeed a *horse*, and alone worthy of that name; all others may be called *beasts* in comparison of him.' Beast is here used in the sense of the Latin *jumentum*, contemptuously to signify an animal only fit for the cart or packsaddle.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown), to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:  
*Wonder of nature,—*

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> 'Like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your *strait trossers*.' This expression is here merely figurative, as Theobald long since observed, for *femoribus denudatis*. But it is certain that the Irish *trossers*, or trowsers, were anciently the direct contrary to the modern garments of that name. 'Their *trowses*, commonly spelt *trossers*, were long pantaloons *exactly fitted to the shape*.' Bulwer, in his *Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653, says, 'Now our hose are made so close to our breeches that, like the *Irish trossers*, they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part.'—I will add that Spenser

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*<sup>5</sup>: thou makest use of any thing.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously! and 'twere more honour, some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced

says Chaucer's description of Sir Thopas gives 'the very manner and fashion of the Irish horseman,—in his *long hose*, his ryding shoes of costly cordwaine, his hacqueton, and his habergeon,' &c.—*State of Ireland*, p. 115; Ed. Dublin, 1809.

<sup>5</sup> It has been remarked that Shakspeare was habitually conversant with his bible: we have here a strong presumptive proof that he read it, at least occasionally, in French. This passage will be found almost literally in the Geneva Bible, 1588. 2 Peter ii. 22.

out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think, he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.' This poor pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate*. When a hawk is unhooded her first action is to bate (i. e. beat her wings, or flutter). The hawk wants no courage, but invariably bates upon the removal of her hood. The Constable would insinuate by his double entendre that the Dauphin's courage, when it appears (i. e. when he prepares for encounter), will *bate*; i. e. soon diminish or evaporate.

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would, it were day<sup>7</sup>!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish<sup>8</sup> fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

<sup>7</sup> Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the quartos conclude this scene with a couplet:—

‘ ————— Come, come away;

The sun is high, and we wear out the day.’

<sup>8</sup> *Peevish*, i. e. foolish. Vide note on Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Se. 1, p. 172.

*Orl.* Foolish curs ! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples : You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—  
by ten,  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe<sup>1</sup>.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly<sup>2</sup> sounds,

<sup>1</sup> 'Fills the wide vessel of the universe.' Warburton says *universe* for *horizon*. Upon which Johnson remarks:—'The universe, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation.'

<sup>2</sup> 'The hum of either army stilly sounds.' This expression applied to sound is not peculiar to Shakspeare; we have 'a still small voice' in the sacred writings, and Florio's Dictionary in the word *sussura*, has 'a buzzing, a murmuring, a charming, a humming, a soft, gentle, still noise, as of running water falling

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch<sup>3</sup> :  
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd<sup>4</sup> face :  
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up<sup>5</sup>,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty<sup>6</sup> French

with a gentle stream, or as trees make with the wind,' &c. It is the 'murmure tacito' of Ovid.

<sup>3</sup> 'The secret whispers of each other's watch.' Holinshed says that the distance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces; and again, 'at their coming into the village fires were made (by the English) to give light on every side, as there were likewise by the French hoste.'

<sup>4</sup> It has been said that the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of an *umber* colour when beheld through the light of midnight fires. I suspect that nothing more is meant than 'shadow'd face.' The epithet 'paly flames' is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers. Thus Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, Prologue, p. 2:—

'Under the *umber* of an oke with bowes pendant.'

<sup>5</sup> The armourers accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up.'

This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but as to part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, to close the rivet up; so that the party's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet. This custom prevailed more particularly in tournaments. See *Variétés Historiques*, 1752, 12mo. tom. ii. p. 73. Douce.

<sup>6</sup> The confident and over-lusty French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice.

*Over-lusty*, i. e. *over-saucy*. Thus in North's Plutarch:—'Cassius's soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborn and lustie in the camp.' This is Steevens's explanation, the word *lusty*

Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
 The morning's danger ; and their gestures sad,  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks<sup>7</sup>, and war-worn coats,  
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;  
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;  
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note,  
 How dread an army hath enrounded him :  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watched night ;  
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,  
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
 A largess universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,

however, was synonymous with lively. ' To be *lively* or *lustie*, to be in his force or strength, *Vigeo*.' It also meant ' in good plight, jolly.' By ' Do the low rated English play at dice ;' is meant ' do play them away, or play for them at dice. The circumstance is from Holinshed.

7                    ' ——— their gestures sad,  
                       *Investing lank lean cheeks.*'

Thus Sidney, in *Astrophel*, song 2, has:—

' Anger *invests* the face with a lovely grace.'

A little touch of Harry in the night:  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly:  
 Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—  
 The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;  
 Minding<sup>8</sup> true things, by what their mockeries be.  
 [Exit.

SCENE I. *The English Camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;  
 The greater therefore should our courage be.—  
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!  
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out;  
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry!  
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,  
 That we should dress us fairly for our end<sup>1</sup>.  
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM<sup>2</sup>.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:

<sup>8</sup> 'Minding true things.' To *mind* is the same as to call to remembrance. Thus Baret:—'I *minde* this matter, and thinke still that it is before my eyes; in oculis animoque versatur mihi hæc res.'

<sup>1</sup> 'That we should dress us fairly to our end.' Malone took this for an abbreviation of *address* us, and printed it thus, 'dress us. Steevens very reasonably doubted the propriety of the elision, but would take *dress* in its ordinary acceptation. 'To *dress* is to make ready, to prepare. PARO, Lat.'

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Thomas Erpingham* came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. He was at this time warden of Dover Castle, and his arms are still visible on the side of the Roman Pharos.

A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present  
pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased;  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity<sup>3</sup>.  
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;  
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:  
I and my bosom must debate a while,  
And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest  
cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Pist.* *Qui va la?*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; Art thou officer;  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

<sup>3</sup> 'With casted *slough* and fresh *legerity*.' The allusion is to the casting of the slough or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légèreté*, French. The word is used by Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour*.

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trailest thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so: What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp<sup>4</sup> of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry *le Roy*.

*Pist.* *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of  
Cornish crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Knowest thou Fluellen.

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,  
Upon Saint Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your  
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *figo* for thee then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you: God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol called. [Exit.]

*K. Hen.* It sorts<sup>5</sup> well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak  
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal  
'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and  
laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the

<sup>4</sup> 'An imp of fame.' See Second Part of King IV. Act v. Sc. 5.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. agrees, accords. See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 1.

pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.— Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For,

though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions<sup>6</sup>: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing<sup>7</sup>; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then, would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's

<sup>6</sup> i. e. but human *qualities*.

<sup>7</sup> '— though his affections are higher *mounted* than ours, when they *stoop*, they stoop with like wing.' This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft, or *mounting* high, descended in its flight, it was said to *stoop*.

subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly<sup>8</sup> left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle;—for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of

<sup>8</sup> i. e. their children left *immaturely*, left young and helpless.

perjury<sup>9</sup>; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment<sup>10</sup>, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's<sup>11</sup>; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

<sup>9</sup> '—beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury.' Thus in the song at the beginning of the fourth act of *Measure for Measure*:—

'That so sweetly were forsworn—  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.'

<sup>10</sup> i. e. the punishment they are born to.

<sup>11</sup> 'Every subject's duty is the king's.' This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed and properly concluded. *Johnson.*

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully : but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* 'Mass, you'll pay<sup>12</sup> him then ! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun<sup>13</sup> ; that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch ! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round<sup>14</sup> ; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again ?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet ; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove, give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap ; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word : fare thee well.

<sup>12</sup> *To pay* here signifies to bring to account, to punish.

<sup>13</sup> 'That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.' In the quarto the thought is more opened—*It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch.*

<sup>14</sup> 'Too round' is too rough, too unceremonious. Thus in *Hamlet*, Polonius says 'Pray you be round with him.'

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools; be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.* Upon the king<sup>15</sup>! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all. O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy? And what have kings, that privates have not too, Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul of adoration<sup>16</sup>?

<sup>15</sup> 'Upon the king.' There is something very striking and solemn in the soliloquy into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. *Johnson.* This beautiful speech was added after the first edition.

<sup>16</sup> 'What is *thy* soul of adoration?' This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed to:—

'What is *the* soul of adoration?'

I think erroneously. The present reading is sufficiently intelligible, 'O ceremony, show me what value thou art of? What is thy soul or essence of external worship or adoration? *Art thou, &c.*' If Malone's reading is adopted, it would be necessary to read '*Are they,*' &c. because ceremony and adoration are then both personified.

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:  
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced<sup>17</sup> title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread<sup>18</sup>;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

<sup>17</sup> *Farced* is stuffed. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is introduced.

<sup>18</sup> '— cramm'd with distressful bread.' However oddly this may sound to modern ears, it was sufficiently intelligible to our ancestors. *Distressful bread* is the bread or food of poverty; *Mensa angusta*. Johnson observes that these lines are exquisitely pleasing. 'To sweat in the eye of Phoebus,' and 'to sleep in Elysium,' are expressions very poetical.

Doth rise, and help Hyperion<sup>19</sup> to his horse ;  
 And follows so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour, to his grave :  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages<sup>20</sup>.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent :  
 I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !

Possess them not with fear : take from them now<sup>21</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Apollo. See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>20</sup> ' \_\_\_\_\_ but little wots

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.'

He little knows at the expense of how much royal vigilance that peace, which brings most advantage to the peasant, is maintained. To *advantage* is a verb used by Shakspeare in other places. It was formerly in general use.

<sup>21</sup> ' \_\_\_\_\_ take from them now

The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers :  
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord !  
 O not to-day ! Think not upon,' &c.

The folio points the last two lines thus:—

'Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord !  
 O not to-day, think not upon,' &c.

Theobald proposed '*lest* the opposed numbers.' And Mr. Tyrwhitt, '*if* the opposed numbers:' which last reading has been

The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers :  
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord !  
 O not to-day ! Think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown !  
 I Richard's body have interred new ;  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built  
 Two chantries <sup>22</sup>, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :  
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;  
 Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege !

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.  
[*Exeunt.*

adopted by Malone, and accompanied with very wordy but unsatisfactory reasons. For the present arrangement of the text I am answerable. The quarto reads :—

‘ Take from them now the sense of reckoning,  
 That the opposed multitudes which stand before them  
 May not appal their courage.’

The late editions exhibit the passage thus :—

‘ ——— take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O Lord,  
 O not to-day, think not upon,’ &c.

<sup>22</sup> ‘ Two chantries.’ One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem* ; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond.

SCENE II. *The French Camp.*

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

*Dau.* *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet! lacquay?* ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *Via*<sup>1</sup>!—*les eaux et la terre*——

*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*——

*Dau.* *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.——

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord Constable.

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides;  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And doubt<sup>2</sup> them with superfluous courage: Ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

<sup>1</sup> *Via*, an exclamation of encouragement, *on away*; of Italian origin. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> 'That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And *doubt* them with superfluous courage.'

This is the reading of the folio, which Malone has altered to *dout*, i. e. *do out* in provincial language. It appears to me that there is no reason for the substitution. To *doubt*, in former times, signified to redoubt, to awe, to fear, or make afraid; as well as to suspect or mistrust. Mr. Tyrwhitt suggested that the word might have such a meaning. The reader may satisfy himself by reference to Cotgrave's French Dictionary in v. *Douter*. Vide note on *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 4.

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
 There is not work enough for all our hands;  
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
 To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
 And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,  
 The vapour of our valour will o'eturn them.  
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
 That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—  
 Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
 About our squares of battle<sup>3</sup>,—were enough  
 To purge this field of such a hilding<sup>4</sup> foe;  
 Though we, upon this mountain's basis by  
 Took stand for idle speculation:  
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
 A very little little let us do,  
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
 The tucket-sonuance<sup>5</sup>, and the note to mount:  
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

<sup>3</sup> 'About our *squares* of battlé.' Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

' ——— no practice had  
 In the brave *squares* of battle.'

<sup>4</sup> 'A *hilding* foe' is a paltry, cowardly, base foe. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well, the French lords call Bertram 'a *hilding*.'

<sup>5</sup> 'The tucket sonuance,' &c. He uses the terms of the field as if they were going out only to chase for sport. To *dare* the field is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising so as to be taken by hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. The *tucket-sonuance* was a flourish on the trumpet as a signal to prepare to march. The phrase is derived from the Italian *toccata*, a prelude or flourish, and *suonanza*, a sound, a resounding. Thus in the Devil's Law Case, 1623, two *tuckets* by two several trumpets.

*Enter GRANDPRE.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions<sup>6</sup>, desperate of their bones,  
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :  
 Their ragged curtains<sup>7</sup> poorly are let loose,  
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
 And faintly through a rusty-beaver peeps.  
 Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks<sup>8</sup>,  
 With torch-staves in their hand : and their poor jades  
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;  
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;  
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel<sup>9</sup> bit  
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;  
 And their executors, the knavish crows,

<sup>6</sup> 'Yon island carrions.' The description of the English is founded on Holinshed's melancholy account, speaking of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt:—'The Englishmen were brought into great misery in this journey; their victual was in a manner all spent, and now could they get none:—rest none could they take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them allarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fewel there was great scarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to bestow it upon, for their releife or comforte, had they little or none.'

<sup>7</sup> Their ragged *curtains* are their *colours*.

<sup>8</sup> Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
 With torch-staves in their hand,' &c.

Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands. They are mentioned in Vittoria Corombana, 1612:—'He showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle.' One of these candlesticks, representing a man in armour, is in the possession of my friend Mr. Douce. A wood cut of it is in the variorum edition of Shakspeare.

<sup>9</sup> The *gimmel bit* was probably a bit in which two parts or links were united, as in the *gimmel ring*, so called because they were double linked, from *gemellus*, Lat.

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
 Description cannot suit itself in words,  
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle.  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay  
 for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,  
 And give their fasting horses provender,  
 And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guard<sup>10</sup>; On, to the field:  
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!  
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD,  
 EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full threescore  
 thousand.

<sup>10</sup> 'I stay but for my guard.' Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens were of opinion that *guard* here means rather something of ornament, than an attendant or attendants. Malone has successfully combated their opinion. Holinshed, speaking of the French, says:—'They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noblemen made such haste toward the battle, that they left many of their servants and *men of war* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay* for their *standards*; as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a *standard*.' I will add what Malone does not seem to have known, every prince, commander, and chief officer had his attendant *guard*, or squire of the body, as he was sometimes called; in French *garde-du-corps*. Even every gendarme, or complete man at arms, had his attendant archer, and they were both persons of distinction. The reader who wishes for proof of this may consult *Nicot Trésor de la Langue Française*, under the words *garde* and *gendarme*.

*Exe.* There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge ;  
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—  
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,  
And my kind kinsman<sup>1</sup>,—warriors all, adieu !

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck  
go with thee !

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day :  
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

*Bed.* He is as full of valour, as of kindness ;  
Princely in both.

*West.* O that we now had here

*Enter* KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day !

*K. Hen.* What's he, that wishes so ?  
My cousin Westmoreland<sup>2</sup> ?—No, my fair cousin :  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;

<sup>1</sup> ' And my kind kinsman.' This is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute*, earl of Salisbury : he was not in point of fact related to Westmoreland, there was only a kind of connection by marriage between their families.

<sup>2</sup> In the quarto this speech is addressed to Warwick. The incongruity of praying like a Christian and swearing like a heathen, which Johnson objects against, arose from the necessary conformation to the statute 3 James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage. The players omitted it where they could, and where the metre would not allow of the omission they substituted some other word in its place.

Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns<sup>3</sup> me not, if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian<sup>4</sup>:  
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

<sup>3</sup> To *yearn* is to grieve or vex. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'She laments for it that it would *yearn* your heart to see it.'

<sup>4</sup> 'The feast of Crispian.' The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, 1415. The saints who gave name to the day were Crispin and Crispianus, brethren, born at Rome, from whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate Christianity, but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; the governor of the town discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded, Hence they have become the patron saints of shoemakers. The *vigil* is the evening before the festival.

But he'll remember, with advantages<sup>5</sup>,  
 What feats he did that day; Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:  
 This story shall the good man teach his son;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world<sup>6</sup>,  
 But we in it shall be remembered:  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition<sup>7</sup>:  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed;

<sup>5</sup> 'With advantages.' Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of old age, shall remember their feats of this day, and remember to tell them with advantage. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times.

<sup>6</sup> 'From this day to the ending,' &c. Johnson has a note on this passage, which concludes by saying that 'the civil wars have left in the nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history.' Nothing can be more erroneous, as Mr. Pye observes; 'the battles of Creci and Agincourt are better known than those of Edgehill and Marston-moor.' The fact is, that the most popular parts of English history are the historical plays of Shakspeare.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and these last were allowed the chief seats at all feasts and public meetings. Vide Anstis's Order of the Garter, vol. ii. p. 108.

The French are bravely<sup>8</sup> in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience<sup>9</sup> charge on us.

*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

*West.* God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,  
Without more help, might fight this battle out!

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men<sup>10</sup>;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransome thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind<sup>11</sup>

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor  
bodies

Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.* Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. in a braving manner. 'To go *bravely* is to look aloft; and to go gaily, desiring to have the preeminence: *Speciose ingredi; faire le brave.*'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. expedition.

<sup>10</sup> '—thou hast unwished five thousand men.' By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. The poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand*, but in the last scene the French are said to be full *three score thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one; the numbers of the English are variously stated, Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

<sup>11</sup> *Expedience*, it has been before observed, is *expedition*.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;  
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
 Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?  
 The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
 A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
 Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass<sup>12</sup> of this day's work :  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
 Mark then abounding valour in our English<sup>13</sup> ;

<sup>12</sup> i. e. in brazen plates anciently let into tombstones.

<sup>13</sup> Mark then *abounding* valour in our English ;  
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse of mortality.'

Theobald, with over busy zeal for emendation, changed *abounding* into *a bounding*, and found the allusion exceedingly beautiful, comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon ball. There is, as usual, an idle controversy between Malone and Steevens, the one preferring the old reading ; and the other, from a spirit of opposition to his rival, which ever guided him, supporting Theobald's alteration. Malone grounded his opinion upon the reading of the quarto, 'abundant valour,' a phrase used again by Shakspeare in King Richard III. But neither of them saw that the very construction shows Theobald's alteration to be wrong. It is plain that none of the commentators understood the passage ; for Johnson acknowledges that he does not know what to make of *killing in relapse of mortality*, of the meaning of which Steevens also displays his ignorance in attempting to explain it. The sense of the passage is clearly this :—' Mark then how valour abounds in our English ; that (who) being dead, like an almost spent bullet glancing upon some object, break out into a second course of mischief, killing even in their mortal relapse to mother earth.' This *putrid valour*, as Johnson pleasantly calls it, is common to the descriptions of other poets. Steevens refers to Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821, and to Corneille, who has imitated Lucan in the first speech of his Pompée, where we find—

' Et dont les troncs pourris exhalent dans les vents,  
 De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivants.'

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly ;—Tell the Constable,  
We are but warriors for the working-day :  
Our gayness, and our gilt<sup>14</sup>, are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host  
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly),  
And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :  
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do this  
(As, if God please, they shall), my ransome then  
Will soon be levied, Herald, save thou thy labour ;  
Come thou no more for ransome, gentle herald ;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well :  
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for  
ransome.

*Enter the Duke of York*<sup>15</sup>.

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the vaward<sup>16</sup>.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. golden show, superficial gilding.

<sup>15</sup> 'The duke of York.' This *Edward* duke of York has already appeared in *King Richard II.* under the title of *duke of Aumerle*. He was the son of Edmond Langley, the duke of York of the same play, who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard, earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward duke of York.

<sup>16</sup> The *vaward* is the vanguard.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,  
march away :—  
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

*Pist.* Quality? Callino, castore me<sup>1</sup>! art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O seigneur Dieu!*

*Pist.* O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—  
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—  
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox<sup>2</sup>,  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransome.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;

<sup>1</sup> 'Callino, castore me!' The jargon of the old copies where these words are printed *Qualitie calmie custure me*—was changed by former editors into 'Quality, call you me? construe me.' Malone found *Calen o custure me*, mentioned as the burthen of a song in 'A Handfull of Plesant Delites,' 1584. And Mr. Boswell discovered that it was an old Irish song, which is printed in Playford's Musical Companion, 1667 or 1673 :—

'Callino, Callino, Callino, castore me,  
Eva ee, eva ee, loo, loo, loo lee.'

The words are said to mean 'Little girl of my heart for ever and ever.' 'They have, it is true (says Mr. Boswell), no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any, Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune.'

<sup>2</sup> '—thou diest on point of fox.' *Fox* is an old cant word for a sword. Generally *old fox*; it was applied to the old English broadsword. Thus in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair :—'a fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in it.'

For I will fetch thy rim<sup>3</sup> out at throat,  
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys<sup>4</sup>?—  
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,  
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes-vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir<sup>5</sup> him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

<sup>3</sup> 'For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat.' Pistol is not very scrupulous in the nicety of his language, he uses rim (rymme) for the intestines generally. It is not very clear what our ancestors meant by it; Bishop Wilkins defines it 'the membrane of the belly;' Florio makes it the omentum, 'a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, rim, or kell wherein the bowels are lapt.' Holmes, in his Acad. of Armory, calls the *peritonæum* 'the paunch or rim of the belly.' Which is defined by others to be the 'inner rine of the belly.' It was not therefore the diaphragm or midriff, as Steevens supposed. Philemon Holland in his Translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. 37, c. ix. p. 321, several times mentions 'the rim of the paunch.' And in Chapman's version of the fourteenth Iliad:—

'—— strook him in this belly's rimme.'

Capel boldly pronounced rim to mean money! and Mason would read *ryno*, a cant term for money, invented long after Shakspeare's time!

<sup>4</sup> Pistol's moy is probably a vulgar corruption of *moydore* (itself a corruption of *moeda d'oro*), at least we have no better solution to offer. The moydore was current in England for about 27s.

<sup>5</sup> To fir<sup>k</sup> is to beat or scourge; *fouetter*, to yer<sup>k</sup> and to jer<sup>k</sup> are words of the same import:—

'——— nay, I will fir<sup>k</sup>

My silly novice, as he was never fir<sup>k</sup>'d

Since midwives bound his noddle.'—*Ram Alley.*

There has been much discussion concerning the ignorance of the

**Boy.** I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

**Pist.** Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

**Fr. Sol.** *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

**Boy.** *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

**Pist.** Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ; Or, mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

**Fr. Sol.** *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

**Pist.** What are his words ?

**Boy.** He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and, for his ransome, he will give you two hundred crowns.

**Pist.** Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

**Fr. Sol.** *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

**Boy.** *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

**Fr. Sol.** *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens : et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

**Pist.** Expound unto me, boy.

proper pronunciation of the French language evinced by the writer of this scene in Pistol's replies. Some have doubted whether Shakspeare wrote it, and suspected that it was supplied by another hand. Be this as it may, surely an ignorance of the true pronunciation of the language was not inconsistent with a sufficient acquaintance with it for literary purposes. In those times it would possibly have been difficult to acquire the pronunciation in England.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England:

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—  
Follow me, cur. [*Exit* PISTOL.

*Boy.* *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit* French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger<sup>6</sup>; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit*.

## SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

*Alarums.* *Enter* Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON,  
Constable, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

*Con.* *O diable!*

*Orl.* *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

<sup>6</sup> ‘—this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.’ See note on Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. In the old play of The Taming of a Shrew, one of the players says ‘My lord, we must have a little vinegar to make our devil roar.’ Ho! ho! and Ah! ha! seem to have been the exclamations constantly given to the devil, who is, in the old mysteries, as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. The Vice or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare his nails with his dagger of lath; the devil being supposed from choice to keep his claws long and sharp. Thus in Camden’s Remaines, 1615:—

‘I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade,  
Who shall let me? The devil’s nailes are unpar’d.’

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!  
 Reproach and everlasting shame  
 Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—  
 Do not run away. [A short Alarum.

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.  
 Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransome?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but  
 shame!

Let us die in fight<sup>1</sup>: Once more back again;  
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
 Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,  
 Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,  
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog<sup>2</sup>,  
 His fairest daughter is contaminate.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!  
 Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives  
 Unto these English, or else die with fame<sup>3</sup>.

*Orl.* We are enough, yet living in the field,  
 To smother up the English in our throngs,  
 If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;  
 Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums.* Enter KING HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and Others.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

<sup>1</sup> The old copy wants the word *fight*, which was supplied by Malone. Theobald proposed 'let us die *instant*,' which Steevens adopted.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. who has no more gentility.

<sup>3</sup> This line is from the quartos.

*Exe.* The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,  
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,  
(Yoke fellow to his honour-owing wounds)  
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast;  
As, in this glorious and well foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!*

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, raught<sup>1</sup> me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips:  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd:  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
But<sup>2</sup> all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. reached.

<sup>2</sup> 'But all my mother came into my eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.'

Thus the quarto. The folio reads 'And all,' &c. But has here

*K. Hen.* I blame you not ;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—  
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;  
Give the word through.

[*Excunt.*

## SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly  
against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of  
knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in the  
'orld : In your conscience now, is it not ?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ;  
and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle,  
have done this slaughter : besides, they have burned  
and carried away all that was in the king's tent ;  
wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused  
every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat<sup>1</sup>. O, 'tis a  
gallant king !

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain  
the force of but *that*. This thought was apparently in Milton's  
mind in the following passage, *Paradise Lost*, book ix :—

' ————— compassion quell'd

His best of man, and gave him up to tears.'

And Dryden in his *All for Love*, Act i :—

: ' I have not wept this forty years ; but now  
My mother comes afresh into my eyes ;  
I cannot help her softness.'

<sup>1</sup> ' Caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.' The  
king killed his prisoners (says Johnson) because he expected  
another battle, and he had not sufficient men to guard one army  
and fight another. Gower's reason is as we see different. Shak-  
speare followed Holinshed, who gives *both* reasons for Henry's  
conduct, but has chosen to make the king mention one of them  
and Gower the other.

Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander<sup>2</sup> is kill his friend Clytus,

<sup>2</sup> 'As Alexander,' &c. Steevens thinks that Shakspeare here ridicules the *parallels* of Plutarch, he appears to have been well read in Sir Thomas North's Translation.

being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name<sup>3</sup>.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he: I can tell you; there is goot men born at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum.* Enter KING HENRY, with a Part of the English Forces; WARWICK<sup>4</sup>, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;  
And make them skirr<sup>5</sup> away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have<sup>6</sup>;

<sup>3</sup> Johnson observes that this is the last time *Falstaff* can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *scour* away. To run swiftly in various directions. It has the same meaning in *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. iii. 'Skirr the country round.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have.' Johnson accuses the poet of having made the king cut the throats of his prisoners twice over. Malone replies that the incongruity, if it be one, is *Holinshed's*, for thus the matter is stated by him: 'While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred horsemen, who were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and pillaged the king's camp. When the outcry of the lackies and boys which ran away for fear of the Frenchmen, thus spoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he doubting lest his

And not a man of them, that we shall take,  
Shall taste our mercy :—Go, and tell them so.

*Enter* MONTJOY.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my  
liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now, what means this, herald?  
know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?  
Com'st thou again for ransome?

*Mont.*

No, great king :

I come to thee for charitable licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,  
To book our dead, and then to bury them;

enemies should gather together again and begin a new *fielde*, and mistrusting further that the *prisoners* would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sounde of trumpet that *every man upon pain of death should incontinently slea his prisoner.*' This was the first transaction. Holinshed proceeds, 'When this lamentable slaughter was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battayle, ready to abide a new *fielde*, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies.—Some write, that the king *perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble together*, as though they meant to give a new *battaile* for preservation of the prisoners, *sent to them a herault, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once and give battaile; promising herewith, that, if they did offer to fight agayne, not only those prisoners which his people already had taken, but also so many of them as in this new conflicte, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption.*' The fact is, that notwithstanding the first order concerning the prisoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a subsequent passage, and the concurrent testimony of various historians, upon whose authority Hume says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, 'stopped the slaughter, and was still able to *save a great number.*' It was policy in Henry to intimidate the French by threatening to kill his prisoners, and occasioned them, in fact, to lay down their arms.

To sort our nobles from our common men;  
For many of our princes (woe the while!)  
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood  
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes); and their wounded steeds  
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,  
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength  
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it—Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't  
please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward  
the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the  
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: If your ma-  
jesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot  
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing  
leeks in their Monmouth caps<sup>7</sup>; which, your majesty

<sup>7</sup> Monmouth, according to Fuller, was celebrated for its caps, which were particularly worn by soldiers. The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *capper's* chapel still remains. He adds, 'If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion.' *Worthies of England*, 1660, p. 50.

knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour:  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and Others.*

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven<sup>8</sup> and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree<sup>9</sup>.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebug himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce<sup>10</sup>, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen: wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together<sup>11</sup>, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would

<sup>8</sup> *Craven.* See Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 4, p. 209.

<sup>9</sup> 'Of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.' *Great sort* is high rank. A man of such rank is not bound to *answer* to the challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree*.

<sup>10</sup> Jack-sauce for saucy Jack.

<sup>11</sup> Henry was felled to the ground by the duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's *guard*, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.

fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin, Warwick:

If that soldier strike him (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word),

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII. *Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pe-seech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir? you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows<sup>1</sup>, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now (saving your ma-

<sup>1</sup> 'Into plows.' It has been suggested that we should read 'in plows,' but it was not intended that Fluellen should speak very correctly, and *into* for *in* is still used in Scotland.

jesty's manhood), what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove<sup>2</sup>, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your majesty let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap,

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly;—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the glove that thou hast now in thy cap; it was the king's glove, which he had given to Williams.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald: are the dead number'd?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

*[Delivers a Paper.]*

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

*Exe.* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;  
John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:  
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,  
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights<sup>3</sup>:  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;  
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—

<sup>3</sup> 'Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights.' In ancient times the distribution of this honour appears to have been customary on the eve of a battle. Thus in Lawrence Minot's Sixth Poem on the Successes of King Edward III. p. 28:—

'*Knichtes* war thar well two score,  
That war new dubbed to that dance.'

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;  
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;  
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;  
 Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard  
 Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,  
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy;  
 And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,  
 Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,  
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale,  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!—  
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald *presents another Paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire<sup>4</sup>:  
 None else of name; and, of all other men,  
 But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone  
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock, and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss,  
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
 For it is only thine!

*Exe.*

'Tis wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village:  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,  
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,  
 Which is his only.

<sup>4</sup> 'Davy Gam, Esquire.' This gentleman being sent out by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report:—'May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.' He saved the king's life in the field. Had the poet been apprized of this circumstance, the brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely a name in a muster roll.—See Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627, p. 50 and 54; and Dunster's Edition of Philips's *Cyder*, a poem, p. 74.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,  
That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites<sup>5</sup>;  
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> 'Do we all holy rites.' 'The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreate to be blowen; and, gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victorie, causing his prelates and chapeleins to sing this psalme—*In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commanding every man to kneele down on the ground at this verse—*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis sed nomini tuo da gloriam*; which done, he caused *TE DEUM* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his own force or any humane power.'—*Holinshed.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen.' Steevens proposes, in order to complete the metre, that we should read:—

'Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen *awhile.*'

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,  
 Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach  
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
 Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd  
     sea,

Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>2</sup> fore the king,  
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;  
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath:  
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne  
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
 Before him, through the city: he forbids it,  
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;  
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
 Quite from himself, to God<sup>3</sup>. But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens!  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,

<sup>2</sup> 'Which, like a mighty *whiffler* 'fore the king,  
 Seems to prepare his way.'

*Whiffers* were persons going before a great personage or procession, furnished with staves or wands to clear the way. The junior liverymen of the city companies, who walk first in processions, are still called *whiffers*, from the circumstance of their going before. There have been several errors, as Mr. Douce remarks, in the attempts to give the origin of the term: he derives it from *whiffle*, which, he says, is another name for a fife, as fifers usually preceded armies or processions. It strikes me that it may be only a corruption of *way-feeler*, as it exists in several northern tongues. In the old Teutonic and in the Flemish *weyffeler*, or *wjifeler*, has the same meaning as our whiffler. *Bastoniera*, in Italian, is 'a verger, a mace bearer, a stickler, or a *whiffler*, also a cudgeller, a staffman,' according to Torriano. Minshew renders a *whiffler*, 'Bastonero, in Spanish, i. e. a club-man.' And Grose, who thought the word local, says, 'Whiffers are men who make way for the corporation of Norwich by *flourishing their swords*.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. transferring all the honours of conquest from himself to God.

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :  
 As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood<sup>4</sup>,  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress<sup>5</sup>  
 (As, in good time, he may, from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached<sup>6</sup> on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him ? much more, and much more cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;  
 (As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the king of England's stay at home) :  
 The emperor's coming<sup>7</sup> in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them, we omit,  
 And all the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France ;  
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgement ; and your eyes advance  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.  
[*Exit.*

<sup>4</sup> i. e. similitude.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the earl of Essex. Shakspeare grounded his anticipation of such a reception for Essex on his return from Ireland, upon what had already occurred at his setting forth, when he was accompanied by an immense concourse of all ranks, showering blessings upon his head. The continuator of Stowe's Chronicle gives us a long account of it. But how unfortunately different his return was from what the poet predicted, may be seen in the Sydney Papers, vol. ii. p. 127.

<sup>6</sup> *Broached* is spitted, transfix'd.

<sup>7</sup> 'The emperor's coming.' The Emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin. This passage stands in the following embarrassed and obscure manner in the folio :—

' ————— Now in London place him.

As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the king of England's stay at home :  
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them : and omit  
 All the occurrences,' &c.

The liberty I have taken is to transpose the word *and*, and substitute *we* in its place.

## SCENE I.

France. *An English Court of Guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, praggings knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got bless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst,  
base Trojan,  
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web<sup>1</sup>?  
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you

<sup>1</sup> 'To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?' 'Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death?'

do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you, [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonished<sup>2</sup> him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear<sup>3</sup>—

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them! that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

<sup>2</sup> Stunned.

<sup>3</sup> 'I eat, and eke I swear.' The folio has 'eat I swear.'

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat?

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking<sup>4</sup> and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition<sup>5</sup>. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the huswife<sup>6</sup> with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

<sup>4</sup> *Gleeking* is scoffing, sneering. Vide *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 257.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. disposition.

<sup>6</sup> *Huswife*, for jilt, or hussy, as we have it still in vulgar speech.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:  
And patches will I get unto these scars,  
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit* <sup>7</sup>.

## SCENE II.

*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the  
French King's Palace.*

*Enter, at one Door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD,  
GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORE-  
LAND, and other Lords; at another the French  
King, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHA-  
RINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the DUKE of BUR-  
GUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we  
are met<sup>1</sup>!

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;  
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd),  
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

<sup>7</sup> [*Exit.*] 'The comic scenes of these plays are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure.'—*Johnson.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!' Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here, Johnson thought, that the Chorus should have been prefixed, and the fifth act begin.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks<sup>2</sup>:  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England! That I have  
labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar<sup>3</sup> and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,

<sup>2</sup> The *basilisk* was a *serpent* which, it was anciently supposed, could destroy the object of his vengeance by merely looking at it. Thus in the *Winter's Tale*:—

‘Make me not sighted like the *basilisk*.’

It was also a *great gun*; and the allusion here is double.

<sup>3</sup> ‘This bar;’ that is, this barrier, this place of congress. The *Chronicles* represent a former interview in a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation between the pavilions of the French and English; but the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shakespeare's action; his editors have therefore laid it in a palace.

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in its own fertility.  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,—  
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,  
 That should deracinate<sup>4</sup> such savagery:  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility.  
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 Defective in their natures<sup>5</sup>, grow to wildness;  
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country;  
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd<sup>6</sup> attire,

<sup>4</sup> To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots.

<sup>5</sup> 'Defective in their *natures*.' It has been proposed to read *nurtures*, i. e. culture, as I think, very plausibly. But Steevens concurs in Upton's opinion, that change is unnecessary. '*Sua deficiunt natura*: They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man.'

<sup>6</sup> '*Diffused attire*.' I have observed, in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. Sc. 4, that *diffuse* was used for *obscure*, *confused*. I find, from Florio's Dictionary, that *diffused*, or *de-fused*, were used for *confused*. *Diffused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dishevelled attire*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii. :—'Enter the passionate Lord, *rudely and*

And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favour<sup>7</sup>,  
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,  
That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences,  
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the  
peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;  
Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,  
There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*F. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye  
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed  
To resurvey them, we will, suddenly,  
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer<sup>8</sup>.

*carelessly apparel'd, unbraced and untrussed;* who is thus addressed:—

'Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,  
Seemly for eyesight! go not so *diffusedly*:

There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you.'

<sup>7</sup> *Favour* here means comeliness of appearance. We still say well or ill *favoured* for well or ill *looking*. Thus in *Othello*:—

'————— nor should I know him,

Were he in *favour* as in *humour* alter'd.'

<sup>8</sup> 'Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.' To *pass* here signifies 'to finish, end, or agree upon the acceptance which we shall give them, and return our peremptory answer.' Thus in the *Taming of a Shrew*:—

'To *pass* assurance of a dower;'

is to agree upon a settlement.

'To *passee* over; to *passee*, to finish or agree upon some business or matter. *Transigo*.'—*Baret*.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,  
Warwick—and Huntingdon<sup>9</sup>;—go with the king:  
And take with you free power, to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;  
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here  
with us;  
She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,  
and her Gentlewoman.*]

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his lovesuit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot  
speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me  
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to  
hear you confess it brokenly with your English  
tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like  
me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you  
are like an angel.

<sup>9</sup> *Huntingdon.* John Holland, earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence are in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speak a word.

Kath. *Que dit il? que je suis semblable à les anges.*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown<sup>10</sup>. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and

<sup>10</sup> 'That thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy a crown.' Johnson thinks this blunt honest kind of English wooing is inconsistent with the previous character of the king, and quotes the Dauphin's *opinion* of him, 'that he was fitter for a ball room than the field.' This opinion however was erroneous. Shakspeare only meant to characterise English downright sincerity; and surely the previous habits of Henry, as represented in former scenes, do not make us expect great refinement or polish in him upon this occasion, especially as fine speeches would be lost upon the princess from her imperfect comprehension of his language.

for the other, I have no strength in measure<sup>11</sup>, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly<sup>12</sup>, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined<sup>13</sup> constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a

<sup>11</sup> i. e. in *dancing*.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. like a young lover, awkwardly.

<sup>13</sup> 'A fellow of plain and *uncoined constancy*.' This passage has been sadly misunderstood. The prince evidently means to say, 'Take a fellow of blunt *unadorned courage* or *purpose*, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places like these fellows of infinite tongue.' Constancy is most frequently used for courage, or resolution, by Shakspeare. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2, after the murder of Duncan, Lady Macbeth says to her husband:—

' ————— your *constancy*

Hath left you unattended.'

i. e. 'your *courage* hath left you unexpectedly.'

speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall<sup>14</sup>; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely,

<sup>14</sup> i. e. shrink, fall away.

must needs be granted to me much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt), I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard<sup>15</sup>? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse*?

*Kath.* Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

*K. Hen.* Now, fye upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me;

<sup>15</sup> 'Take the Turk by the beard.' This is one of the poet's anachronisms. The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453; when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.

yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage<sup>16</sup>. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say,—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon père.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

<sup>16</sup> 'The poor and *untempering* effect of my visage.' *Untempering* is *unsoftening, unmitigating*. I am surprised that Steevens should not have objected to this word as he did to *seasoning*. It is of the same formation. 'To *temper* or mitigate sorrow with mirth. *Condire* per translationem, ut *condire tristitiam* hilaritate, Cicero.'—*Baret*.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de-fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list<sup>17</sup> of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

<sup>17</sup> i. e. slight barrier.

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind; Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral<sup>18</sup> ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so: and you may, some of you,

<sup>18</sup> A *moral* is the meaning or application of a fable. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 4, p. 176.

thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectivevly, the cities turned into a maid<sup>19</sup>; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

*Exe.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus*<sup>20</sup> *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

<sup>19</sup> 'Yes, my lord, you see them perspectivevly, the cities turned into a maid.' See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>20</sup> *Præclarissimus* for *Præcarissimus*. Shakspeare followed Holinshed, in whose Chronicle it stands thus. Indeed all the old historians have the same blunder. In the original treaty of Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præcarissimus*.

Let that one article rank with the rest :  
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son ; and from her blood  
raise up

Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred : and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and Christianlike accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me  
witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage :—on which  
day,  
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,  
 Our bending<sup>21</sup> author hath pursu'd the story;  
 In little room confining mighty men,  
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory<sup>22</sup>.  
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd  
 This star of England: fortune made his sword;  
 By which the world's best garden<sup>23</sup> he achiev'd,  
 And of it left his son imperial lord.  
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king  
 Of France and England, did this king succeed;  
 Whose state so many had the managing,  
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:  
 Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,  
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

<sup>21</sup> Our *bending author*.' That is, unequal to the weight of his subject, and *bending* beneath it. Thus Milton, in his Apology for Smectymnus, speaking of Bishop Hall:—'In a strain as pitiful—manifested a presumptuous undertaking with *weak and unexamined shoulders*.'

<sup>22</sup> 'Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.' That is, by touching only on select parts.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. France. A similar distinction is bestowed on Lombardy in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

'The pleasant garden of great Italy,'

**THIS** play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued : his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers ; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven ; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. V.







